THE REAL-LIFE HEROINE OF HARLEQUIN ROMANCES By Jennifer Senior

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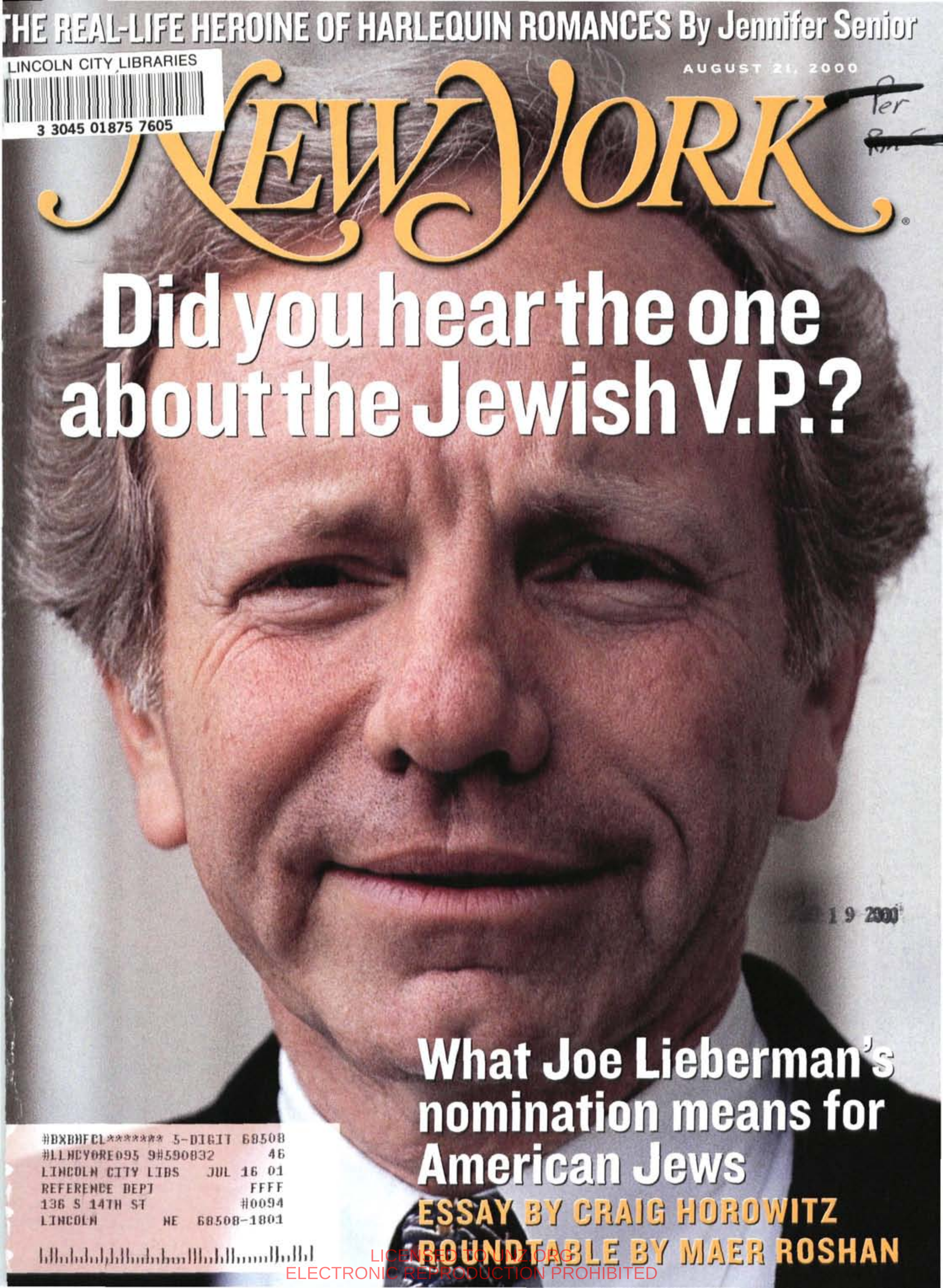

Did you hear the one about the Jewish V.P.?

19 2000

What Joe Lieberman's nomination means for American Jews

ESSAY BY CRAIG HOROWITZ

ROUNDTABLE BY MAER ROSHAN

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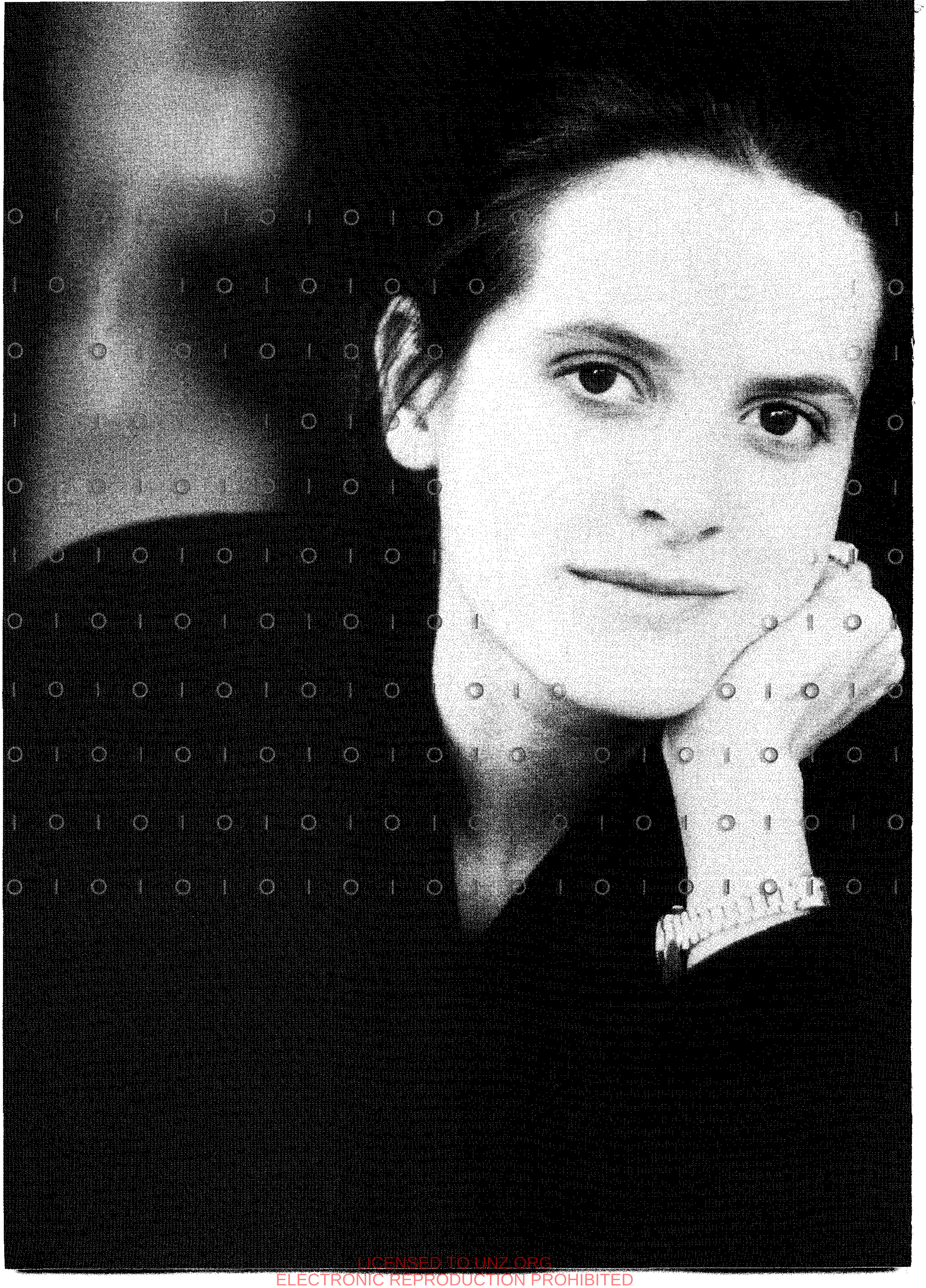

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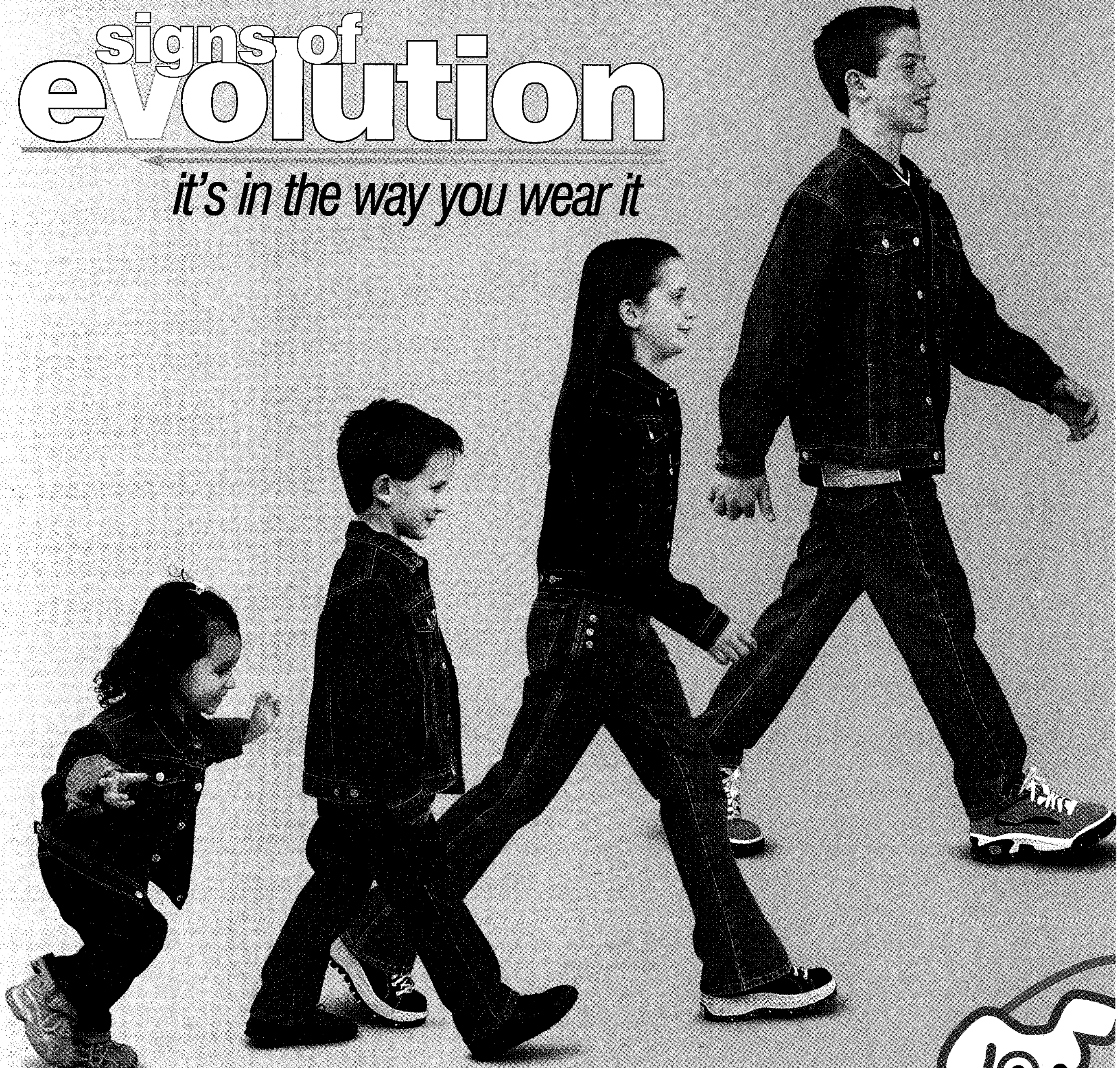

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Contents Aug. 21, 2000

> *"I cried when I watched the announcement. And let me tell you, this is going to resonate all across the country, with African-Americans, Latinos, Asians, and all immigrants who came here looking for a better life."*
>
> FORMER STATE ATTORNEY GENERAL ROBERT ABRAMS, PAGE 26

26 The Chosen One

When Al Gore selected Connecticut Senator Joseph Lieberman, who just so happens to be an Orthodox Jew, as his running mate, all agreed he was eminently qualified to be vice-president. So what does his religion have to do with it? Craig Horowitz reports on the cultural and political repercussions of Gore's bold move. And a roundtable of Jewish leaders, businesspeople, journalists, and artists debates anti-Semitism, assimilation, and the position of Jews in America in the wake of Lieberman's selection.

34 Romance Languages By Jennifer Senior

Can it be that the fate of Harlequin romances, the nation's most beloved bodice-rippers, rests in the hands of a Radcliffe girl who rides a motorcycle and collects plastic superheroes? It can be, and it is. Isabel Swift takes no issue with heaving bosoms—quite the contrary. But must all romances be set in Texas?

40 A Jones for the Beach

By Greg Donaldson

Every June, they battle the breakers to become Jones Beach lifeguards; only the best get to sit in the chair. Some stay for a lifetime. A twenty-year veteran explains the lure of the ocean, the durability of friendships, and the pleasure of working nearly naked among the nearly naked hordes.

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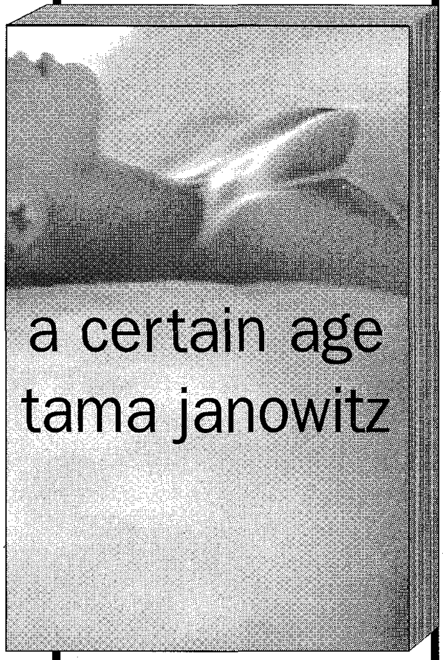

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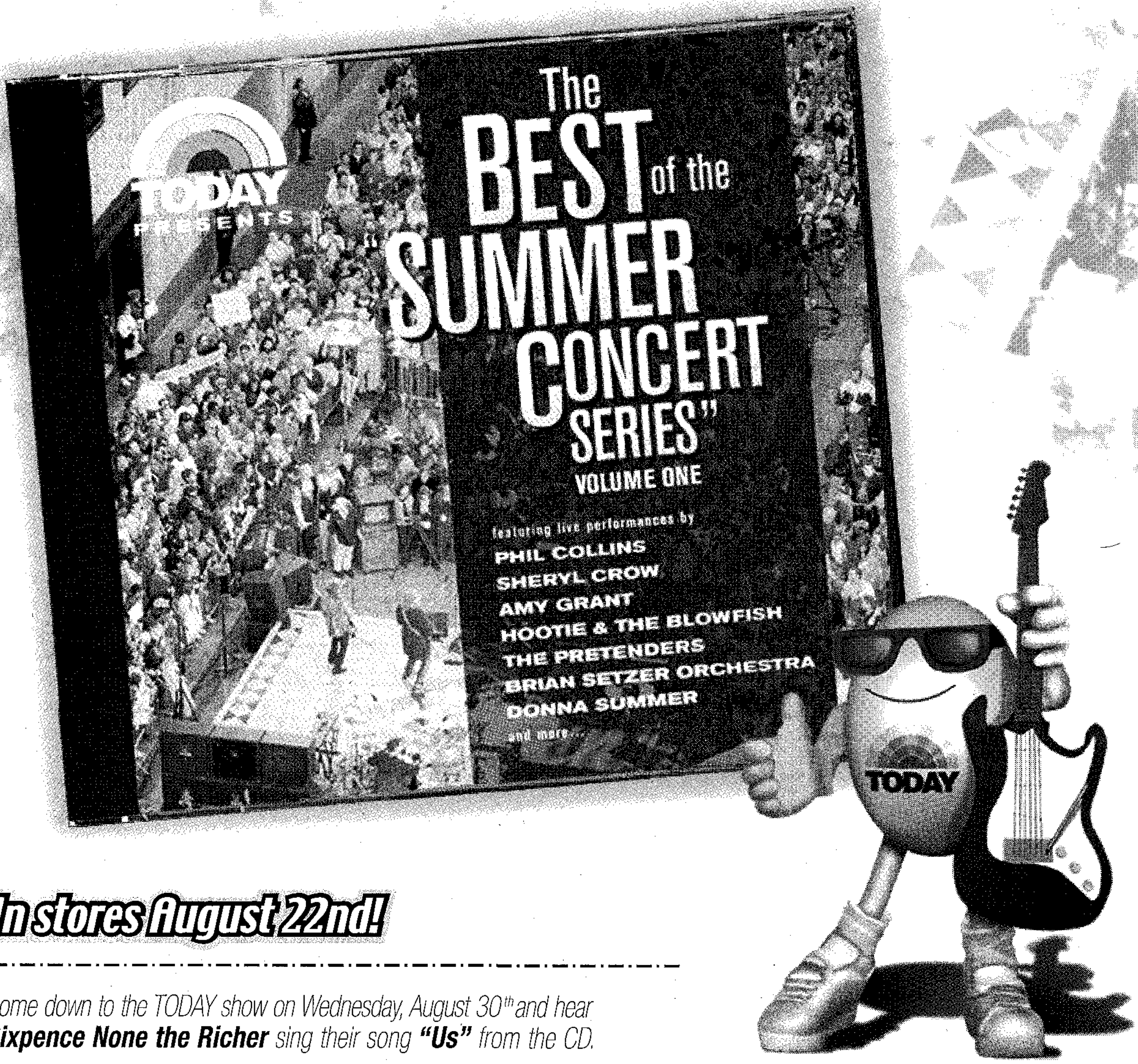
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TV GUIDE

The Madden Crowd

Punsters lament the end of the Competition, and reminisce; leave Shelter Island alone; a reader finds W not only shallow but unlikable.

AUUGGGHHH! AND THAT'S IT? THAT'S how it all ends? With a lumped-together troika of Competitions judged by the editors (no offense, folks; good choices all), with no prior notice ["*New York* Magazine Competition," July 24]? I am depressed, deflated, and deworded. But can someone be found to try to step into (but not fill) Mary Ann Madden's formidable shoes? Else what will we turn to first when your next issue arrives?

Deborah Freedman
PITTSBURGH, PA.

LIFE WON'T BE THE SAME WITHOUT THE Competition and those regular doses of inspired insanity. How I'll miss the fractured definitions, awful puns, conversation stoppers, one-letter misprints, ludicrous proverbs, openings of bad novels, near misses, et al. (what a nice guy Al is!).

John O'Byrne
DUBLIN, IRELAND

ADD ME TO THE LIST OF CONTENDERS BEmoaning the demise of the Competition. I have entered 973 times and feel that I know Laiken, Crystal, Lambiase, Karp, Soth, and countless other regular contestants. Twenty-seven years ago, through the Competition, I rediscovered Margaret D. Dale, a long-lost friend from elementary school. To Mary Ann Madden, whose wit and sparkle flavored the whole thing, I say: Best of luck. You did a remarkable job. And remember the giant sea tortoise.

Ruth Migdal
BROOKLYN

1. SHE GOT MAD AND WALKED OUT.
2. Her job was too pun-ishing.
3. She couldn't keep up with the Competition.

Above, attempts to deal with the blow by understanding why. Bereft Competitors are invited to submit their account of why we lost the wonderful, irreplaceable Mary Ann Madden and our favorite regular game of wits.

Thelma Blitz
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to NYLetters@primediamags.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

Gimme Shelter

IT'S ONE THING TO PUBLICIZE THE HAMPtons, which have clearly been ruined by the overflow of wealthy weekenders. Why must you write an article on Sunset Beach, which is already overcrowded ["Sunrise Sunset," by Sarah Bernard, July 31]? Somehow Shelter Island has been skipped over by the Hamptons group. That is why it's so lovely, beautiful, serene, and unspoiled. Now not only does your magazine publish yet another article on the Hamptons but you add Shelter Island to the cover story *and* put it on the cover of your issue. Those people who are running from the Hamptons because they have ruined the place are not the kind of people Shelter Island needs or wants. Fortunately, the ferry doesn't run all night, and we can look forward to their leaving at 1:45 A.M. It's the best part of the night.

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

REGARDING YOUR STORY, SHELTER ISLAND in no way overlooks the Long Island Sound. Shelter Island is in the middle of the Peconic Bay, a very different body of water. As a "local" of the East End, I know that the East and Hudson rivers are not the same thing.

Lena Maun
MATTITUCK, N.Y.

Puff Pieces

I SUGGEST YOU CHANGE YOUR NAME TO *New "Puffy"* Magazine, given the amount of ink and space you use (especially in the "Intelligencer") to publicize Mr. Combs. Most of the mentions are not what one would consciously call newsworthy. While I don't have anything personal against Mr. Puffy, I find it almost insulting that with thousands of people doing so many important things in New York, your editors somehow find a way to sneak in a piece of Puffybilia almost every week. Please stop it!

Carlos de Paula
MANHATTAN

No Respect

MICHAEL WOLFF'S CONCLUSION THAT "WE like [Bush] because he's the bimbo who brings the beer to the party" is slightly sophomoric ["B-Boy," by Michael Wolff, July 31]. Bush is certainly no BMOC in the traditional meaning of the phrase. In fact, in his kegger days, Dubya belonged to the "Belittled Minority on Campus," part of Yale's privileged conservative elite who were being forced aside by student radicals. And while our attraction to Clinton's devious charm is clearly Pavlovian, our response to Bush is some kind of neurotic malfunction. Bush is to politics what Rodney Dangerfield is to comedy—amusing but ultimately unfulfilling. And much the same can be said of your article as it relates to the Bush-Gore debate: cute but unconvincing.

David Bassiouni Jr.
MANHATTAN

Doubting Thomas

RE ALEX WILLIAMS'S "SOAPBOX DERBY" [July 31]: I've very recently read all seven of Michael M. Thomas's novels. Thousands of pages of prescient observation and informed commentary about how money and power ruin at the highest levels leave little doubt as to Thomas's own high sense of fairness, decency, and honor—traits unworthy of the sour grapes slung his way by people who'd certainly know better if they'd read any of his books.

Richard M. Rosenthal
SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

Chelsea Boys

THE "PAIR OF TWINS" PICTURED IN JESSE Browner's eloquent essay about the Hotel Chelsea ["The Bard of Chelsea," July 31], fraternal as they appear to be, are not in fact related. David Hunter, a "mail art" devotee from California, was visiting collage artist Robert Warner, shown seated, when their photo was taken.

Joel Conarroe
MANHATTAN

Correction The telephone number listed for the Woolverton Inn in the July 10 story "Strategic Retreats" was incorrect. It is 888-264-6648.

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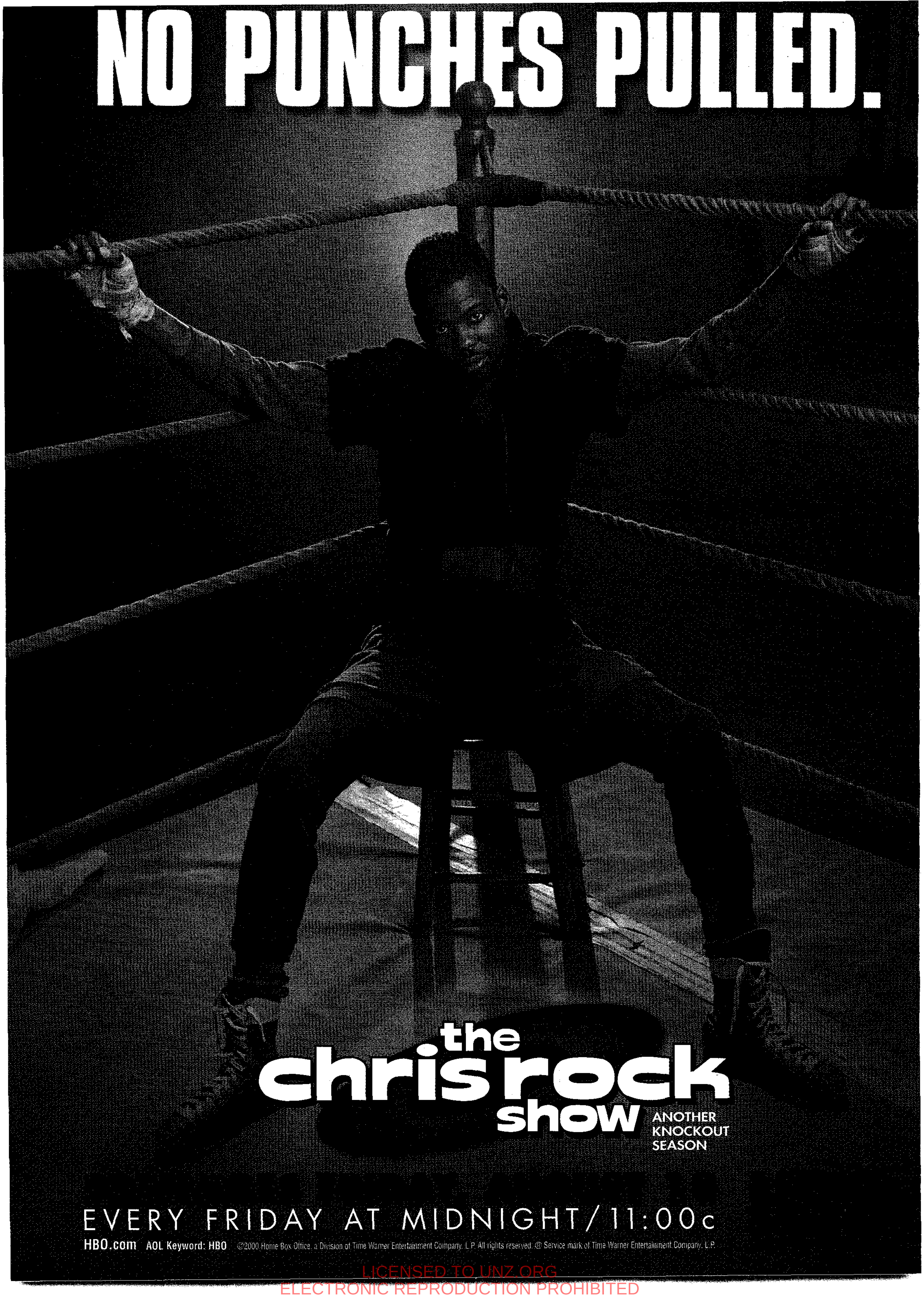
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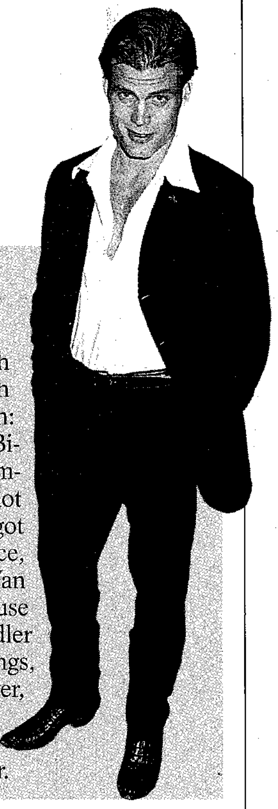


CASPER VAN DIEN GETS A MOUTHFUL

Casper Van Dien knows that an actor's most important tool is minty-fresh breath. While shooting a steamy promo for the NBC soap *Titans* with **Yasmine Bleeth**, the young thespian displayed a single-minded obsession: "They're on this daybed, and he keeps yelling out, 'Binaca! Binaca! Binaca!' " an on-set spy tells us. According to the tipster, when a staff member offered him an Altoid, Van Dien demurred, explaining, "It's just not the same." Apparently, the star knew what he was doing; he and Bleeth got along so well that "when the director yelled 'Cut,' " says the source, "Casper looked up from the bed and said, 'I can't!' " Before the shoot, Van Dien's oral obsession had been the cause of even more high jinks. Because filming was done in the ultracostly Mozart room of the Dorothy Chandler house in L.A., all involved were admonished not to touch the furnishings, which once adorned the composer's study in Austria. Van Dien, however, stuck a piece of well-chewed gum right on an end table. After receiving the evil eye from a crew member, the actor—whose rep denied this story—exclaimed, "I was *going* to pick it up!" Sure you were, Casper.

DEBRA MESSING'S *GRACE*-LESS STYLE

Will & Grace star **Debra Messing** doesn't mess around when it comes to her Emmy dress. According to a fashion source, the actress's heart was so set on wearing a **Vera Wang** burgundy gown to the September awards show that upon learning that the designer might be unable to jet out to Hollywood in time to custom-fit the frock, her stylist began a campaign to entice local designers into creating a similar gown. The source says the stylist contacted such notable L.A.-based designers as **Richard Tyler** and **Bradley Bayou** in hopes that *they* could cut the garment. While Wang wouldn't comment, Messing's rep deems the story false, saying that the design evolved from a sketch that Messing and Wang worked on together. "The dress Debra will wear to the Emmys is a total Vera Wang original," she says. The flack denies Bayou was involved at all, and says that Tyler was brought in only to help answer "a minor fabric inquiry." We're sure she'll look lovely.

O.G.'S HIT FOR CASH AT BOOK BASH

Victoria Gotti may have three novels to her credit, but her friends from the old neighborhood are still trying to get used to the infamously lackluster quality of book parties. At the celebration for the author's latest tome, *Superstar,* at Baldoria last week, several nattily suited gentlemen patiently gave their drink orders to the bartender, only to discover that they'd missed the open bar by a minute or less. "They were all these big toupée-type guys right out of central casting from *The Sopranos,*" says a witness. "They'd been tipping pretty big, but the bartender wouldn't cut them any slack." According to the partygoer, one "absolutely hairy" Gotti associate muttered, "This never would have happened in **John**'s day." And there's nothing funny about that.

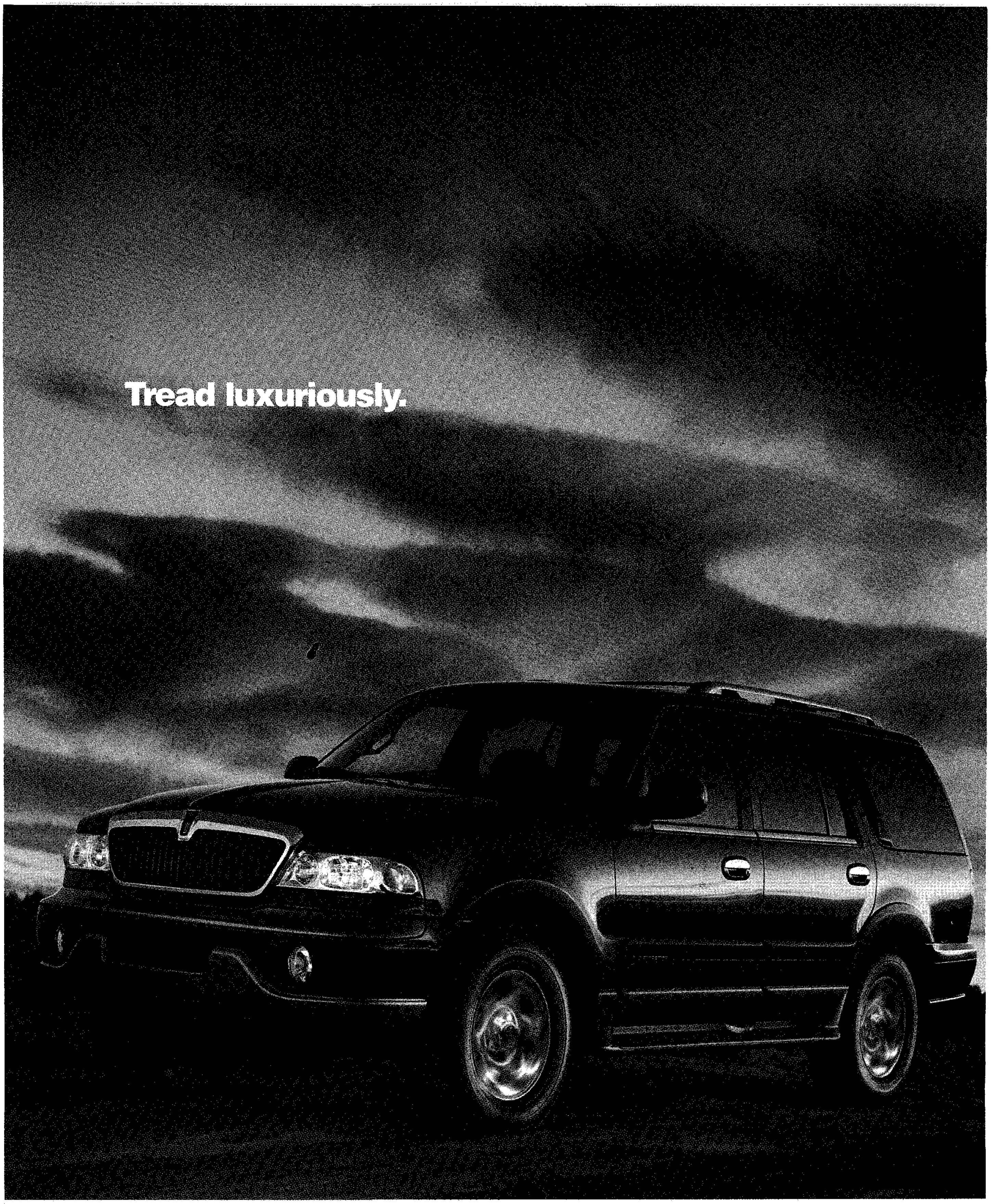
KYLE SAYS "I MIGHT": It's almost a case of life imitating art. **Kyle Maclachlan**—whose character on *Sex and the City* has just gotten engaged to **Kristin Davis**'s Charlotte—has given his real-life sweetheart, publicist **Desiree Gruber**, a diamond ring. "It's a pre-engagement ring. We're thinking of *actually* getting engaged around Christmas," says the statuesque brunette, who represents **Naomi Campbell** and **Ian Schrager**. Maclachlan had previously been involved with a string of high-profile women, including **Lara Flynn Boyle**, **Laura Dern**, and **Linda Evangelista**, before meeting Gruber at a chiropractor's office last year. Looks like they've worked out their kinks.

CHAMBERS RUNS WATERS'S STILLS

Never mind all those stuffy old masters at Las Vegas's Bellagio: Manhattan's own Chambers Hotel has **John Waters**. The **David Rockwell**-designed 56th Street site—slated to open in October—has acquired a series of Waters's photographs for its permanent art collection. The group of photos, titled "Hit Your Mark," was shot by the director in 1998 while he was making *Pecker,* in which **Edward Furlong** played a young oddball who becomes the darling of the New York art scene. If you don't recognize Furlong and the rest of the cast in the artwork, that's because Waters—currently in town to promote his latest flick, *Cecil B. DeMented*—snapped pictures only of the actors' feet and the masking-tape "marks" they stood on. Waters's dealer explains, "His photographs have the rigor of formal abstract painting but also capture the linoleum floors, stained concrete, and rugs of the makeshift film sets of the films that this transgressive artist is known for." To us, they just look cool.

Additional reporting by David Amsden.

Photographs: top, Robin Platzer Twin Images; bottom, Henry McGee/Globe Photos.



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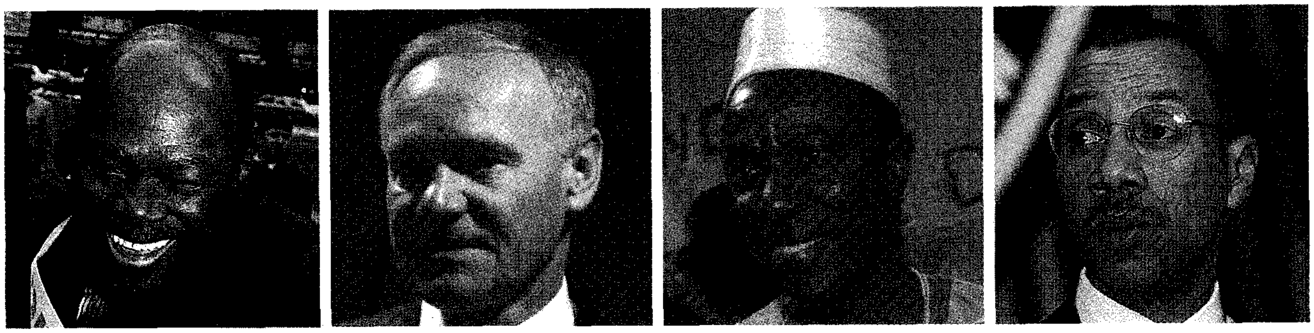
GOTHAM



The Spinners? From left, Roy Innis, Howard Safir, Sidique Wai, and Dennis Walcott.

Soul Brother No. 911

Howard Safir had a posse—a group of black leaders he called on when *he* was in trouble.

IT WAS CHRISTMASTIME IN 1996—long before the Louima-Diallo-Dorismond troika foiled any chances of Howard Safir's outshining Bill Bratton's legacy—and Dennis Walcott, the president of the New York Urban League, had invited the new police commissioner to speak at his group's annual board-of-directors meeting at the Sheraton. Safir accepted immediately, and, after a perfunctory holding-forth on the department's astonishing crime crackdown, took a few questions from the audience. "One of my upper-middle-income African-American board members stood up," Walcott remembers, "and said that he'd instructed his son that if he's stopped by the police at night, he should do two things: turn on the lights inside the car, and put his hands above the steering wheel. He asked the commissioner what he thought of this."

In his clipped Jack Webb cadences, Safir told his questioner that he'd be suspicious of the boy—he'd automatically think he was up to something. "That really created a firestorm," Walcott says. "The black board members were saying that this was a survival instinct." Safir was curious enough about the reaction to survey some of his own officers. "The white officers said what he said, and the black officers said what the black board member said," Walcott recalls. After that, Safir asked Walcott to help launch his Courtesy, Professionalism, and Respect campaign. But policies about searching suspects never really changed, and relations between blacks and the police never really improved.

As the news comes of Safir's resignation, this is the paradox of Howard Safir's tenure at One Police Plaza: As much rage and suspicion as the department endured from people of color, this commissioner has spent far more personal time with black leaders than Rudy Giuliani has—probably more than anyone in Rudy's administration. But it never turned out to be quality time. With each crisis, the three leaders Safir has said he was closest to—Walcott; Sidique Wai, president of the United African Congress, who was in Safir's office an hour after he heard Amadou Diallo had been killed; and CORE national chairman Roy Innis, who has made a name out of being a black friend of Republicans—became his sounding board, a way of connecting with some black people without having to deal with *all* black people. When Safir proudly mentioned those three leaders at a post-Diallo City Council hearing, councilmember Annette Robinson cried out, "That's an insult!" She says now of Safir's presumed connection to the black community, "He didn't have a clue."

Walcott's relationship with Safir was cordial if distanced—"I *hear*,"

>

POLITICS Campaign-Trail Traffic Report

Where'd he *go*? West, young man. Lazio rakes it in on western fund-raising swing while still managing to campaign upstate via radio interviews. Old media still good for something. ●

Lieberman means New York is history for GOP. Gore will now win state by 1 million, giving Ricky mucho groundo to make-up-o. New Lazio campaign song: D-I-V-O-R-C-E—from Dubya! ○

It's a mitzvah! Actually, hard to say how much Lieberman helps Hill, but he sure doesn't hurt. She'll stump with him, but we still wanna see her down at Ratner's throwing back egg creams! ●

Joe may love her, but relations with veep seem a little frostier. It's okay—she needs Joe in state, not Al. All the same, trouble ahead if Al becomes refusenik on DNC soft money to HRC. ○

Photographs: Richard B. Levine. Illustration by Ingo Fast.

Safir *continued from page 11*

Walcott offers, "that he's a very warm guy"—but a pattern emerged: In community meetings, Safir would push statistics showing that New York is the most restrained police force in the nation, and blacks would reply that it wasn't *what* the police were doing but *how* they were doing it. After Diallo was shot, Safir said, "Reasonable people need to spend a lot of time making sure that the community understands that this police force is there to serve them." In other words, this was a P.R. problem: The community had to be not listened to but convinced.

Sidique Wai, for his part, is still devoted to Safir. "He *tried* to establish a relationship with communities," he maintains. "I didn't even know what police work was, and I learned about it, to his credit." Innis, however, caught on to the friendship's limitations. "He seemed sincere," says his son and spokesman, Niger, "but if there was a weakness, it was his failure to reach out to leaders like us *before* a crisis happened." As other black leaders stepped up the pressure, Safir huddled with his posse in public and private. "He and I once had a major disagreement, and we had it out behind closed doors," Walcott says. "From that time on, I had a different point of view on him. I felt that was respectful, even if we still disagreed."

Why did this side of Safir never make it to prime time? "Was his own persona somewhat hidden by the mayor's persona? Most likely," Walcott muses. "But part of the challenge, if you see that your message is not sticking, is to decide how to get your message to stick." In the end, courtesy, professionalism, and respect may have got Howard Safir only so far. ROBERT KOLKER

SCHEME

The Re-Con Mission

How did the artist hoax the hoaxer? Six degrees of preparation.

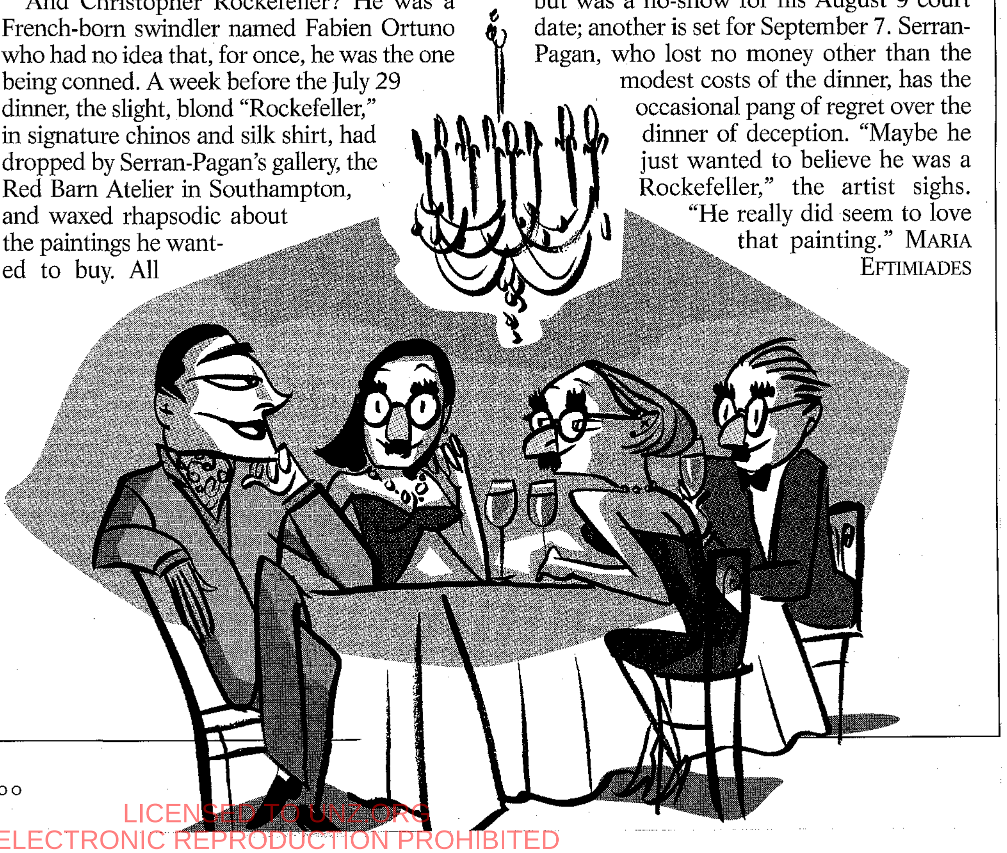
A RECENT DINNER AT THE SOUTHAMPTON home of Spanish painter Gines Serran-Pagan was simple—pasta and salad—but the guests, who chatted about their art collections, stock portfolios, and East End estates, were illustrious. The daughter of Sony International's president was at the table, as were a well-to-do society art dealer known simply as Pierre and a couple of Greek shipping heiresses. Seated next to Serran-Pagan was the evening's guest of honor: the venture capitalist, art connoisseur, and scion of the noted New York family Christopher Rockefeller.

At one end of the table stood an easel with a recent Serran-Pagan work—a sultry oil of a sunset in Quilin, China. It was one of several Serran-Pagan paintings—a half-million dollars' worth—that Rockefeller was negotiating to buy for his Fifth Avenue penthouse and his mansion on Further Lane in East Hampton. But there would be time for business later, Serran-Pagan announced. All but one of the guests knew that the real matter at hand was sport: A con man was going to meet his match—make that *matches.* The Sony president's daughter was really Natsuko Utsumi, a Japanese photojournalist with no connections to the electronics empire; Pierre, the dealer, was actually Peter Fazio, a Hampton Bays electrician whose son plays with Serran-Pagan's child. The rich Greeks were myself, a *People* bureau chief, and my brother's girlfriend, Clea, a U.S. Navy lawyer.

And Christopher Rockefeller? He was a French-born swindler named Fabien Ortuno who had no idea that, for once, he was the one being conned. A week before the July 29 dinner, the slight, blond "Rockefeller," in signature chinos and silk shirt, had dropped by Serran-Pagan's gallery, the Red Barn Atelier in Southampton, and waxed rhapsodic about the paintings he wanted to buy. All he needed, he told the artist, was Serran-Pagan's bank-account numbers so he could wire the money. The artist was circumspect, and the two agreed to meet again. A few days later, Serran-Pagan heard from friends that "Rockefeller" had allegedly scammed several Hamptonites to the tune of $250,000 by promising to invest their money in the stock market.

Serran-Pagan decided to have some fun and enlisted help. His dinner guests listened with rapt attention as "Rockefeller" bragged about his friendships with Bill Clinton and the late Dodi Al-Fayed, and described his Dalís and Chagalls. Equally entertaining was his entourage—the chesty French girlfriend who claimed to be a model, and the balding, nervous personal assistant who spent the night making cell-phone calls until Clea pulled out a camera and snapped a photo of "Rockefeller." The personal assistant ran around the table and tried to shield his boss, then produced a wad of cash, unsuccessfully demanding to buy the film. It was after midnight when the threesome left, promising to resume negotiations the following week.

But on August 2, Ortuno was picked up by East Hampton police on Main Street and arrested on two theft-of-services charges—for tabs of $5,000 and $11,000 at inns in Amagansett and East Hampton—and one charge of false impersonation. He is being investigated for other crimes in the Hamptons. Ortuno posted $45,000 bond and handed over his passport but was a no-show for his August 9 court date; another is set for September 7. Serran-Pagan, who lost no money other than the modest costs of the dinner, has the occasional pang of regret over the dinner of deception. "Maybe he just wanted to believe he was a Rockefeller," the artist sighs. "He really did seem to love that painting." MARIA EFTIMIADES



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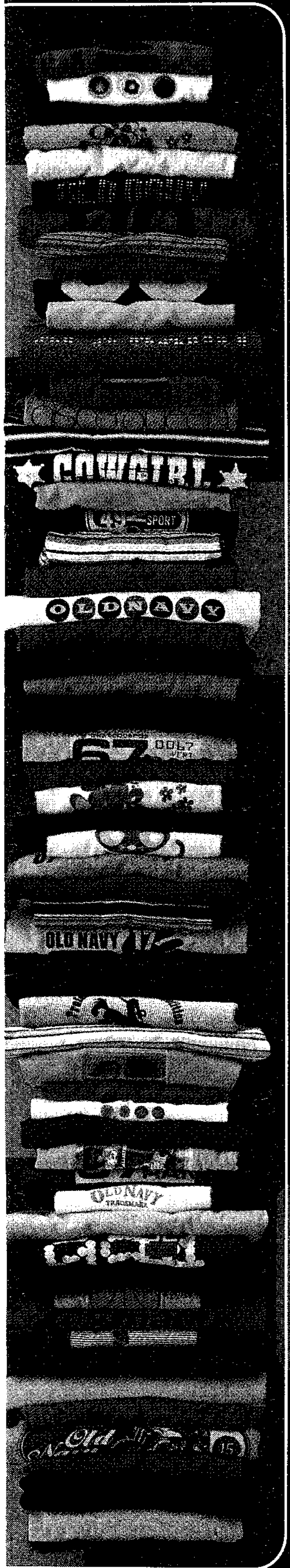
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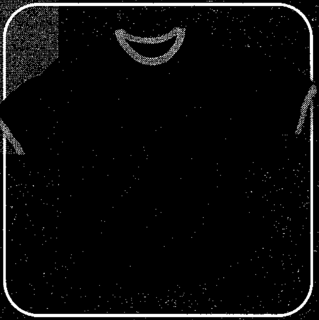

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BRAND X

Tea Zone

BRAND: Lipton Iced Tea **AGENCY:** J. Walter Thompson (NY)
CREATIVE DIRECTOR: Alan Platt

LIPTON ICED TEA HAS UNDERGONE an overnight brand-personality transplant—and you have to wonder if it was chemically induced. A new TV spot shows a guy busily shaping some front-lawn shrubbery into a giant bunny. "Hey, Chief," demands the homeowner, emerging from his door. "What are you doing with my bush?" That's when we see that our protagonist has turned an entire block's worth of hedges into a topiary zoo. This wacko, it turns out, is a Lipton iced-tea drinker—or that's what we're to infer from the spot's tag line: "You'll feel good . . . maybe too good." (The campaign appears in print form on New York City buses and subway platforms.) Until five minutes ago, staid Lipton was your grandma's iced-tea choice; one of the brand's mild-mannered sell lines was "Life's a little better with Lipton Tea." The new campaign has the subversive wit and quick pulse of a Snapple spot—which is, of course, the point: Lipton is defending its lead (sales of $532 million in '99) against newly reenergized Snapple ($372 million in '99). Its trippy new motto might make you think Lipton had started mixing Zoloft into the drink, but beverage marketing has always been about hyperbole and overpromising. When one sweetened tea tastes roughly the same as the next, why *not* sell hope in a bottle?

SIMON DUMENCO

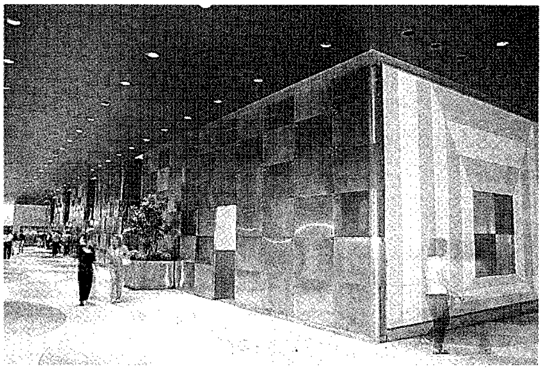
You'll feel good. Maybe too good.
Lipton

ARCHITECTURE

The Anti-Lobbyists

A postwar landmark is losing its marbles—and *Time* isn't on its side.

ONE BY ONE, THE TOTEMS OF THE good life at Time Inc. have vanished. The cocktail carts don't come around on closing nights anymore. The propped-up carcass of *Life* was declared dead a couple of months ago. About the last thing that summons Henry Luce and his wildly successful arm of the gray-flannel Establishment is a walk through the fifties-high-style lobby of his Time & Life Building.



Not for long.

A renovation is coming to the time-worn lobby of 1271 Sixth Avenue, completed in 1959 by the architecture firm of Harrison & Abramovitz. The serpentine terrazzo floor—scuffed and chipped but still beautiful—will likely be replaced. The shops along the south side will be unrecognizably altered and sanitized. Time Inc. is expected to sign off on the Rockefeller Group's plans, but the Municipal Art Society—which roused public interest to save Grand Central Terminal—is once again throwing itself in front of the bulldozers. Time & Life is "a building of landmark quality," says Frank Sanchis, the Society's executive director. "We are simply putting them on notice." The Society can't prevent demolition, of course; only the Landmarks Preservation Commission has that power. "If someone wants to propose that the lobby should be considered for landmark status," says Landmarks chief of staff Terri Rosen Deutsch, "we would certainly consider it."

Preservationists have until recently considered buildings like this disasters, not treasures. (The *AIA Guide* calls the Sixth Avenue towers of Rockefeller Center "barren" and "dull.") But conventional wisdom has changed abruptly. Kurt Andersen—architecture critic and former *Time* writer—caught the feeling in *Turn of the Century:* "The skyscrapers that looked atrocious in 1980 and 1990 now, in 2000, look quaint, elegant, swingy . . . kind of cool." Every store on Lafayette Street is full of fifties furniture by Charles and Ray Eames—who, in fact, designed several pieces expressly for Time Inc.'s offices. And now, just in time for the salad days of retro chic, Time Inc. is demolishing the real thing. Andersen, for his part, hopes to see the lobby preserved. "It is a great time capsule," he says. "Wouldn't it just be such a shame if they turned it into all those other New York high-rise lobbies from the 1980s?"

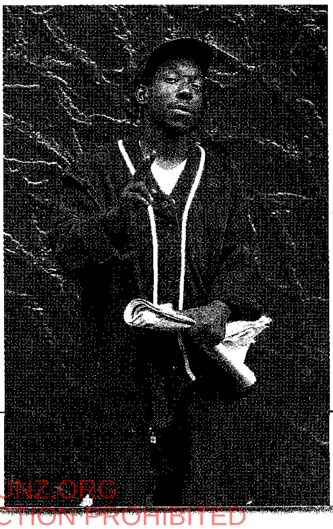
ALISSA QUART

CANDID CAMERA

The Accidental Mug Shot

THEY SAY ANYONE CAN MAKE IT IN SHOW BUSINESS—so long as you take care to keep certain things out of your résumé. A few weeks ago, Tommy Moore, founder of Where'bouts, a location-scouting company, was walking the streets with a Nikon D-1, "looking for interesting textures and colors to put models in front of," he remembers. He found a brilliant blue wall flanking Aquagrill in SoHo and was searching for someone to pose in front of it for some sample shots when along ambled a stranger: short, dark, and conversational. "He seemed to be a smart guy," Moore says. "We talked about cameras. Then he picked a cigarette butt off the street. So I told him if he posed, I'd buy him a pack of cigarettes." The shoot went without incident until the stranger "started cracking jokes, saying things like 'So when do you have to get these pictures back to the FBI?' I sort of laughed it off, and then he'd ask again, 'You're with the police or the FBI, right?' " He finally asked to see Moore's I.D., "which I showed him." The next week, Moore spotted a familiar face in black-and-white at the newsstand—it was Vincent Johnson, the confessed Brooklyn Strangler—and suddenly the photographer found himself with a tale for his grandchildren. "I took the *Post* home and compared it to the pictures I took, and it was the same guy," Moore says. "It was sort of spooky."

R.K.



Photographs: top right, Sean Hemmerle; bottom, Tommy Moore/Wherebouts.com.

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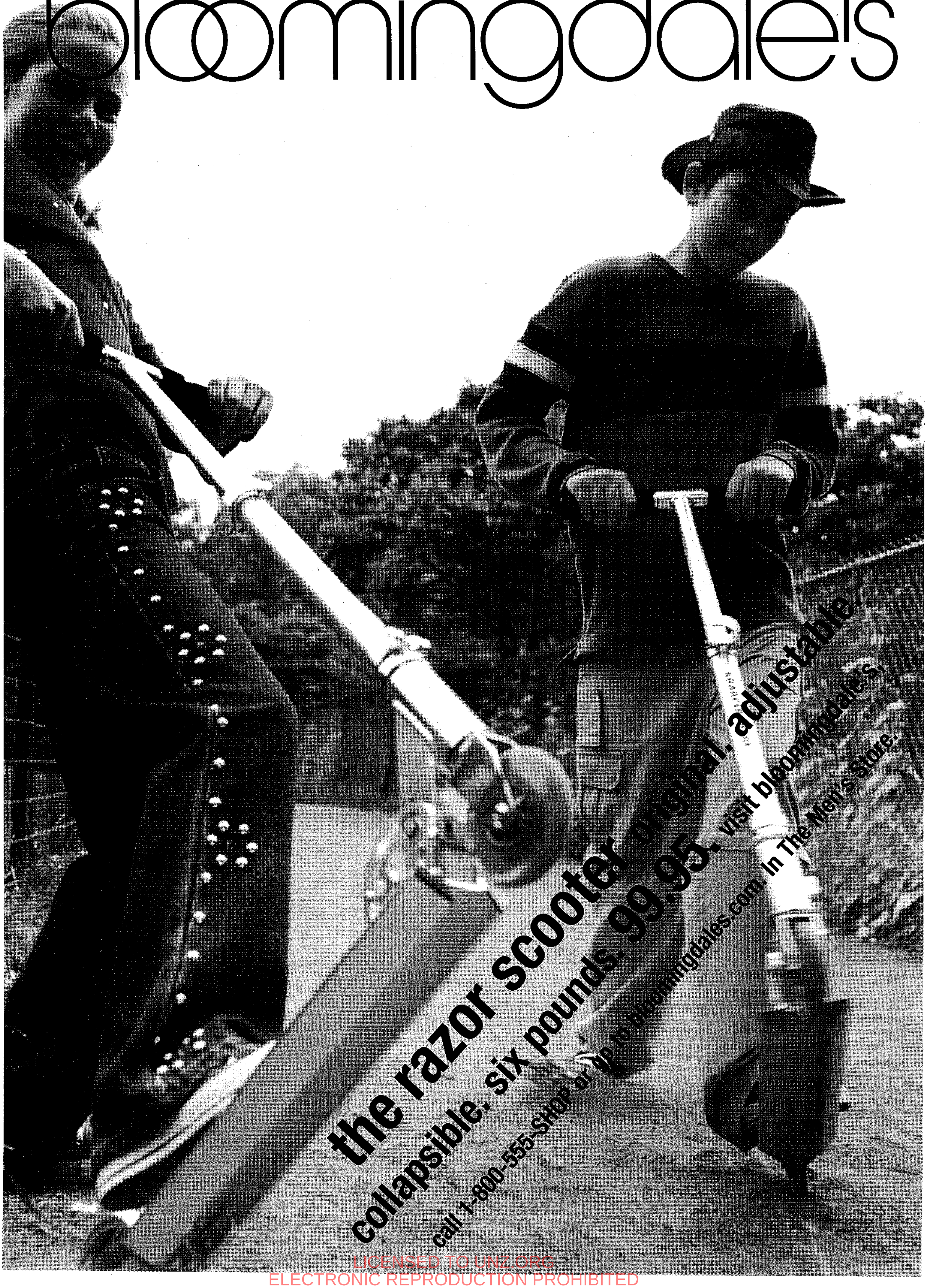

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GOTHAM REALESTATE

BIG DEALS

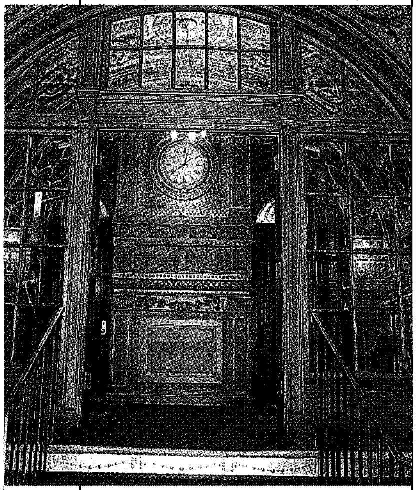
Midtown West

205 West 57th Street

Two-bedroom, two-bath, 1,500-square-foot co-op. Asking: $1.39 million. Selling: $1.15 million. Maintenance: $1,990. Time on market: four weeks.

"WE WERE AMBITIOUS IN OUR pricing," admits Terry Herbert, a broker for the Corcoran Group. They must have been, given the fact that this place took a month to sell at the height of the market. An understated 1885 Chicago School building with extravagant ornamentation inside, the Osborne is a kind of Dakota across the street from Carnegie Hall and hence within walking distance of midtown offices. But once the buyers, a magazine publisher and a businessman, saw the three working fireplaces and the spectacular lobby, they decided the high price was worth it. (The Osborne has attracted residents such as Bobby Short, though it's a slightly longer commute to the Café Carlyle, and Leonard Bernstein lived there for a while.) "Everything clicked," says Herbert, especially when the couple passed the Osborne's persnickety co-op board. The seller, who uses a wheelchair, is moving to a newer building that's more accommodating.

CHRISTOPHER BONANOS



Dakota South: The Osborne, at 205 West 57th Street.

She's Still Here . . . Damn It!

Cabaret mom Sandra Bernhard makes it in New York.

SANDRA BERNHARD IS SO GRUMPY ANYWAY THAT JUST imagine what spending two years looking for a place in Manhattan did to her. "It was a general malaise," she says. "Lots of 'I can't believe someone's asking a million-two for this: There's no light and it's dark and depressing.' " But she needed a place. "I got my original studio when I wasn't pregnant," she says, referring to her pillow-and-votive-candle-strewn rental in one of the Bing & Bing Art Deco buildings in the West Village. Two years ago, she gave birth to Cicely and rented what she thought would be a temporary nanny-and-baby annex on another floor. She also has a thirties bungalow in L.A., but "I prefer it here; most of my friends are here," she says. "My main impetus for staying in Manhattan is that I love Channel 35." But keeping connected to Robin Byrd proved difficult even for someone as fabulously abrasive as Bernhard. "I thought the market was going to come down, so I was going to wait it out." In any case, "it's not always the most pleasant experience dealing with real-estate brokers." Finally, an interior-designer friend introduced her to poodle-toting Halstead Property Company brokers Robin and Nancy Horowitz, sisters who work as a team. They showed her a 1,700-square-foot, two-bedroom loft in a four-year-old conversion in west Chelsea that used to be a refrigeration building. She paid about $1.2 million. "She had given up and was saying, 'I'm going to live in L.A. the rest of my life,' " says Robin Horowitz, who took her to this place first. "The line from her show is that her mortgage payment in L.A. is what she pays for a storage unit here." CARL SWANSON

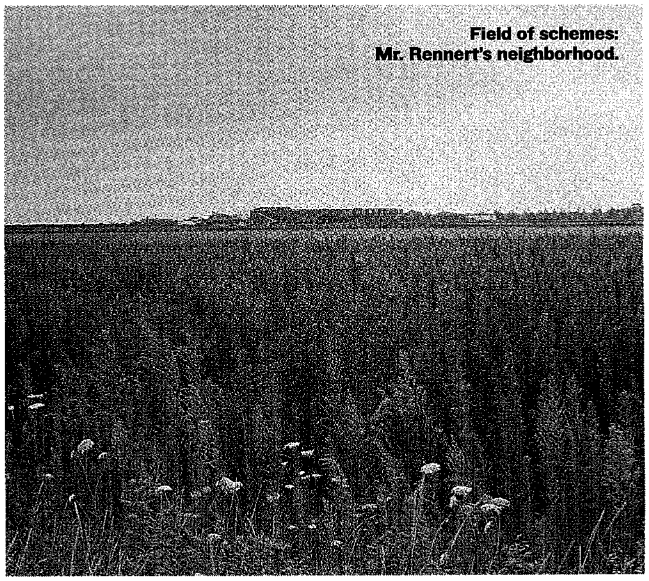
REALTY BITES

East Ends

Buying the last farm.

EARLIER THIS SUMMER, the last stretch of prime Hamptons oceanfront farmland sold to a mysterious group some locals feared was backed by Ira Rennert, the billionaire who built a 100,000-square-foot monster chateau two years ago. Rennert's kosher Xanadu is right next door to the 60-acre farm, on Daniels Lane in Sagaponack, so it wouldn't have been a surprise. The seller was money manager Joseph DiMenna, who bought the land in 1996 for $15 million. (Part of it once belonged to CBS founder William Paley.) He got married on it in 1997, then put it up for sale for $25 million (a local vandalized the for-sale sign with the words LAND WHORE) and bought a place in Southampton. Now he's sold the part farthest away from Rennert to Brenda Earl, the backup portfolio manager at DiMenna's $5 billion Zweig/DiMenna fund, for $6.6 million. The rest went to Sagaponack Ventures, the mystery group, for $14.4 million. (A source close to DiMenna says he couldn't get anyone to pony up the full $25 million in cash.) Real-estate sources say Sagaponack Ventures is actually a group of investors who plan to divide the land into three $15 million lots. Jeffrey Collé, contractor to Billy Joel and Donna Karan, seems to be their point man (he denies it). "It's really the last of the oceanfront," says one broker. Even if it is in Rennert's shadow.

C.S. WITH STEVEN GAINES



Field of schemes: Mr. Rennert's neighborhood.

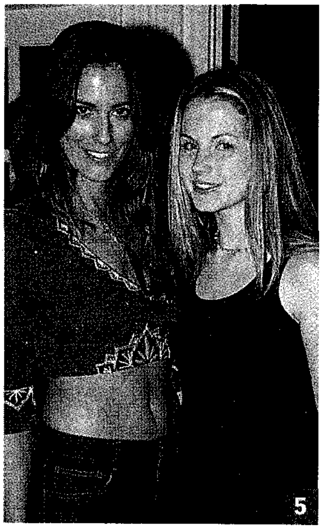
Photographs: clockwise from left, Noah Sheldon; Robin Platzer/Twin Images; Matthew Salacuse.

THE SCENE

Tag Team

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

THE QUESTION ON EVERY TICKET HOLDER'S MIND THE MORNING of the Ovarian Cancer Research Fund's tag sale: Was it worth leaving the beach early for a bargain? For those who scored $50 Vera Wang gowns and $75 sequined Tod's flats, it was. By four o'clock, the backyard of Ken and Basia Nahoum's waterfront Watermill estate looked like Loehmann's on President's Day—except, of course, for a dipping pool, crab-cake canapés, and magician David Blaine on hand to distract the kids. As the under-10 set lined up to decorate plastic flip-flops, adults (who paid $500 to get in) wrestled for off-price Chaiken halter tops, Randolph Duke gowns, and Burberry umbrellas, shamelessly stripping down to underwear to try things on. Actress Edie Falco snapped up Juicy tees; *Allure*'s Linda Wells dried off her kids with newly bought Burberry beach towels. "It's exploded in the past three years," marveled Donna Karan, hovering over a table piled high with her crinkly white tank tops as Angie Harmon struggled past under a load of Kate Spade bags and Diane von Furstenberg dresses. "I drove out here just for this," the actress admitted. "I guess I went a little crazy." Meanwhile, the publicists manning the booths were getting antsy. "Screw this—I'm closing up," said one. "I've *got* to do some shopping." SHYAMA PATEL



1. Lenny Kravitz and Gina Gershon at Pier 59 Studios for the Rock 'n' Road Rally. 2. Lesley Stahl and Barbara Walters at the *Harper's Bazaar* Women in Power lunch at Ducasse. 3. Donna Karan and Fern Mallis at the Ovarian Cancer Research Fund's "Super Saturday." 4. Mario and Chris Cuomo at Chris's surprise birthday party at his home. 5. Christina Greeven and Amanda Hearst at Ted Field's house following a screening of *Love & Sex*. 6. Allison Stern, Julia Koch, Katura Smith, Al D'Amato, and Ashley Schiff at Schiff's Southampton home celebrating D'Amato's 63rd birthday. 7. Edie Falco and Steve Van Zandt at Strip House for a dinner celebrating the new *Sopranos* season. 8. Al Berg, Lenore Varela, and David Moscow at the opening of the Marchon Eyewear Showroom. 9. Patrick DeMarchelier, Roberta Myers, and Gilles Bensimon at Bensimon's home celebrating Myers's appointment as editor-in-chief of *Elle*.

ED KOCH VS. AL D'AMATO

I'M RIGHT, YOU'RE WRONG

Our eminent *alter kockers* mix it up on Joe and Al, Joe and W, Joe and Hillary, Joe and . . .

Maer Roshan: No sooner had Al Gore chosen Joe Lieberman as his running mate than he shot up fifteen points in the polls. Surprised?

Al D'Amato: Nonsense. Nonsense! That's overnight polling, and it's just not accurate. It reflects the heat of the moment. Having said that, I do believe that after the Democratic convention they're gonna get another bounce, and that this election will be a statistical dead heat. It'll go down to the wire.

Ed Koch: I agree with Al, that all of these poll numbers are transitory, but it was remarkable that Bush got a seventeen-point lead—that he lost it in two days is even more amazing. And it has to be attributed to the nomination of Joe Lieberman, which is a home run. Of course, people are scared of anti-Semitism.They ask, is this good for the Jews? But that's a question that my father would have asked. It's not a question that anyone in today's society should ask anymore. My own feeling is that if it's good for the country, it's good for the Jews.

Al: I agree with Ed, that Lieberman's a stellar choice. Ironically, his great strengths will only make Gore look worse in comparison. People'll say, *Lieberman's* the man who should be running for president. He's the man who had the courage to chastise President Clinton. He's the man who said that the raising of funds, and the manner in which it was done, was inappropriate. He would never have gone to the Buddhist temple to raise money and then make believe he didn't know it was a fund-raiser. The worst thing that can happen to a presidential candidate is to look bad in comparison with your running mate.

Ed: I agree with Al that people will still vote for the guy at the top of the ticket.

Al: And the contrast between Gore and Lieberman is *mind-boggling.* School vouchers, Social Security, the military—Gore and Lieberman don't agree on *any* of these things.

Ed: I think the fact that they don't have the same clone ideas is good for the ticket. Lieberman is never gonna step on Gore's toes, but he's not giving up his own positions.

M.R.: Preliminary polls show that Lieberman's Jewishness is not really an issue for most people. Do you believe that?

Ed: Absolutely. Eleven senators are Jewish! I think there are over 30 in the House of Representatives . . . and Jews are 2 percent of the population. People don't care.

Al: You know, people who have a problem with the fact that he's Jewish are going to vote for Buchanan anyway.

M.R.: So neither of you believes Gore's gonna lose votes because of this. How many will he gain?

Ed: Maybe a few. Not all Jews will vote Democrat, though.

Al: In swing states like Florida, Michigan, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, all of which have significant Jewish populations, this may make the difference. If only we could have gotten Colin Powell . . .

Ed: The Republicans were dummies! They should have *forced* Powell to be on the Republican ticket.

Al: I agree. And by the way, I predict that George W. will offer him secretary of State, which would also be very exciting. Because it would demonstrate that "compassionate conservatism" was more than sloganeering.

Ed: Which, aside from a few speeches, it mostly is.

M.R.: How freaked out should Rick Lazio be?

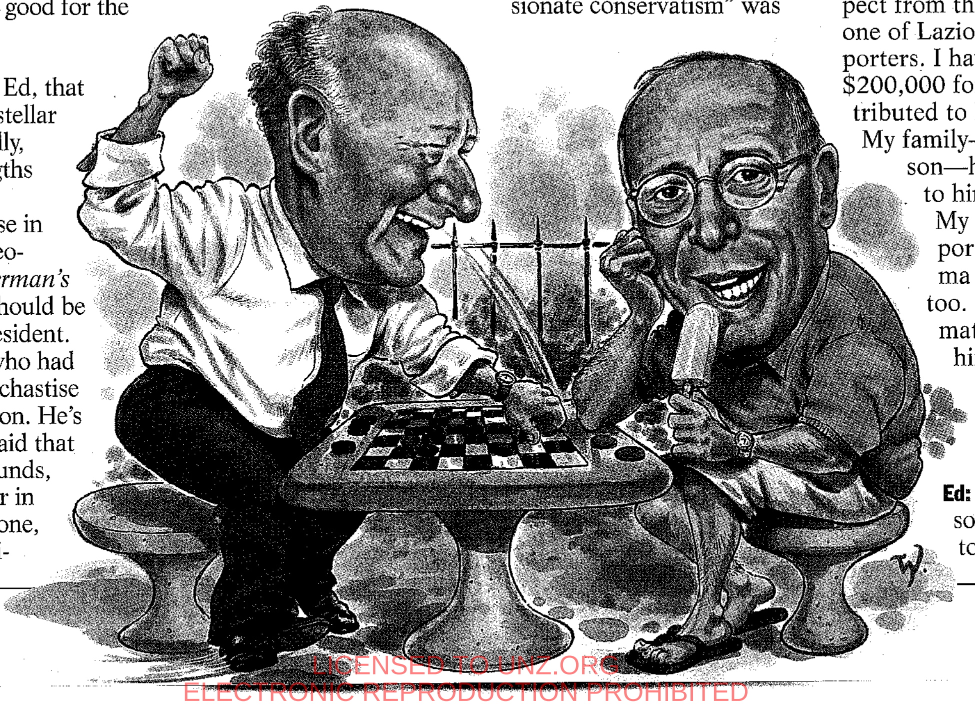
Ed: Rick Lazio is probably sobbing as we speak [*laughter*]. You know, everything was going so nicely, but now, thanks to Joe Lieberman, the vote's gonna change appreciably. Now he will be here to vouch for Hillary, and his presence will energize the Jewish vote. Jews already are 54 percent in favor of Hillary. If she gets 60, she'll win.

Al: I think Ed overstates. I think all Lazio needs to do is keep stressing his accomplishments, and he'll do fine. Hillary has little to offer.

M.R.: Senator, the *Times* recently reported that you were so disgusted with Lazio's grandstanding on housing issues when you were both in office that you haven't talked to him in years.

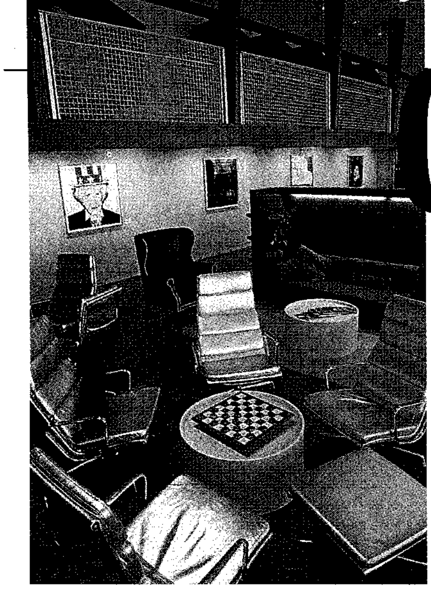
Al: Bull! But what do you expect from the *Times*? I'm one of Lazio's biggest supporters. I have raised over $200,000 for him. I've contributed to him personally. My family—including my son—has contributed to him personally. My brother supports him, and Mama D'Amato will, too. So do the math—I support him, I endorse him, I raise money for him . . .

Ed: [*Laughs*] And someday you'll *talk* to him, too! ■



TRAVEL EDITION

GOTHAMSTYLE

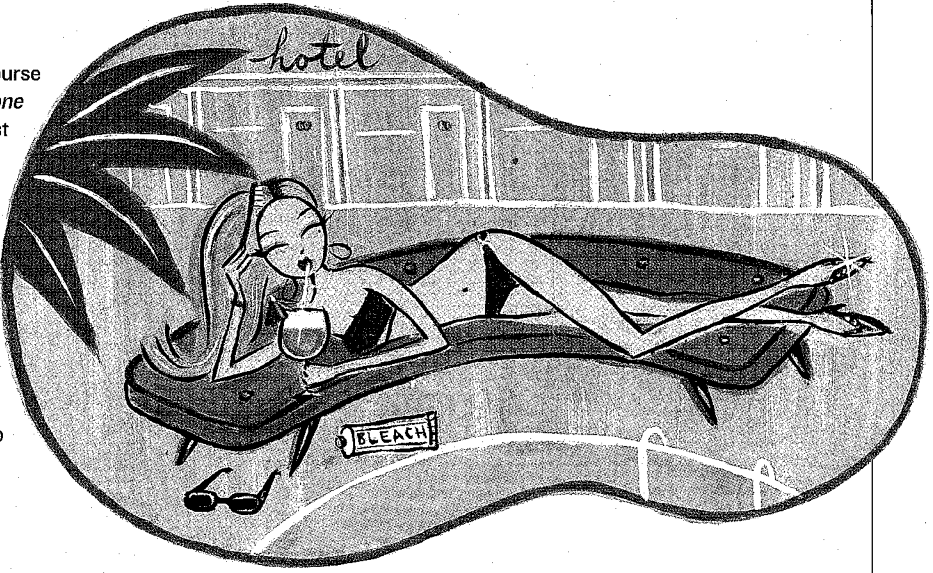


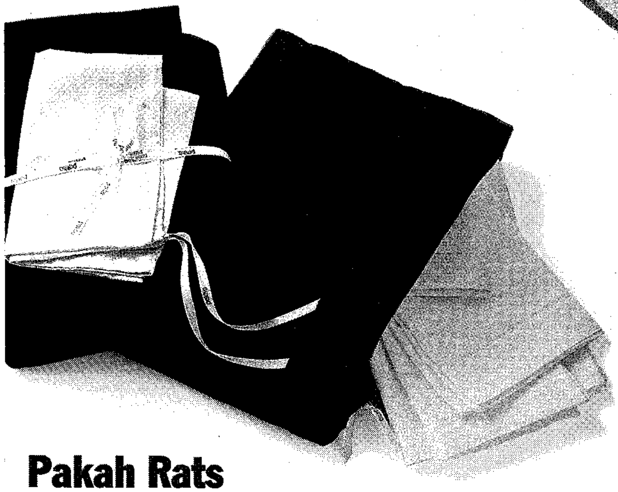
Flights of Fancy

Until now, airport ennui has been best battled on the treadmills and massage chairs of hospitable Heathrow. But New York is picking up the gauntlet: In Virgin Atlantic's new Clubhouse lounge at JFK, plastic chairs and industrial carpet have been replaced by Warhol works and Eames chairs (pictured). British Airways' first- and business-class lounges are being dressed up by Terence Conran with waterfalls, flowers, and chaises longues. And over at La Guardia, they're actually trying to tempt travelers' palates: An offshoot of Figs, Boston chef Todd English's gourmet-pizza shop, will open this fall, serving customized pies in temperature-controlled boxes. BETH LANDMAN KEIL

Beach-Blanket Beauty

Used to be that you could just let nature take its course when you were on summer holiday. No longer. "*Everyone* ruins their eyebrows on vacation," sighs makeup artist Robin Narvaez of Borja Color Salon, who has been flown to London to maintain clients' arches. Brows aren't the only concern of maintenance mavens: Longtime charges have spirited nutritional consultant Oz Garcia to the resorts of Italy and France to supervise their carb consumption. A bikini-ready body means nothing, however, if your admirers can't see past your roots. Scott Peper, head colorist at Oscar Blandi, provides regulars with a bottle of specially mixed color to be applied with a hotel toothbrush. If only a DIY bikini wax were as easy. SARAH BERNARD



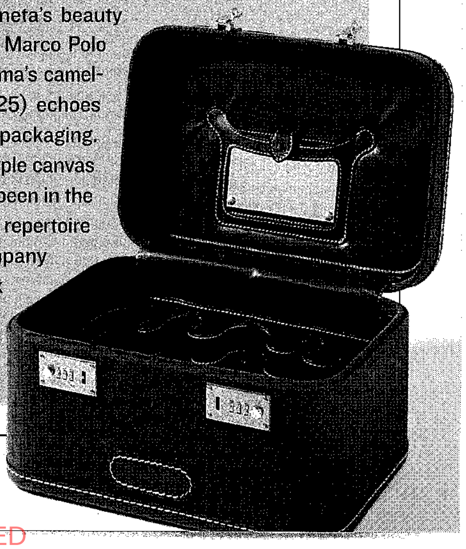


Pakah Rats

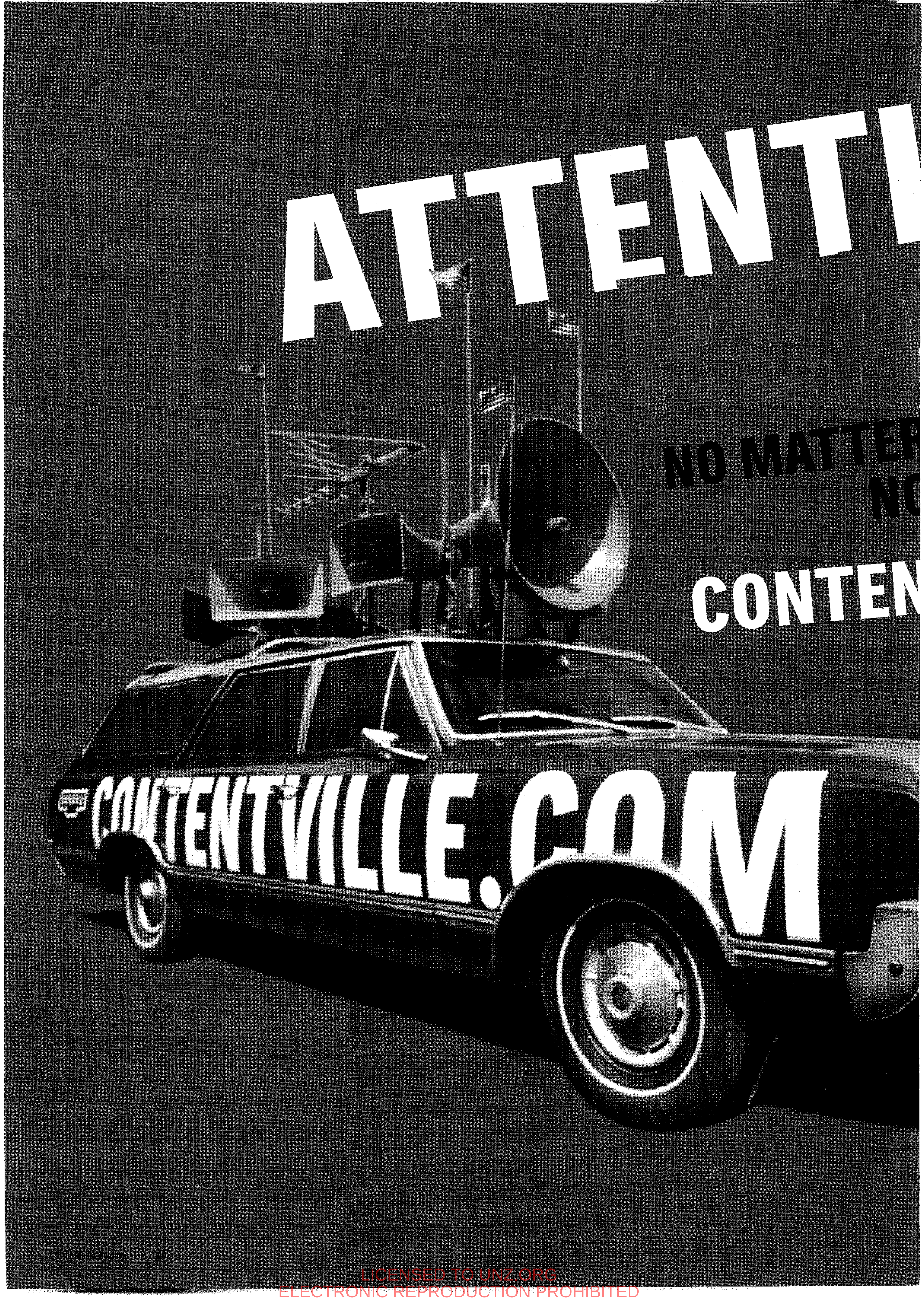
Spritzing Evian on your face in mid-flight won't do much if you then bury it in one of those greasy dryer-sheet headrests. "Using airline pillows and blankets is like having sex with strangers," sniffs Page Khalajestani, who created Pakah luxury travel linens after a job as an international trader confined her to a life of sticky tray tables and ratty communal blankets. Each men's satchel or women's purse ($395 and $340 at Bergdorf Goodman) includes a wool or cashmere throw, an Irish-linen pillowcase, a tray tablecloth, and "restaurant-style" napkins. Too bad there's no restaurant-style meal to go with them. S.B.

Case History

In an era when women tote two handbags at a time (a larger one for gym gear and a mini-me for makeup), it's no surprise that the train case—the travel companion of choice for medicine-cabinet junkies—is back on the conveyor-belt circuit. Tumi's new women's travel collection includes a case in the company's signature black nylon ($175); Bottega Veneta's beauty box ($1,250) matches the Marco Polo luggage line; Acqua di Parma's camel-colored leather case ($825) echoes the company's perfume packaging. And while T. Anthony's purple canvas box (pictured; $375), has been in the legendary luggage-maker's repertoire since the forties, the company hasn't seen sales this brisk since people were last riding the Orient Express. KRISTINA RICHARDS



hotographs: from top, courtesy Virgin Airlines; Dasha Wright Ewing (2). Illustration by Neryl Walker.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THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

Just Say Joe

Senator Lieberman on the Gore ticket may be a gift for Hillary Clinton, but some assembly is required: She still needs to work harder at building Jewish support.

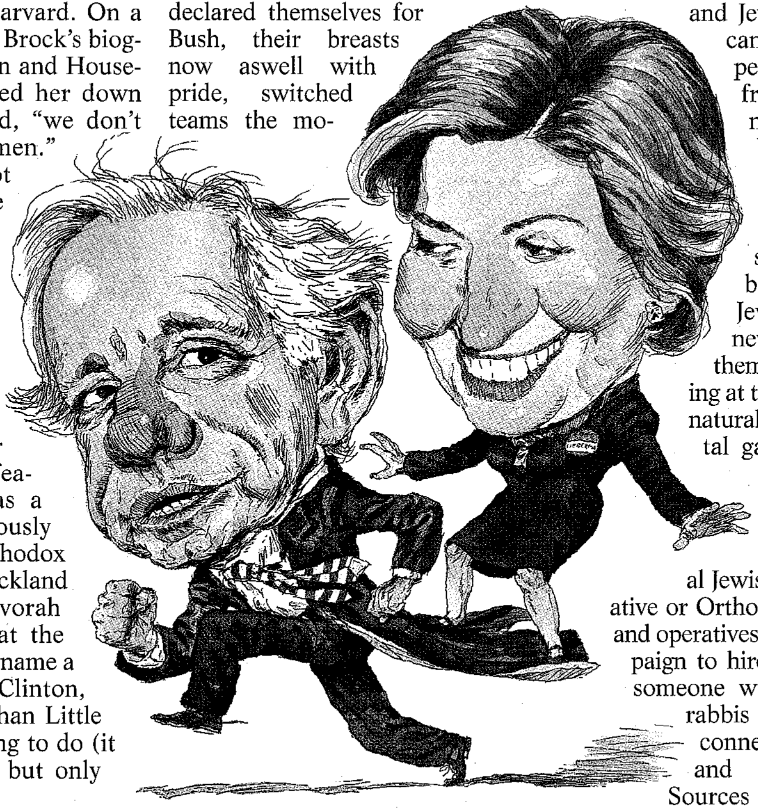
FATE, WHICH HAS MORE OFTEN been foe than friend to Hillary Clinton these past fourteen months, finally saw fit to smile on the candidate twice last week, on one occasion in the form of lucky timing and on the other as the fortunate residue of a decision young Hillary Diane Rodham made 30 years ago.

She was visiting law schools, and it was down to Yale and Harvard. On a visit to Cambridge, David Brock's biography reports, a stentorian and Housemanesque professor stared her down and said that at Harvard, “we don't need any more women.” Hillary was off like a shot to New Haven, where both she and her future husband did a little volunteer work in the 1970 Connecticut State Senate campaign of one Joseph I. Lieberman.

Last Tuesday, the very day Al Gore named Lieberman as his choice for vice-president, Hillary's feature campaign event was a well-timed—but previously scheduled—stop at an Orthodox Jewish girls' school in Rockland County; principal Devorah Reichman announced that the town, New Square, would name a street in honor of Bill Clinton, which is arguably more than Little Rock itself has been willing to do (it finally did, after debate, but only *part* of a street).

So from a kismet point of view, this Lieberman thing was looking pretty good right out of the box. When Hillary had her Suha problem last November, Lieberman accompanied her to a damage-control meeting at the Orthodox Union the following month. And while it's not as though he had them wearing Cubs caps, the fact that it was Lieberman she called on then lends her effort to link herself to him now a certain I-knew-him-when kind of credibility.

WHAT DOES THE LIEBERMAN SELECTION DO to the Senate race? We'll get to vote-counting anon, but first let's cruise the emotional landscape on which the vote count will be partially based. On this terrain, Lieberman is potentially a huge plus for Mrs. Clinton. A Republican operative told me last week that the anecdotal evidence in his circles was piling up fast: Several Jewish Republicans and Democratic moderates he knew who had declared themselves for Bush, their breasts now aswell with pride, switched teams the moment of the Lieberman announcement. And they're likely to stay there.



Hillary still has to earn Jewish votes on her own. But Lieberman opens up new ways to do that. “He is a hero now,” says an Orthodox Jewish Democratic operative. “He's my hero. All of a sudden he can say the same things”—extravagant praise for Hillary Clinton, for example—“he was saying eight months ago, and it matters more. Before, his support was a defensive maneuver. Now it's an offensive weapon.”

Well put. A 30-second testimonial commercial from Senator Lieberman would have had some value; the same from vice-presidential candidate Lieberman is off the charts.

Now the *but.* Campaigns often deceive themselves into thinking they can make up lost yardage with one play, and this campaign is no different. Consider this insidery but telling argument that's been going on within the Clinton campaign and Jewish circles. The Clinton campaign's Jewish-outreach person is Karen Adler, an old friend of Hillary's who is now best known for having broken the first rule of tight-ship campaigning—namely, don't put anything in writing. A memo she wrote during the “Jew bastard” nonsense urging Jewish pols to call Jewish newspapers, and instructing them not to say they were calling at the campaign's behest, was, naturally, leaked. That monumental gaffe was her fault. What isn't really her fault but is an affliction nonetheless is that Adler's connections are much deeper in liberal Jewish circles than in Conservative or Orthodox ones. For weeks, pols and operatives have been urging the campaign to hire a second Jewish liaison, someone with whom the Orthodox rabbis are acquainted. There's a connection between the leak and the general problem: Sources have told me that the memo was leaked by a supporter who was upset that the campaign had no Orthodox outreach. The campaign is reportedly finally hiring someone.

Of course, it comes about eight months late, which is but one expression of the confused state of the campaign's disunited Jewish appeals. Two examples: Hillary has made fewer than a half-dozen public campaign appearances before Orthodox or Conservative Jewish groups. That number needs to go up, fast. Second, take a neighborhood such as Riverdale, where

Illustration by John Cuneo.

Al Gore will win 80 or 85 percent of the votes and Hillary, if things don't change, 50 or 55. Aside from appearing at a Democratic club dinner in April, she hasn't been there. Democrats do not win statewide elections by ducking places like Riverdale. And since we opened with fate . . . lo and behold, Hadassah Lieberman's mother, Ella Freilich, who survived Auschwitz, lives there.

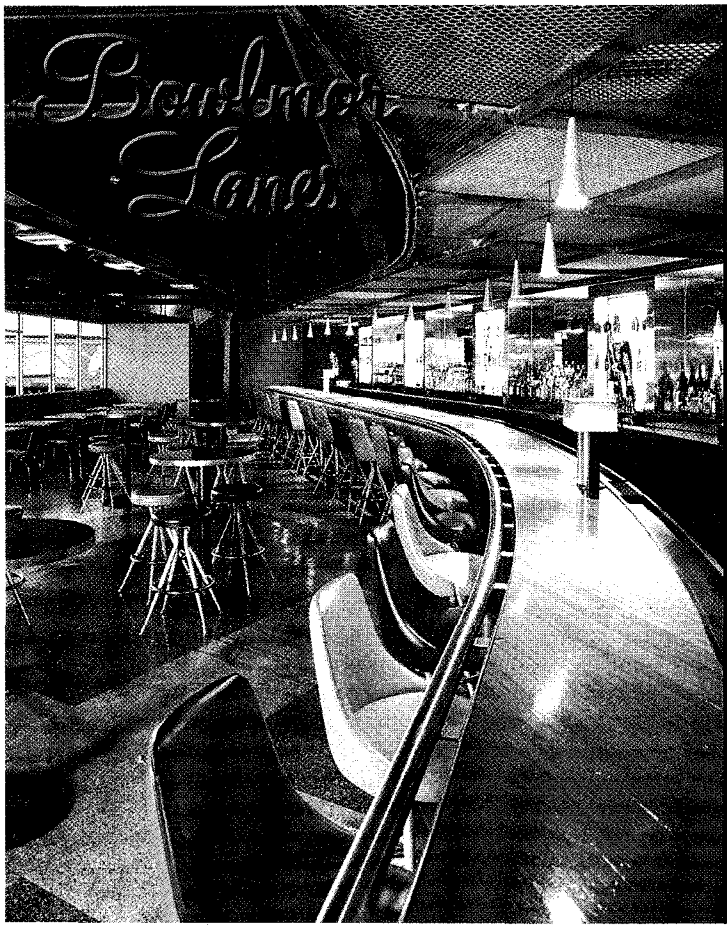
ABOUT 6.5 MILLION NEW YORKERS WILL vote this November. Roughly 800,000 of those voters will be Jews, the vast majority of whom are Democrats. The difference between 55 percent of that bloc, which Hillary more or less has, and 65 percent, which she more or less needs, amounts to 80,000 votes. Hey, Eliot Spitzer won by 22,000, so every little chunk can make a difference. "She has to wrap herself around Lieberman, Koch, and Shelly in his community," says a Democratic operative, referring, of course, to Ed and Assembly Speaker Silver, the state's highest-ranking Orthodox Jewish official.

> *"Hillary has made fewer than a half-dozen campaign appearances before Orthodox or Conservative Jewish groups.* **That number needs to go up pretty dramatically."**

At the same time, it's worth remembering that, despite the press fixation, 5.7 million voters won't be Jews. Hillary's bigger problems are with white Protestants and white Catholics. (A question no one has yet been impolite enough to ask: Will the Lieberman choice hurt Democrats among white Catholics? C'mon, you've thought of it, too.) Whereas a ten-point swing among Jewish voters is 80,000 votes, a swing half that size among Catholics is about 160,000 votes.

So, numerically, Lieberman may not add up to that much. But numbers are effect, not cause. Strategy can change them, and so can the momentum gained from taking advantage—if indeed this multiheaded monster of a campaign manages to—of an event such as the unexpected and extremely lucky addition of one more weapon to the arsenal. Hillary must be awfully glad she chose Yale. ■

E-mail: tomasky@aol.com



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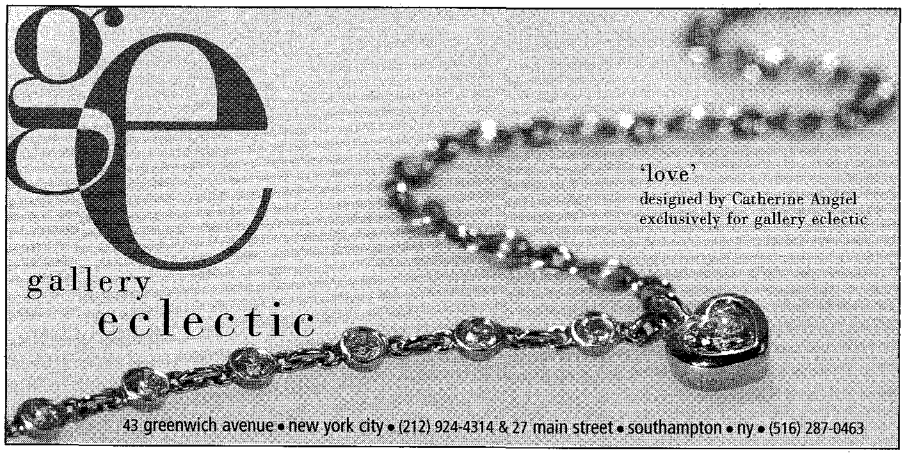
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THE NATIONAL INTEREST LAWRENCE O'DONNELL JR.

Bush-League Bravery

Gore turned to Lieberman for help with his real opponents—Clinton's legacy and his own stiffness. Did he pick a nominee so upstanding he towers over the top of the ticket?

‘MR. GORE WILL TRY to separate himself from his leader's shadow," Dick Cheney told the Republican convention to thunderous applause, "but somehow we will never see one without thinking of the other." Gore obviously took his comments to heart: Joseph Lieberman was an unexpected choice to run against Bush and Cheney, but he's the perfect candidate to run against Clinton.

Nearly every description of Lieberman has worked in *rectitude,* a word all but missing from our political vocabulary during the Clinton years. And by suggesting that Lieberman's very presence on the ticket will inoculate Gore from Clinton's scandals, the media have made it possible. Gore bet—correctly—that the networks would spend at least a week rerunning Lieberman's Senate speech scolding Clinton for his behavior with Monica Lewinsky. What better way to begin washing Clinton's stain out of Gore's campaign?

Gore's intended message is "Don't blame me for what Clinton did with Monica," but neither he nor Lieberman mentioned the president when they announced the Democratic ticket on Tuesday in Nashville. Instead, Lieberman talked about religion, saying more about his Jewishness in one speech than John F. Kennedy ever did about his Catholicism and more about his commitment to his faith than just about any candidate who has ever run on a major-party presidential ticket. Which is really just Lieberman's way of talking about Clinton, of distancing Gore from the president's behavior. So far, at least, it's working.

GORE NEEDS LIEBERMAN TO do more than push Clinton out of the picture—he needs him to help build up his own character, which is why he's delighted that everyone can't stop talking about how brave it was for him to choose a Jewish running mate. And while the decision did give him a sudden boost in the polls, the logic doesn't quite work. If the country is indeed ready for a Jewish vice-president—as Gore keeps insisting it is—why was it so brave? The Democrats have been putting Jews on the Supreme Court for decades; just how many constituents could they alienate by nominating one for the symbolic but relatively powerless position of vice-president? If the Democrats don't shut up about this soon, it will become obvious that, as usual in politics, the one thing *not* involved in their decision is bravery.

Falling hook, line, and sinker for Gore's bravery bit, the *Times* reported that Gore chose Lieberman as his running mate "despite his religion." But during Lieberman's Nashville speech and the news coverage that followed, it became clear that he made it onto the shortlist *because* of his religion. It was the only thing that made the Gore's pick "bold." If, like Barry Goldwater, Lieberman had a Jewish father but was brought up Episcopalian by his mother, Gore might not have enjoyed nearly so much of a jump in the polls.

Then, of course, there's always the possibility that Lieberman was the only one on Gore's shortlist to survive the vetting process. Especially at a time when Gore is trying to separate himself from Clinton's scandals, Senator John Kerry couldn't possibly have made it, simply because he lived it up when he was between marriages the way Clinton always wanted to. Hardly the kind of choice that inspires the overuse of the word *rectitude*—or a seventeen-point jump in the polls.

AS A SENATOR, LIEBERMAN OFFERS the ticket less, not more, than meets the eye. He's one of the chamber's most boring speakers, his career has no great legislative landmark, and his biggest impact on the Senate may have been improving attendance. He first got elected in 1988 partly thanks to a campaign of attack ads, rendered in animation, that depicted liberal Republican Lowell Weicker as a hibernating bear because he missed hundreds of votes during his eighteen years in the Senate. Never mind that Weicker had a voting-attendance record of around 90 percent, or that the votes he and a lot of other senators missed were meaningless, lopsided roll calls in which one vote couldn't have made a difference—Lieberman

Illustration by Scott Menchin.

convinced Connecticut that Weicker was a lazy bum. It terrified every incumbent. Realizing that such a campaign could work against any one of them, the rest of the Senate suddenly became obsessive about not missing votes. Near-perfect voting attendance is now standard.

Lieberman's lack of an extraordinary Senate record helped, too, because the one thing Gore was *not* looking for was someone who would steal the limelight. Lieberman's Mr. Rogers style seemed perfect—a bit warmer than Cheney but no challenge to Gore's domination of the ticket and the campaign. *Ooops.* Anyone flipping back and forth from *Today* to *Good Morning America* to Bryant Gumbel's *Early Show* on the first day Gore and Lieberman campaigned together would have been hard pressed to catch Gore even answering a question. Lieberman was cast as the star, Gore the sidekick who occasionally managed to butt his way in: "Katie, could I comment on that?"

> *"There was a lot of talk about how Bush had to be careful not to choose a running mate who would upstage him* **but none about Gore's having to worry about it.** *Now Gore has that problem and Bush doesn't."*

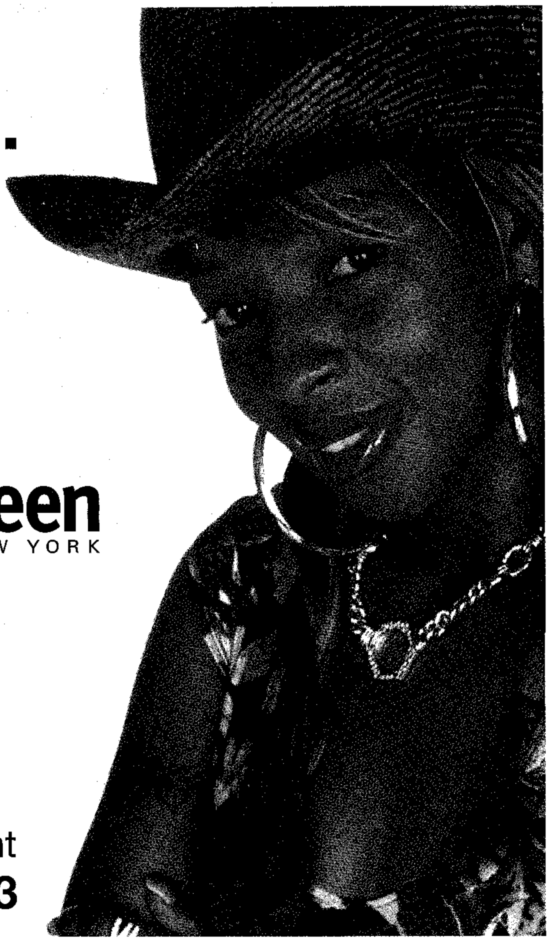
"*Quickly.*"

"Katie, if I could speak to this."

"*Very quickly.*"

There was a lot of talk about how Bush had to be careful not to choose a running mate who would upstage him but none about Gore having to worry about it. Now that their running mates are in place, though, Gore has that problem and Bush doesn't. In fact, Lieberman is so much more relaxed, so much more comfortable in his own skin, that Gore looks stiffer than ever. Standing shoulder to shoulder with Gore, Lieberman is, for the first time in his life, charismatic.

Now that the candidates are off and running—Bush and Cheney against Clinton and Gore, Lieberman against Clinton, and Lieberman against Bush and Cheney—Gore has to climb his way back to the top of the ticket before he can really run against anyone. ■



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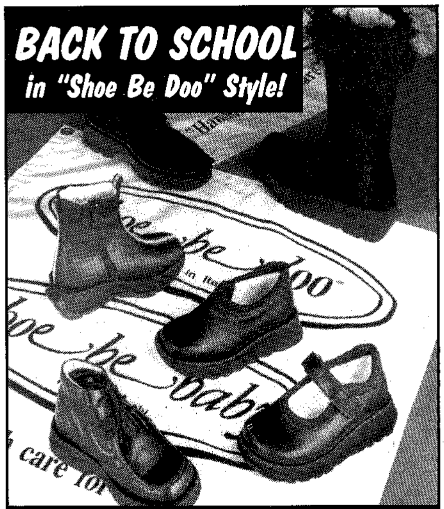

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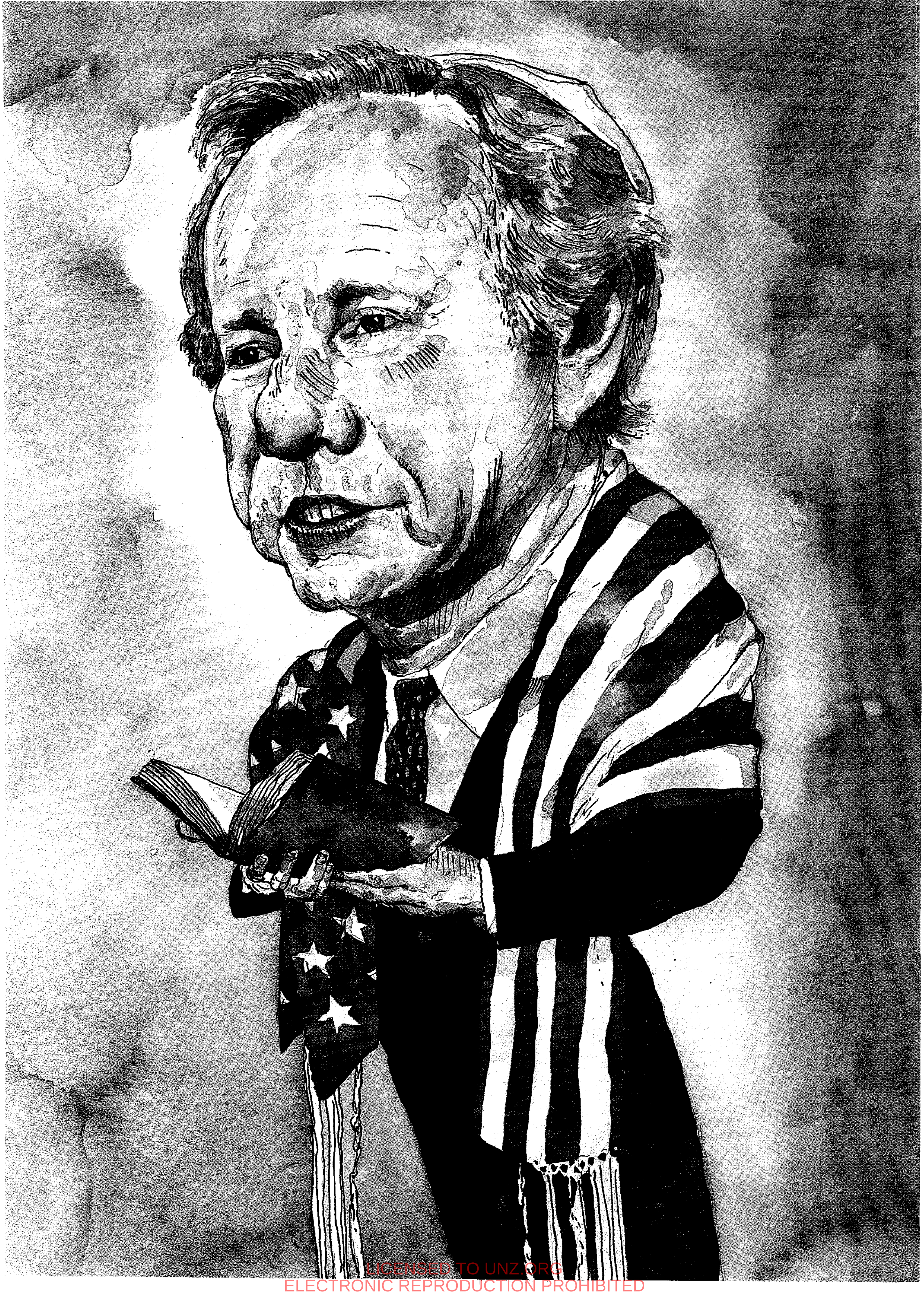
News of Al Gore's mitzvah sent **a joyful shock wave** through the city's Jewish circles. And New Yorkers' confident answers to the inevitable worries (is the country really ready? **Is Joseph Lieberman somehow *too* Jewish?**) show a community in vigorous (if very contentious) health.

the kosher campaign

By Craig Horowitz

There is a story some Jews delight in telling about a large cube that used to sit in Dizengoff Square in the center of Tel Aviv. It was one of those objects in a public space that served as a convenient place for people to meet. On one side of the cube was a clock. Despite the cube's status as a landmark, city officials were ultimately forced to remove it because the hands on the clock were constantly being broken—it turns out that every Jew who arranged to meet a friend at the cube reset the clock according to his own watch. • Though it's become sort of axiomatic that Jews have great difficulty agreeing on just about anything, this contentiousness, this diversity of opinion, this absolute delight in mixing it up, was almost nowhere to be found last week when Senator Joseph Lieberman was picked to be Al Gore's running mate. The response in the Jewish community was so overwhelmingly positive, it was, as one activist I spoke to put it, "almost embarrassingly fulsome." • Emotions simply spilled out. Some people cried. Others had a hard time sleeping. They said things like, "God, I wish my parents were alive to see this day." Even secular, assimilated, successful Jews who don't usually give their religious identity much thought gushed about smashing barriers, breaking glass ceilings, and the special historic significance of the moment. The Lieberman selection seemed to tap a wellspring of emotion and Jewish pride that's been dormant for at least twenty years.

Illustration by Barry Blitt



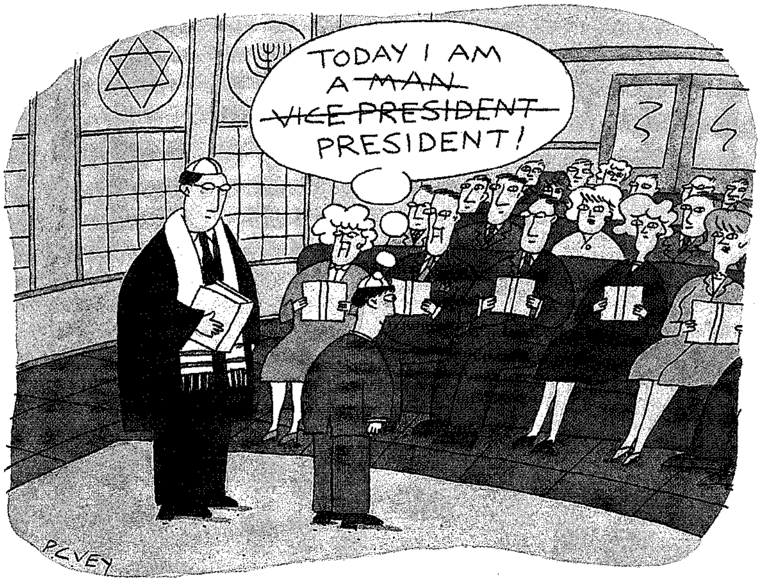
"The American notion of inclusion of all people regardless of origin has become a reality," says political consultant Hank Sheinkopf. Not known for misty-eyed pronouncements, Sheinkopf, a veteran of dozens of bare-knuckle campaigns, was not alone in his sentiment. "This is a remarkable event in Jewish history," says Steven Bayme, national director for contemporary Jewish life at the American Jewish Committee.

"It's just amazing," says Rabbi Daniel Polish, director of the Reform movement's commission on social action. "On some deep level, it tells all Jews we're full citizens of this country. What a profound message. What an occasion for celebration."

"What a country," Jewish social activist and writer Leonard Fein kept repeating, while telling the story of a family he'd just talked to. "They're a very Jewishly involved family, and when the news hit, the elderly parents said, 'That's nice'; they thought about it mostly in political terms. Their 40-year-old son, a professor, on the other hand, said, 'I am so thrilled—for the first time I feel really at home in America.' "

Everyone wanted to talk about it. "Did you see what they did?" asked my friend Rabbi Jacob Goldstein, a Lubavitcher Hasid who's the National Guard's head chaplain for New York State. "Did you see what they did when they left the house?"

"He's a shining example of the **ability to live in two worlds.** He's proving you can take your Jewish heritage seriously while **not compromising one iota** of commitment to American society."


TODAY I AM
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P.C. VEY

In fact, I had seen it. When Lieberman came out of his house in Washington to go to Nashville, where his historic campaign with Al Gore would begin, he paused at the threshold of the front door, touched his right hand to the mezuzah on the door frame, and then kissed it. He did this as he has probably done it every other day of his life, naturally, un-self-consciously, even though the TV cameras and a mob of reporters were there watching.

It was a wonderful moment for Goldstein, a moment that told him no matter what happens in November (Goldstein's a Republican anyway), the world will never be the same. How could it, when the Democratic candidate for vice-president of the United States stopped in full view of the cameras to perform a mundane daily Jewish ritual, a ritual whose purpose is to remind the Jew of God's presence, and, what's more, when almost no one paid it any special attention? (The mezuzah, which is supposed to mark every doorway in a Jew's home, contains a parchment scroll with the most important prayer in Judaism, the one that affirms a Jew's fundamental faith in God.)

Lieberman's ease with his religion is just part of who he is, say those who are close to him. "I've known Joe for twenty years," former New York State attorney general Bob Abrams says jubilantly. "We've traveled together, shared family occasions together. And I can tell you he's a rarity in politics. He's a genuine person. He has a core, a set of values that guide his life, and he knows who he is. He has an inner peace."

Abrams, like everyone else I talked to, was unabashed in his enthusiasm, which, while clearly heartfelt, sounded, in all its star-spangled fife-and-drum purple pomp, like the text of a Bicentennial Moment: "I cried when I watched the announcement. And let me tell you, this is going to resonate across this country with African-Americans, Latinos, Asians, and all immigrants who came here looking for a better life. This is the latest chapter in the story of America, this wonderful, unique nation."

EVERY ONCE IN A GREAT WHILE AN EVENT OCcurs that transcends the pettiness, cynicism, and sensory overload that distorts so much of our public discourse. For the Jewish community—and perhaps for Americans at large as well, judging by the early polls—Gore's selection of Lieberman is one such moment. While it's not surprising that Jews would be happy about the choice, the level of emotion comes as a shock.

After all, it's not as if Jews have been forced to nibble around the edges in America. For at least a couple of decades (this time frame will probably incite the traditional verbal slugfest), Jews have had access to key positions in business and government. Louis Brandeis may have been an anomaly when he was appointed to the Supreme Court in 1916 by Woodrow Wilson, but by the time Henry Kissinger was managing American foreign policy and dating starlets in the seventies, Jews were indisputably fully integrated into the American mainstream.

And if there were any lingering insecurities at all (and of course there always are; we're still talking about Jews here), the past eight years should have wiped out even those. Just think of the roster. Bob Rubin. Alan Greenspan. Sandy Berger. Dennis Ross. Stuart Eisenstadt. "What the Clinton administration did, even before Al Gore chose Joe Lieberman, is to signal the end of exclusion," says Steven Bayme. "It opened up all the doors, and you had all different kinds of Jews running through the high centers of power, from the most observant to the basically secular, *Tikkun*-reading liberal. Think about it—Dan Kurtzer, an Orthodox Jew, is the ambassador to Egypt. Clearly, being Jewish in America is no longer a disability."

But running for vice-president is different. It's not an appointed position, and it means venturing out away from traditional Jewish strongholds, into the South and the heartland, in search of votes. To succeed in this contest requires full national approbation, coast-to-coast voter approval. And the largely unarticulated belief among many Jews is if Gore is willing to bet his shot at the presidency on America's willingness to vote for a Jew, then there must be plenty of reason to believe it will actually happen.

"It's certainly momentous," says James Tisch, CEO of Loews Corporation and

Illustration by P. C. Vey.

president of UJA in New York. "But the fact that Joe Lieberman is Jewish is not the headline. The headline is that he's a first-rate choice because of his qualifications, because of his principles, his morals, and the kind of person he is. The second line should be 'and by the way, he's Jewish.' "

Though Lieberman's selection came as a surprise to most Americans, the senator himself was not caught completely off guard. Lieberman has been approached by various people over the past couple of years about the possibility of seeking higher office. The feelers sparked ongoing conversations with several rabbis he's close to regarding issues that might face an Orthodox Jew in a national race.

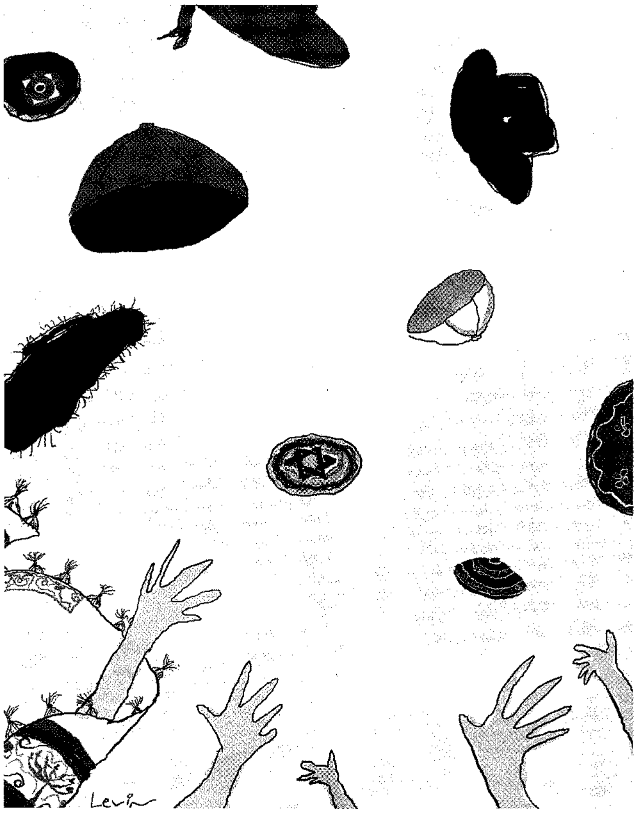
When it was clear he was on Gore's shortlist, Lieberman called these clergy to go over some questions the Gore people believed might come up. How can you be vice-president and observe the Sabbath? What happens if decisions must be made on Friday night or Saturday? (Jewish law states that there are greater responsibilities than Sabbath observance. Doctors face this all the time, and Lieberman has cast several votes in the Senate on the Sabbath.)

How can an Orthodox Jew be pro-choice? Isn't this hypocritical? (Though Orthodox Jews as a group are not pro-choice, Jewish law doesn't classify abortion as murder. And the health of the mother, both physical and psychological, is always paramount.) What about his attitude toward Jesus—particularly critical, since the reality is that 85 percent of the electorate believes he's the son of God? (Lieberman obviously doesn't believe this, but he does respect other people's beliefs, and American democracy is based on a Judeo-Christian ethic. He's also worked closely with Christian Evangelicals.)

If Lieberman doesn't believe in intermarriage, isn't this a form of racism? (Though he believes Jews should marry other Jews to guarantee a secure Jewish future, and that Orthodox rabbis have the right not to perform wedding ceremonies that are in conflict with their beliefs, he also recognizes he lives in a pluralistic democracy and people have the right to freedom of choice when picking a mate.)

And, on the classic question of dual loyalty to the U.S. and Israel, Lieberman's positions on the Middle East have always reflected the mainstream of American policy. (When asked about dual loyalty, Brandeis said, "Yes, I love my wife and my mother.")

BUT AFTER THE SOFTBALLS ARE DISPENSED with comes a more difficult series of questions. Most fundamental: Is America ready for a Jewish vice-president? Not a casual Jew, not a politician who just happens to be Jewish, but a man who is affirmatively, aggressively, and unashamedly an observant Jew. The wild card here is anti-Semitism. Not the overt, shoot-your-mouth-off-on-the-Internet crackpot kind, but the more subtle shadings. The kind of anti-Semitism that still keeps Jews out of certain country clubs and Manhattan co-ops. The kind of anti-Semitism that pollsters call hidden hate, which doesn't show itself until someone is in the solitude of the voting booth.



The level of optimism on this front is actually very high. "Anti-Semitism never disappears from the American heart," says Rabbi Eric Yoffie, leader of America's Reform synagogues. "Nevertheless, the Lieberman selection should be looked at as a reflection of our success and our advances, not our vulnerability."

People eagerly point to the fact that Michigan and Minnesota both have Jewish senators and very small Jewish populations, and to Wisconsin, which actually has two Jews in the Senate: Herb Kohl and Russ Feingold. "It ain't the South that's gonna be the problem," says Hank Sheinkopf. "A religious man will play in the South. They like a man of faith, even if he's not a man of their faith. The issue will be the heartland—will they accept him in states like Ohio and Missouri?"

In fact, a much more loaded question is whether they will accept him in Great Neck and Scarsdale and Westport. Given the near-continual internecine warfare that's gone on within the Jewish community over the past decade, it is not unreasonable to expect some dissent over Lieberman's rapid rise to national prominence. Specifically because he is *Shomer Shabbos*—an observant Jew.

Lieberman generally wears his religion lightly, and it's no small irony that his comfort with his Judaism is precisely the thing that may make other Jews uncomfortable. While a picture of him davening during the morning service at Kesher Israel in Washington, with his prayer shawl draped over his head and his phylacteries wrapped around his arm and forehead, might give non-Jews pause, it will not necessarily be greeted with great enthusiasm by the better than 90 percent of American Jews who aren't Orthodox, either. "I'm sure there's great discomfort today in the Establishment Jewish community," says Rabbi Goldstein. "They're happy he's Jewish, but he's not their Jew."

A couple of years ago, I interviewed a high-level executive at one of the major Jewish organizations. We were talking about assimilation and the impact it's had on Jewish observance and the much-lamented shrinking of America's Jewish population.

"If what it means to maintain a Jewish life is that you have to live an insular existence and reject much of modern culture and modern values and modern scholarship . . ." he said sadly, his voice trailing off. "Look," he said finally, "if the choice comes down to Borough Park or assimilation, we're all taking assimilation."

Lieberman, however, has taken a third path. He's demonstrated that it's not necessary to sacrifice a meaningful secular life in the larger culture to be observant. This is a new model in the Jewish community, which has spent decades believing that to succeed and to fit in you had to shed your cultural and religious baggage. And it's a model guaranteed to cause renewed debate and self-examination in the Jewish community.

"He is a shining example of the ability to live in two worlds," says AJC's Steven Bayme. "He's proving you can take your Jewish heritage seriously and at the same time not compromise one iota of your commitment to American society."

Sheinkopf bristles when I ask him about the notion that *(continued on page 81)*

Illustration by Arnie Levin.

the chosen

In the wake of Lieberman's historic run, a diverse minyan of the city's **Jewish opinion leaders** got together to discuss (and, of course, argue about) tolerance, patriotism, Israel, the dangers of **visibility**, and what the goyim *really* think of them. By Maer Roshan

Participants, from left to right:

Mort Zuckerman is the founder of Boston Properties and publisher of the New York *Daily News, U.S. News & World Report,* and *Fast Company.*

Howard Rubenstein is the founder of one of the nation's leading public-relations firms and co-chairman of the New York Holocaust Memorial Commission.

Rebbetzin Esther Jungreis is the founder and president of Hineni, an international organization dedicated to bringing Jews back to their heritage, and is a lecturer, author, and television personality.

Ben Younger directed the movie *Boiler Room* and recently sold the pilot for a new television series to ABC.

Evan Wolfson is senior staff attorney for the Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund and a co-counsel on the historic Hawaii marriage case.

Kenneth Lipper is CEO of Lipper & Company, a Wall Street hedge fund. A deputy mayor in the Koch administration, he has written two books and produced three movies.

Malcolm Hoenlein is executive vice-chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations.

Philip Weiss is a novelist, a journalist, and a columnist for the New York *Observer.*

Dov Hikind is a Jewish activist and Brooklyn assemblyman.

Marcelle Karp is a founder and co-editor of *Bust,* the feminist 'zine, and a co-author of *The Bust Guide to the New Girl Order.*

Maer Roshan: *How did you feel when you heard about Joe Lieberman's candidacy? Were you surprised by the emotion it engendered?*

Esther Jungreis: I had goose bumps, actually, because I'm a survivor of Bergen-Belsen. So for me, as a Holocaust survivor, to hear that in this blessed country a Jew could attain such a prestigious position—it's a dream come true. You know, Jews are only 2 percent of the population in this country. And if we can do this—if we're allowed to attain such an office—that speaks very well for the *people* of this country. Because Gore didn't come to this decision alone. I'm certain that his aides and pollsters told him that America was finally ready to support a Jew in this position—and that's significant.

Ben Younger: I'm hesitant to say that it *does* speak for the country—I hope you're right. But you know, the American *people* have not nominated him to run for vice-president. The jury's still out. Let's celebrate when he's actually elected.

Dov Hikind: Just yesterday, we were all taking bets that it would never happen. So it has really created shock waves in my community, which is a community that often prefers that Jews not be too out-front, not be too visible. You know—don't rock the boat, don't be out there too much, you'll cause anti-Semitism. But that is changing, slowly. Even those who are a little nervous are very, very proud.

Do you agree with Mr. Hikind on this, Evan? A rare moment of concord with the right? [Laughter.]

Evan Wolfson: I was surprised by my own reaction. I was so excited, I found it hard

Photographed by Matthew Salacuse; illustration by Martin Mayo.

to sleep. To me, what's exhilarating about his selection is that it shows that long-standing fears and prejudices can shift. That we can open the door to people who are different from us and respect them. Not only as a Jew, but as a gay man, it gives me a lot of hope.

Ken Lipper: And it does the same thing for other minorities. I heard Representative Maxine Waters on television last night saying, well, this opens it up for a black person, this opens it up for anyone. I think that there is an excitement, and I think that it's also shared by gay people and black people who realize that it's an opening, like letting air into a room that's been closed for a long time.

The people who've raised the most doubts about the wisdom of putting a Jew on the ticket tend to be Jews themselves. Do you think Jews are paranoid or just more conscious of anti-Semitism?

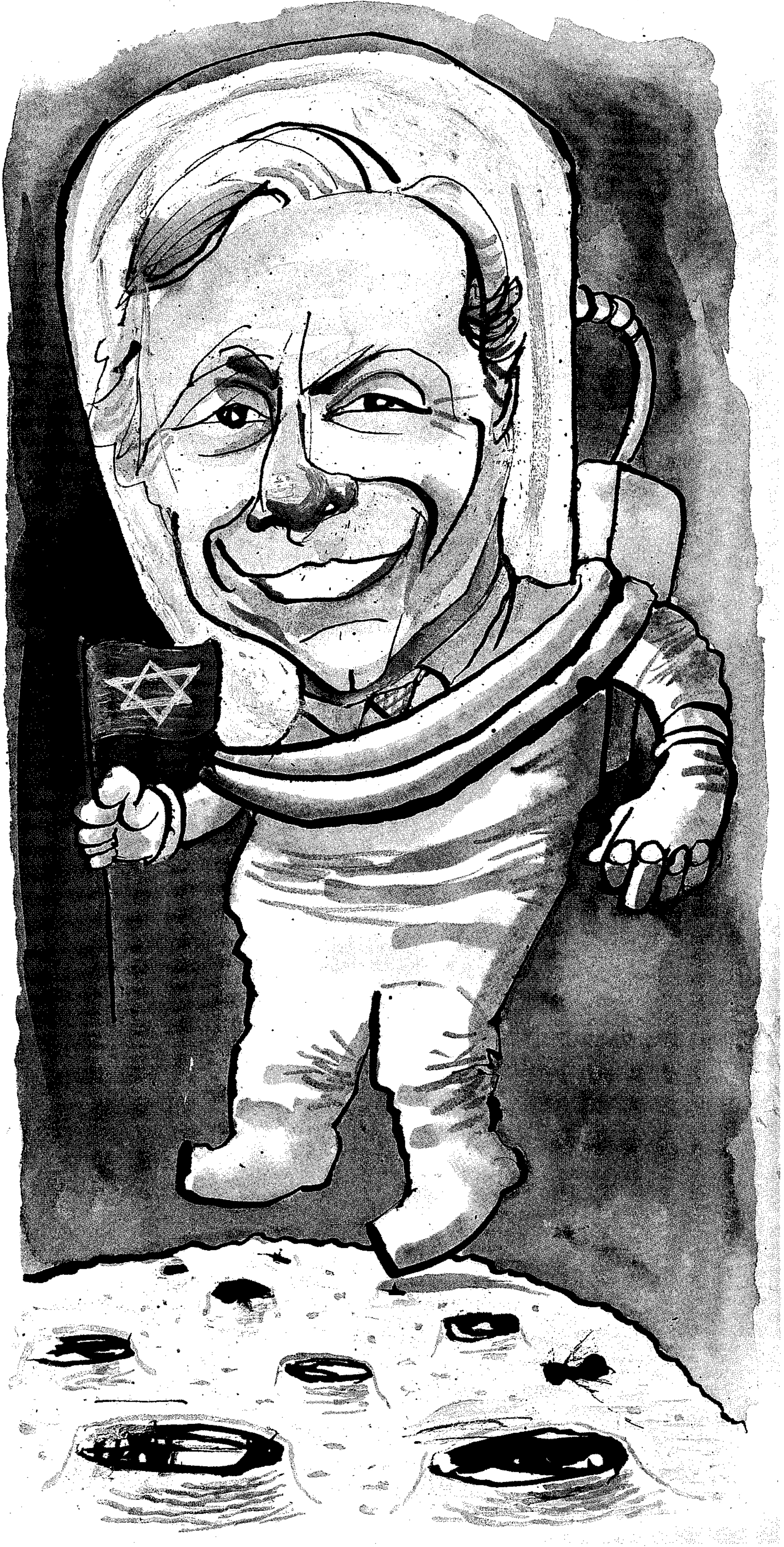
Mort Zuckerman: I think people always worry about someone Jewish being in such a visible and exposed position, because they're worried it will reflect back on the whole people, as any minority is concerned—it's the same for black people. But Jews need not have any fear about Joe Lieberman, because he leads by example. He's a true conservative in that he's not really trying to get into everyone else's life. For example, many Orthodox people—most Orthodox people—are against abortion. But he supports choice, which is going to be such a fundamental issue in this campaign. So I think it will really give a wonderful vision of what Jewish people in general are like.

Why do you think Jews are so nervous about this?

Zuckerman: I think it's natural that people who have suffered a lot of discrimination in earlier parts of their life have had to adjust to the fact that we live in a different world now, and in a different era. Things have changed dramatically, not just in politics but in education, in the arts, in business. It's been an ongoing process, and this is the last breakthrough.

Malcolm Hoenlein: I agree with Mort, though it's important to note that just 'cause we're paranoid doesn't mean they're not chasing us. But whatever happens in this election, I think it will clear up a lot of mystery in this country about what it means to be a Jew, especially an Orthodox Jew. I got a call today from a radio station in the prairies of Texas, asking me to go on tomorrow for an hour just to explain what is Judaism about. For many people, it's the first time they had to confront, beyond the stereotypes, beyond the bigotry, just what a Jew is.

Hikind: Just that picture in the papers of



> *Weiss:* I'm **embarrassed** that at a moment when America has said yes to us in such a big way, everyone at this table remains so **self-obsessed**. It's time for Jews to stop just thinking about Jews.

Lieberman and his wife jogging—you know, *Wow! Orthodox Jews run!*

Lipper: Did you notice if there was someone chasing him? [*Laughter.*]

Marcelle Karp: You know, I hate to inject a skeptical note into this, but I think there's something being lost here. Things might be different in New York and in L.A., but in many parts of America, they still hate us!

Zuckerman: Wait a minute—I don't know who *they* is. There are undoubtedly some people in this country who are bigoted and prejudiced. I think they are an extraordinarily small proportion of this population. You should not confuse the very small proportion of bigots with the vast, vast majority . . .

Jungreis: I see his nomination as a victory not just for Jews but for all people of faith as well. Forty years ago, when President Kennedy was running, he hardly spoke about God or religion. He very carefully separated church and state. Today, both candidates are anxious to present themselves as true believers. Not just Lieberman but Bush as well. There is a spiritual revival in the country. Candidates aren't afraid to invoke God.

Wolfson: Which is a good thing or a bad thing, depending on *how* they invoke God. What's great is that in Lieberman's case, at least, America is going to see that a person of faith, of genuine faith, not just a sham, or charade, can also take positions in favor of a woman's right to choose, can take positions in support of gay equality. So religion, which is sometimes usurped in this country to be a voice of reaction, is going to have a very different face. What troubles me is that many of the people who claim that promise for themselves don't fulfill it when it comes to others. As a gay man, I'm conscious of the fact that those same barriers that stood in the way of Jews have not been knocked down for people like me. If Joe Lieberman were the same man with the same love in his heart, the same skills and qualities, and yet gay, would a Dov Hikind be there for him?

Hikind: All I can say is that even people who have big differences with Lieberman on these issues will have no problem supporting him in spite of these differences.

Zuckerman: It's important to be aware of the context in which Joe Lieberman was chosen for this role. We live in a country where there's peace and prosperity, where crime has dropped, where all the social indices are going in the right direction, but people are still concerned—they're concerned about the moral character of our leaders. And this is why Joe Lieberman is important. It is because in his public life, he has really been a voice for values, faith, and morals.

In his acceptance speech, Lieberman used the word God *thirteen times in 90 seconds. Jews often bristle at religious rhetoric when it comes from Christians in politics. Is it different when it comes from a Jew?*

Philip Weiss: It's not a bad thing to have spiritual language in our political discourse. It's sort of a reminder that when Christians use that language, they're not *always* hateful right-wingers. Actually, one of the things I find really dismaying is this constant harping about anti-Semitism. America said no to my father in very important ways. But *I'm* 44 years old, and America has said yes to me over and over and over again. And yet there are people at this table still saying they hate us. I don't think they hate us.

What *I* would argue is that they love us. That a great number of Americans love us, and our specialness has been recognized. And this moment in our history is thrilling—*thrilling!* Quite apart from his politics, which I don't particularly like, he's an impressive person, and *so* Jewish! [*Laughter.*] The polls suggest that Americans are happy to accept him. They don't think it's such a big deal.

Younger: If Joe Lieberman ran around wearing a yarmulke, he might elicit a very different reaction.

Hoenlein: You forget, this guy ran for the Senate in *Connecticut*—that's not exactly Borough Park. [*Laughter.*] There is a Jewish senator from Minnesota, Jewish congressmen from the Midwest—you have two from Wisconsin; you don't even have two Jewish senators in New York. They may call the Midwest the Bible Belt, but they're way ahead of us in their willingness to accept Jews.

Isn't it different to have a Jew in Congress than to have a Jew a heartbeat away from the Presidency?

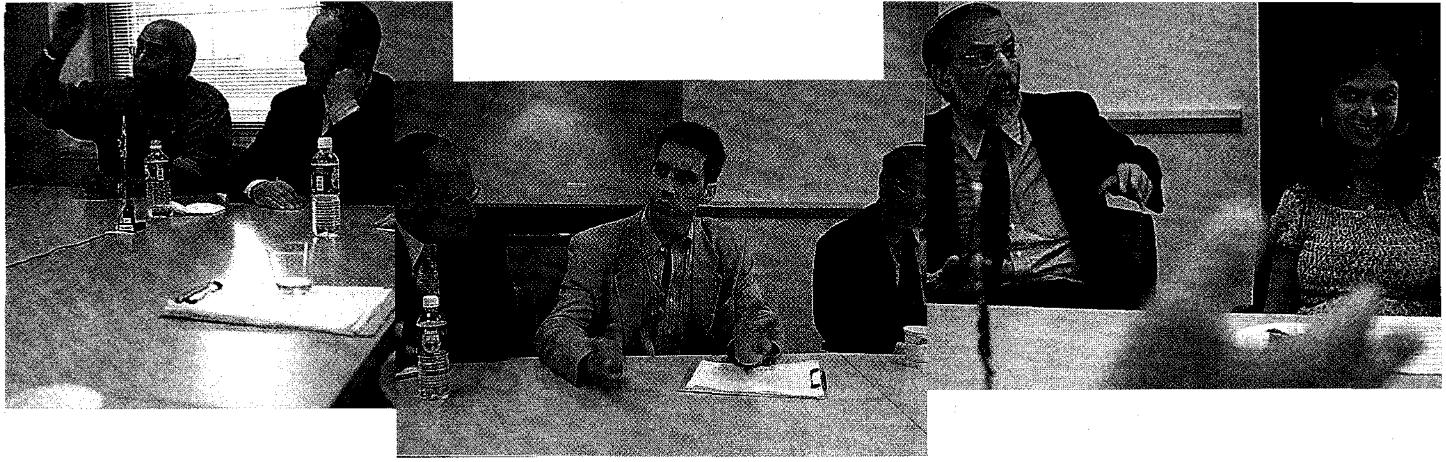
Hoenlein: [*Laughs*] It just means everybody will pray hard for Al Gore's health.

Do any of you regret that the man who will represent Jews to this country is not really representative of most Jews in this country because he's Orthodox?

Zuckerman: That's not the issue. The issue is whether he is Jewish or not Jewish. And he's definitely Jewish. The vast bulk of the Jewish people in this country see him as their symbol of achievement. They don't care how often he goes to shul.

Hoenlein: He's not being nominated to represent the Jews. And the other thing about Joe Lieberman is that he will never make anyone feel that you are any less if you are less devout. A lot of the conflict between Orthodox Jews and non-Orthodox Jews comes because people are intolerant of each other. Joe Lieberman isn't.

Karp: Am I the only one who is a bit nervous about all this? I'm moved that there's



a Jew running. But I'm also very realistic, you know? I mean, we're successful New York Jews—that's who we are at this table. I don't think if you ask someone who drives a truck in Mississippi that he's going to intellectualize what's so great about Joe Lieberman. He's going to look at him and go: *He's a Jew!* Or the woman who lives in a trailer park, watching soap operas all day long—what's she going to think?

Weiss: Those are very crude stereotypes of Gentile America.

Karp: But these stereotypes reflect reality. Not everyone is as liberal as you.

Hoenlein: There *are* people who hate in every community. But let the snakes crawl out from under the rocks. A little sunlight might do them some good.

Howard Rubenstein: It will be very valuable if people of hatred *do* step forward and say what they mean and the American public puts them down. I honestly believe, regardless of what you see on the Internet, that's what'll happen. The haters will be rejected.

> *Karp:* We're all **successful** New York Jews—that's who we are at this table. I don't think if you ask someone who **drives a truck** in Mississippi that he's going to intellectualize what's so great about Lieberman. He's going to look at him and go: **He's a Jew!**

Younger: I don't mean to be a naysayer, but my experience and my family's experience have taught me that it's easy to be lulled into a false sense of security. If my grandmother were in this room, she would say, well, this is exactly what they said in Germany before the Third Reich took power. Things were great; Jews were at the top of their form in finance, in arts, in culture, in publishing. But in the end, none of that mattered. I think after the initial elation, things may be dangerous for Lieberman. If he screws up *one* time—if he has an affair, if he makes one mistake—they're all over him. He goes from a saint to a Jew again.

Weiss: Here *you* go again. What's your evidence for this paranoia? Give me an example.

Younger: Yeah, I *will* give you an example, numerous examples. A year ago in Bergen County, where my parents live, Fair Lawn, New Jersey—a very nice middle-to-upper-class community—walking home from Rosh Hashanah at night, I've got guys screaming at me. Screaming Jewish epithets. I felt it in San Diego, where I spent a summer last year; I felt it in Los Angeles; I feel it all over the place. *You* don't wear a yarmulke, so you don't know. If you hold a lulav in your hand and walk home on Sukkoth, you're a target.

Weiss: And I think that's terrible—that's awful. That chagrins me. But I would say that there is racism directed toward many people in this country, and many groups face barriers much worse than ours. For Jews, those barriers have largely fallen. And when you say Lieberman will get blamed, I just don't see that reflected in the treatment of political or professional people in this country.

Karp: Maybe you should sit in the nosebleed section of Yankee Stadium and quiz those guys on the subject.

Younger: I don't understand why this bothers Phil so much. If history taught us anything, it's not to get too complacent.

Weiss: I'm just embarrassed. I'm embarrassed that at this moment when America has said yes to us in such a big way, everyone at this table remains so self-obsessed. What is happening here is that a Jewish man is being nominated to be the vice-president of the United States. It's a great responsibility, and I hope it'll force us to stop just thinking about Jews. The fact is, Jews have a lot of power in this country.

Hoenlein: Sure. And Jews have paid for this power, and respected it. Jews have shown concern for other, less powerful people. We contribute disproportionately to non-Jewish causes; we are involved disproportionately in all the general causes of our society, hospitals, art museums, everything. We've shown a great deal of appreciation for the opportunities this country has given us.

It's true that Jews have historically cast their lot with blacks and Latinos and other social minorities—Jewish politics in this country has tended to be left of center. But as they've grown more established, Jews seem to have also become more conservative.

Rubenstein: That's just the way it is. In my early days, every Jewish person I ever met went to Roosevelt, the Democratic Party, the New Deal. There was one person on our block in Bensonhurst who was Jewish and voted Republican. We ostracized him. There was almost a lynching. [*Laughter.*] So there's been a dramatic change.

Hoenlein: You know, people say that Jews earn like Episcopalians and vote like Puerto Ricans. [*Laughter.*] We've changed a lot from the time Howard is talking about, when Jews felt that their right hand would fall off if they pulled the lever for a Republican. More and more, Jews aren't bound by party labels.

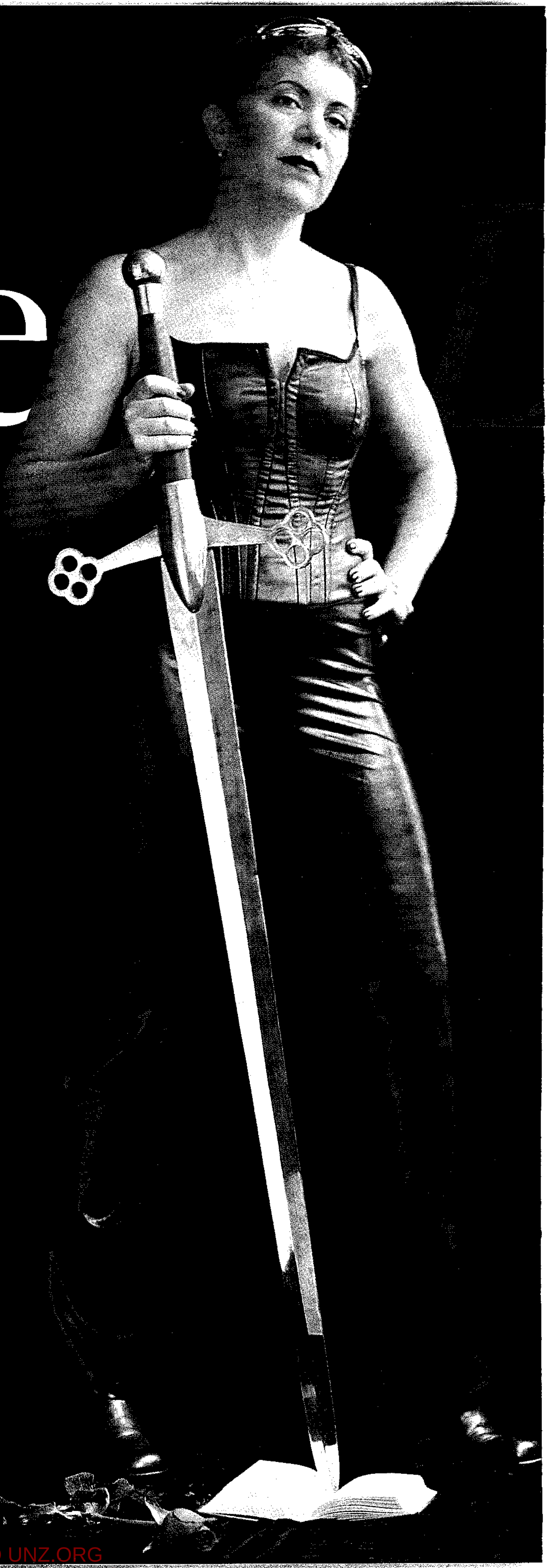
Will Lieberman be blamed if the Gore ticket goes down?

Jungreis: Of course!

Lipper: I don't think he will. Look at what a jolt he's given to the Gore campaign. He's transformed a campaign that was waffling and had no center to a campaign where there is a moral gravity and where the presidential candidate is now described as bold instead of weak.

We move, inevitably, to Israel. I know that Mr. Hoenlein and Mr. Hikind have been very vocal *(continued on page 81)*

The



If Sigmund Freud had met Isabel Swift, then he'd have known *exactly* what women want. As editorial chief of the world's largest publisher of romance fiction, Swift makes her living providing women with the perfect fantasies. So what will she think of next?

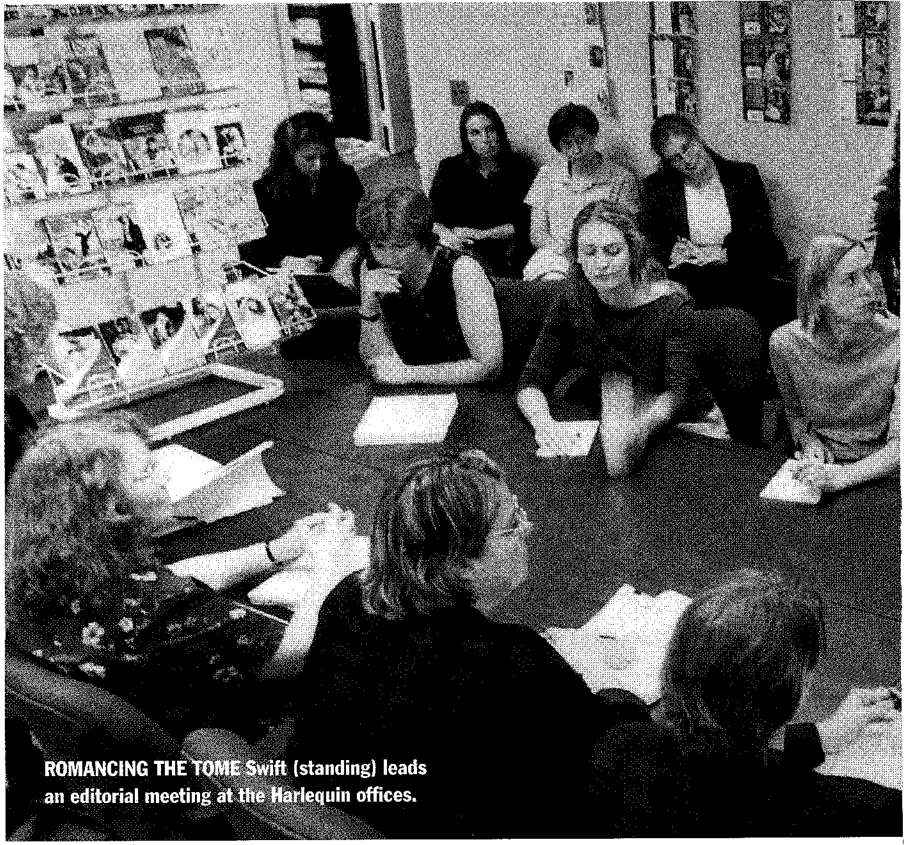
By Jennifer Senior

eam Girl

LONE STAR COUNTRY CLUB ISN'T SCHEDULED TO START APPEARING IN BOOKstores until June 2002, but already, nine of Harlequin's top editors are gathered in a conference room in midtown Manhattan, staring at a description of the project's test-marketed premise, trying to sketch in a few sudsy plotlines. • *When a Sunday-morning foursome finds a baby sleeping in his bassinet on the ninth green, pandemonium breaks loose at the posh country club. Surely one of the foursome of eligible bachelors must be the father of the baby, but which one? Millionaire rancher Flynt Carson? Nerves-of-steel heart surgeon Tyler Moore? High-profile attorney Spence Harrison? Or brilliant architect Michael O'Day?* • Ordinarily, the editors at Harlequin don't cook up the plots to their romance novels. But *Lone Star* is different. It's a sixteen-book suite, a grand total of 4,096 pages, and that requires a lot of planning. Margaret Marbury, a mellow, earthy woman who specializes in editing these mini-series, sits at the head of the charcoal-colored conference table, a spiral notebook in hand. • "Should these guys have met in college?" Marbury asks, scanning the faces of her colleagues. "Or at prep school? Or just through the club?" • "If they're self-made men," points out Leslie Wainger, an executive senior editor, "it couldn't have been prep school." • The editors, all women, don't seem like creatures of the New York publishing Establishment, nor do they seem like the custodians of America's top-selling female fantasies. Almost none wear makeup. Only a couple are fashion-conscious. One looks exactly like a nun (round face, ruddy cheeks, jumper), and three, for reasons a bit more difficult to isolate (the wire spectacles? the curls? the gossamer voices?) remind me of Mia Farrow. • Marbury has an inspiration. "There could be one guy who's not usually a part of the group," she suggests. "He could be a last-minute stand-in because they didn't have a foursome. That happens all the time."• The editors like it. • "So who *should* have been there?" continues Marbury. "And why did he cancel at the last minute?" • "Maybe he's out of the country," suggests Melissa Jeglinski, another editor. • "Yeah," says Marbury, nodding, writing. "They can't find him. He's gone missing, perhaps?" There's a brief silence. "Amnesia!" someone shouts, and everyone laughs.

Photographed by Karen Kuehn

I turn to the woman sitting next to me. She is wide-eyed, pixieish, striking; her nails are unmanicured and she has pushed the shoes off her feet. Her name is Isabel Swift. Until now, she has said relatively little—just watched with respectful pleasure. She smiles and shrugs. “Amnesia sells.”



ROMANCING THE TOME Swift (standing) leads an editorial meeting at the Harlequin offices.

SWIFT WOULD KNOW. FOR THE PAST two years, she has been the head of the editorial department at Harlequin Enterprises, the Toronto-based publishing concern that includes, under its roomy umbrella, not only all eight species of Harlequin novels (Romance, American Romance, Superromance, Temptation, Duets, Intrigue, Historicals, Presents) but also Silhouette Books (acquired from Simon & Schuster sixteen years ago), Steeple Hill (Christian romances), Mira (fatter, name-brand romances), and Gold Eagle (an action-and-adventure series—i.e., romances for men). One out of every six mass-market paperbacks sold in North America is a Harlequin or Silhouette. Every second, five more are sold.

Swift is in charge of acquiring and developing the 700-plus titles her company pumps out annually. She also still finds time to personally edit Nora Roberts, the endlessly fecund ruler of the romance roost, who at one point last year posted four books simultaneously on the New York *Times* Best Sellers lists.

Isabel Swift may have the name of a heroine from a romance novel. But just about everything else about her—her pedigree, her plastic-dinosaur collection, her loft on Greene Street—suggests someone who would be more at home editing travel guides or science textbooks, not bodice-rippers. “Her thing for romances has been a puzzle to us all,” says Holly Davidson, a professor at Brandeis University and Swift’s cousin. “She comes from a cultivated family. None of us read romances. We’re all cold-blooded Wasps, rational people, with no sentimentality whatsoever. Isabel *herself* isn’t very sentimental—she’s always liked the absurd.”

SUZANNE BARCLAY
THE CHAMPION
UNDERCOVER PRINCESS
SUZANNE BROCKMANN
Temptation
Vicki Lewis Thompson
THE COLORADO KID

“She comes from a cultivated family. **None o**
We’re all **cold-blooded Wasps** with no se

Swift grew up in Georgetown; prepped at Madeira, the tony all-girls boarding school; and got a degree in English at Radcliffe. Her mother, the editor of a bimonthly arts magazine in Washington, was forever dragging young Isabel to museums and introducing her to artists of renown.

Yet Swift, as she’s always quick to tell anyone who questions her sincerity, developed an unquenchable taste for romances when she was barely a teenager. In high school, she attempted to write a Regency romance with her best friend, Alessandra Stanley, now the New York *Times* bureau chief in Rome. (Stanley no longer has a copy, but she’s pretty sure *Wicked Marquis* was part of the title.) During college, Swift always had a romance on her night table, and shortly after graduating, she read five on one rainy Sunday—realizing not a moment too soon that she was going to need a job to support her habit. She found one as an editorial assistant at Pocket Books, then moved to Silhouette as soon as a junior editing position presented itself. She has been with the company, absorbed by Harlequin in 1984, ever since.

“I get very interesting reactions when I tell people that romances are my life,” says Swift, who at 45 still subscribes to *Mad* magazine and wears three studs in her left ear. “Many will tell me how stupid that is, and in a very straightforward and startling way, like, ‘Oh, they’re all the same!’ and ‘They’re all mindless fluff!’ Then I’ll wait 90 seconds, and they’ll say the classic, ‘Of course, I’ve never read one . . .’ ”

At the moment, though, the contempt of strangers is the least of Swift’s concerns. Harlequin may publish more than 60 books a month, and its novels may be available in 100 countries around the world, from Oman to the Republic of Nauru. But the appetite for its products has precipitously declined in the past few years. In 1992, the company sold 205 million books worldwide; by 1999, that number had dropped to 158 million. A good deal of this has to do with quirks in foreign markets, and Harlequin has still managed to keep its profits up by slightly raising cover prices. But even in North America, where the economy has never been more chipper, Harlequin is selling 10 million fewer books per year than it did five years ago.

In some ways, a downturn in sales was inevitable. Back in the eighties, the romance industry exploded. Almost every publishing house had a romance imprint; seminars flourished on how to write them; the media ran hypey stories about how to get rich from them; a trade organization, the Romance Writers of America, was born.

Today most of those imprints have folded. But “women’s fiction,” a broader

genre of which romances are just a part—*Waiting to Exhale* has a place under this umbrella, as does *The Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood* and *The Girls' Guide to Hunting and Fishing*—is booming. Harlequin, for a variety of reasons, is now considered the most downmarket provider of such fare, the McDonald's of the women's-publishing circuit. Its products are cheap, quick, fatty; billions and billions are served. "People don't think that Harlequins are romance novels," says Jennifer Crusie, an author who got her start at Harlequin and now has a handsome book contract with St. Martin's Press. "They think they're *cheap*, *sleazy* romance novels. I can't tell you how many times I've heard somebody say, 'as bad as a Harlequin romance,' and you know that person has never read one."

s read romances.

entality whatsoever."

To make matters worse, the Harlequin author base has gotten older, and so have the readers for whom they write. "We don't have many authors who are under 30," says Swift. "We once had more."

It falls to Swift to change all that. It won't be easy: Today women have a bigger, more tantalizing buffet of entertainment to stoke their romantic and sexual imaginations. Buns on *NYPD Blue.* Mr. Big. And for the especially frisky, there's always the Starr report.

But Swift is on a mission. She wants to drag Harlequin into the twentieth century, if not the twenty-first, and she has a plan for getting there. If she succeeds, the Harlequin brand could return to its old, formidable self—like a wilted heroine flowering in the arms of her baron.

"COWBOYS. BABIES. SECRET BABIES . . ." Swift is walking purposefully through the production library of Harlequin's New York office, rattling off the things that sell. "Amnesia. Marriages of convenience. Opposites attract. Twins . . ."

Acres of purple- and white-spined romance novels line the shelves, arranged chronologically by publication date. *The Catch of Conard County. Cowboy on the Run. The Seductive Sheik.*

Sheiks?

"Sheiks are nice," says Swift. "They're a way of having an unbelievably macho guy, who's macho not because he's a jerk but because he was born into a culture that expects him to be that way."

Swift says she read her first romance novel in eighth grade, when she was assigned *Pride and Prejudice.* Some people—Jane Austen, for example—might argue that this book belongs in a different category than *The Catch of Conard County.* That's not how Swift sees it. "I think everyone extracts something different from what they read," she says with a shrug. "And for me, the thing that continues to challenge and intrigue is the relationship. I see *War and Peace* as a romance."

Swift heads out of the production library, toward the main hallway, and stops at a life-size cutout of Ricardo Montalban, who in the eighties was the television spokesman for Silhouette. ("Rrrromance," he purred, "like eet once was, and could be again.") Ricardo is wearing beads.

"We dress him up for the different holidays," she says. "This must be left over from Mardi Gras."

Then she starts down the main hall—a cheerful snuggery that looks not unlike a girls' dorm at boarding school, with posters of hunks lining the walls (Russell Crowe, David Duchovny, Mel Gibson) and Harlequin paraphernalia strewn about (mouse pads, Valentine's cards). One half-expects the editors to emerge from their offices wearing mud masks.

Swift's company traffics almost exclusively in "category" romances. Each line (Romance, American Romance, Superromance, Temptation . . .) has its own special character and dimensions, like different phyla in a kingdom. The books of the "Harlequin Presents" line, for example, all have white covers with red trim and weigh in at 192 pages. They come out in clusters of six (this month: *The Italian's Revenge, The Pleasure King's Bride, His Secretary Bride, Outback Mistress, The Unmarried Father, Rhys's Redemption*) and tend to favor wealthy heroes and fabulously international settings.

Single dads are hugely popular with Silhouette Intimate Moments and Harlequin Superromances. Any genre, it seems, can be improved by a doctor, a cowboy, or a horse. And Texas . . . ! Texas is huge, not only a state but a state of mind. According to Harlequin's latest newsletter, three books due out in September alone have Texas in the title *(Deep in the Heart of Texas, Slow Waltz Across Texas, The $10,000,000 Texas Wedding).* And at the end of every month—*whoosh!*—they all get wiped off the racks, just like magazines, to be replaced by the next month's shipment.

"Taming the beast," Swift resumes. "That's a classic theme—how you get a sexist guy who doesn't like women. And there are different ways of playing out the fantasy, too, like the cranky guy with the teenage daughter, and you're the one who can relate to her."

If anyone can reinvigorate Harlequin Enterprises, it's Swift. She is not, as one expects a romance publishing executive to be, a lacquered diva with eight rings on her fingers and an unnatural attachment to poodles. Actually, she's fonder of rats, frogs, and guinea pigs, all of which she kept as pets when she was a kid. For her 30th birthday, she gave herself motorcycle lessons and drove across Montana on a Suzuki 500.

Swift spent the first nine years of her childhood bouncing from Tokyo to Baghdad to London before settling in Washington, D.C. Her father, now retired, worked in the clandestine-service element of the CIA. Her mother, at 73, still goes fox-hunting in Middleburg, Virginia. "Her mother's a bit off the wall, actually," says Davidson, Swift's cousin. "She does exactly what she feels like doing; she doesn't care what anyone else thinks. She doesn't try to impress."

Mary Swift's eccentric streak found its way into the DNA of her child. Alessandra Stanley remembers her friend's bedroom in Georgetown being decorated with all sorts of weird animal skulls "that looked prehistoric but were probably roadkill." In seventh grade, Swift took her pet rat to school and sat through an entire French class with it wrapped around her neck, concealed behind a mop of curly hair. ("Are rats affectionate?" I ask. "When they're *your* rats," she answers.) In college, Swift wore glitter in her hair and dressed for parties as if they were casting calls for *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*—if she didn't come dressed in drag, complete with a mustache made of dog hair, pretending to be her cousin's boyfriend from Harvard.

Judging from her life at Radcliffe, no one would ever have divined that Swift was destined for a career in romance novels. She and her clique of female friends terrified men; they were outrageous, blisteringly self-assured, unconcerned with male approval. "We didn't take that stuff seriously," says Davidson, who lived with Swift. "We didn't want to be arm candy, and when we had boyfriends, we didn't want to be seen as part of a couple. We were really badass girls in that way."

To this day, friends describe Swift as tough, self-contained, and intensely private. She lives through her mind, not her feelings or raw nerves. "She doesn't confide," says Stanley. "It took me several months just to figure out the basic . . . premise," says her husband, Steven Phillips, whom Swift met at Smokey's Barbecue fifteen years ago. "What intrigued me was the opaqueness."

Just what, then, does a bright, no-nonsense, unsentimental woman like Swift see in *The Lone Star Country Club*?

"When I'm on the subway," she says, "I just want to read something that gives something back. With romances, it's the author saying, 'Here's a bit of sky!' They're exciting and fun and rejuvenating. They're not dark or difficult. Plus," she adds, "they're a lot sexier than people think."

Swift's friends say it goes even deeper than that. "For Isabel," says Elizabeth Glazer, a prosecutor in the U.S. Attorney's Office who went to Radcliffe with Swift, "romance novels were Thomas Aquinas. She'd deconstruct them the way others deconstruct Foucault. And once you finished discussing it with Isabel at some length, you questioned yourself—this wasn't some piece of junk you picked up. This was *The Red and the Black*."

Glazer adds that Swift does, if you look past her idiosyncrasies, have an old-fashioned, impeccably refined streak, which seems appropriate for a romance aficionado. Yes, she came to Harvard Fly Club parties dressed as a man, but as an exceedingly well-tailored one. She has perfect manners. Her fridge is stocked with wine and cheese. "There's something slightly nineteenth-century about Isabel," muses Glazer. "For all her eccentricity, she's very civilized. She's at home pouring tea."

Swift loves to proselytize. At lunch with a new friend, Swift will casually slip her the latest from Nora Roberts, hoping to make a convert. Shortly after she began dating her husband, Swift gave him a romance novel, which he dutifully consumed on a three-legged flight from New York to Denver to Butte. "I discovered it was the greatest way to meet women with blue hair and polyester jumpsuits," says Phillips, a warm, engaging M.D. who's the international medical director of Exxon Mobil Corporation. "They'd stop in the aisle and look at me adoringly."

He is sitting with Swift in their SoHo loft, a meticulously curated fun house of international art, animal skulls, and plastic superheroes (as if the Museum of Natural History had violently merged with Toys 'R' Us). Has he read any since?

"First and last I ever read," he says. "But I recommend the genre to male friends. They explain a lot about the female imaginary needs for manhood."

Phillips has his own theory about why his wife tears through romances like rice cakes. "She likes the best of humanity," he says. "And I mean that in a totally non-saccharine way. She doesn't want to deal with the seamy underbelly of human nature. Romance draws on such a positivist need."

" I really do feel lik

is achievable and th

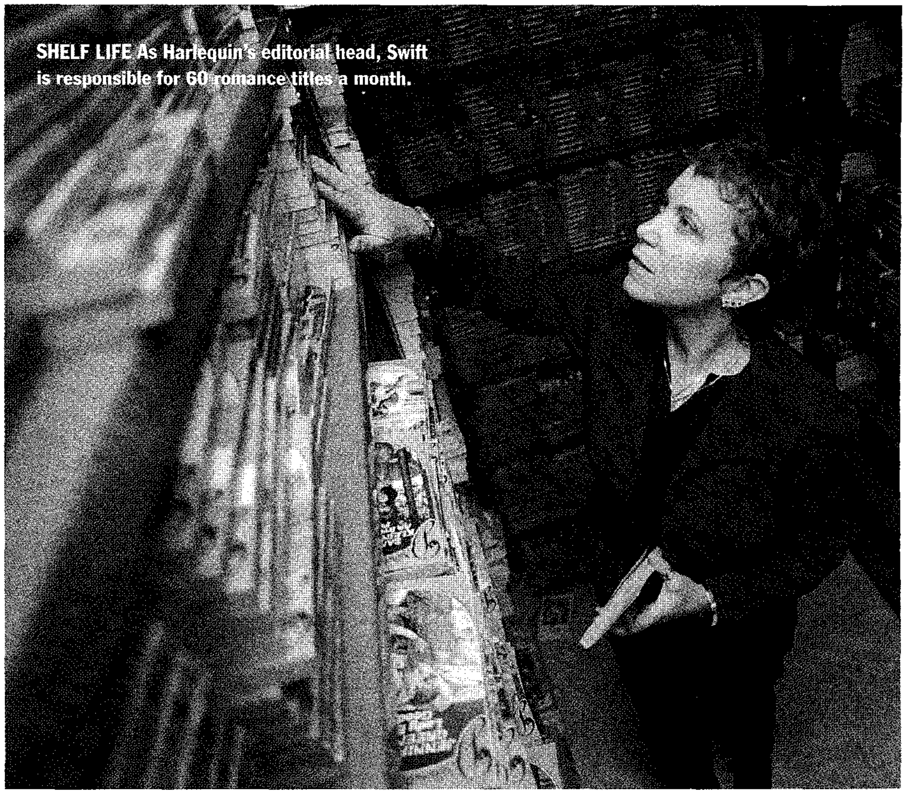
Swift isn't completely buying it. "Being a romance reader," she slowly says, "I am an optimistic person by nature. I really do feel like there's a happy ending. I feel like happiness is achievable and that even finding the perfect guy is achievable. I actually found that in my husband."

Phillips smiles.

"But 'the seamy underbelly of human nature . . .' " She lets the phrase hang.

"Well, it's not that you don't want to deal with it," says Phillips. "You want to undo the knot."

MANY WEEKS LATER, I LEARN FROM A FRIEND of theirs that Swift's younger sister died in



SHELF LIFE As Harlequin's editorial head, Swift is responsible for 60 romance titles a month.

a plane crash while Isabel was still in college. Two weeks after that, I learn from someone else that Marnie Hagmann, one of Swift's closest friends, died of breast cancer while both women were still in their thirties. Over the course of four interviews, Swift has never mentioned either event. The only personal upset she even hints at was her parents' divorce, to which she is reluctant to assign any significance, despite the fact that she's devoted her adult life to editing stories about finding love and lasting happiness.

NORA ROBERTS
THE DONOVAN LEGACY
SUPERROMANCE
WOMAN IN THE MIRROR
Bobby Hutchinson
Kasey Michaels
Joan Hohl
CARRIED AWAY

ere's a happy ending. I feel like happiness ven **finding the perfect guy** is achievable."

It's hard not to think about it. Here is Swift, working shingle by shingle and brick by brick to build perfect, rounded illusions. Yet she, herself, must have few.

THE PLOT FOR *THE LONE STAR Country Club* is getting a little hairy. "So let me get this straight," says Marbury. "We've got someone who's after the mother. And the mother is fearing for her own, and the baby's, life."

"Right," says Mary-Theresa Hussey, a senior editor. "She has gotten pregnant by Evil Guy—"

Swift sucks in her breath. "He can't be too evil," she says. "*His genes.*"

Everyone laughs.

"Do we want her to be a teenager?" asks Marbury.

"She's gotta be the witness to something."

"Like corruption."

"Is there something like the Mafia in Texas?"

The editors think.

"Maybe we can have someone assigned to her protection," suggests Marbury.

"We can bring in a Ranger."

"They can also be rich, and, you know, out for justice."

"But isn't that what we did with the *Texas Cattlemen's Club*? Isn't that what they do?"

"Yeah. They have a mission . . ."

Marbury is unfazed. "Yeah, but it's to save a foreign princess," she says. "So it's pretty different."

The first rule in romance fiction is that all stories—*all*—must have happy endings. ("What about *Shakespeare in Love*?" I ask. "We'd have fixed that," says Swift.) The other rule—no exceptions!—is that the story must spotlight just one man and one woman. No depressing, messy love triangles. No cheating. And certainly, no muddling along with the wrong man for the first 200 pages.

Swift's newest idea, which she hopes will be the next category bonanza, breaks both rules.

We want to know how you view romance and relationships in the new millennium! says a short notice Swift recently distributed at the national convention of the Romance Writers of America, inviting young authors to submit their City Girl manuscripts to Harlequin. *These are books about women twenty-something and up, discovering themselves, sharing apartments, meeting men, making friends, struggling with jobs and looking for the ever-perfect diet . . . We see them meeting the wrong man—and not recognizing Mr. Right even though he may live next door. Or maybe they meet up with Mr. He's Right For Me Now . . . and that's enough of a happy ending.*

By Harlequin standards, this is an insurrectionary document, the romance equivalent of Martin Luther's 95 Theses.

No more happy endings? No more one-guy, one-girl sort of plots? And where the hell is Texas? Where are all the cowboys? Where are all the secret babies and women with amnesia and plastic surgeons falling in love with twins?

To hell with them. In England, Swift has noticed, *Bridget Jones's Diary* has spawned an entire school of cheap paperback knockoffs, all of which are selling smashingly well. And here, the networks can't get enough programming about single-girl discombobulation (*Ally McBeal*, *Sex and the City*, *Will & Grace*, etc.). "They've really tapped into something," says Swift. "Something that's very close to what *we* do."

Swift admits she's still not sure what the City Girl genre will look like, and actual books won't be rolling off the presses for a while yet. But she's convinced that whatever gritty realism attracted so many new young readers in England—the cramped flats, the career anxieties, the freewheeling hook-ups—will work the same commercial magic here too, if properly Americanized.

"It's time for a shake-up," agrees Nora Roberts, the industry's Stephen King. "I mean really: How many more cowboy, secret-baby, Texas-style novels can the reader stand?"

But there's more to Swift's inspiration than Bridget Jones. If the traditional romance format reflects, as Swift's cousin puts it, "a vicarious way for Isabel to be sentimental," then City Girl books would reflect the unsentimental part of her, the part that embraces the world's chaos and finds its own, oddball way to cope. In a very literal way, the genre would also reflect the spry, feisty Isabel Swift of years ago, the single girl who lived in a First Avenue railroad flat and wore leather miniskirts to work, and who wouldn't marry until she turned 34.

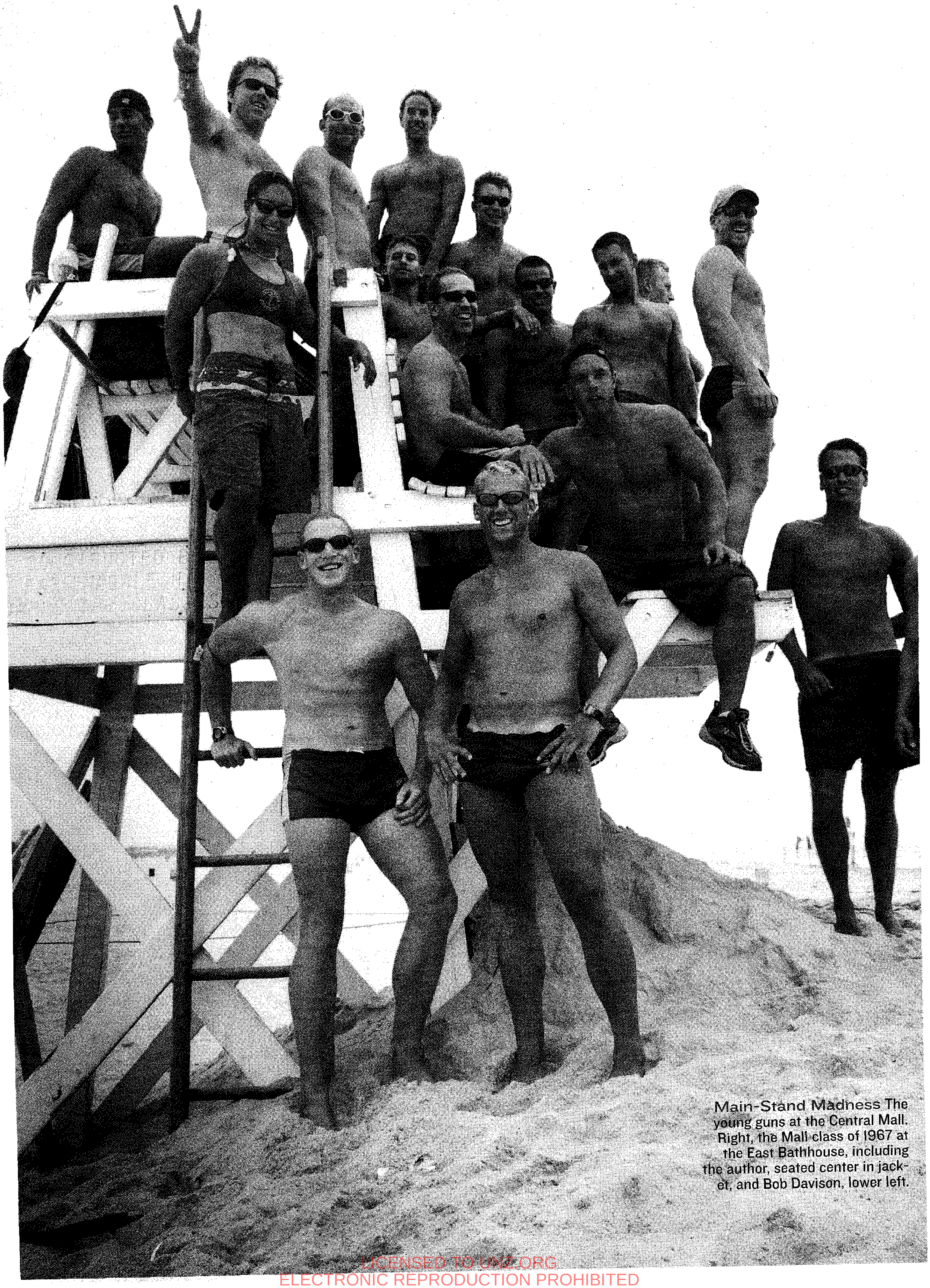
"It is a category that has resonance for me," admits Swift. "I don't even want to tell you the chapter titles that Alessandra and I gave our early dating lives—I think one was *Make Me Sick: The Paris Years.* And another was *But They Can Shtup the Natives . . .*"

Launching the new line won't be easy. Urban women are a foreign demographic to Harlequin Enterprises—both as readers *and* as writers. According to the Romance Writers of America, 60 percent of all romance readers live in towns of 50,000 people or less. Swift says a heavy concentration of her authors is in towns down South, a fact mutely confirmed by their author photos. (They all look like Bill Clinton's girlfriends—wide smiles, teased hair, a soft casing of twenty extra pounds.)

Swift will face some near-insurmountable aesthetic challenges too. At the moment, though it may be perfectly acceptable for a Harlequin author to write "With Sebastian's mouth at her breast, she quickly became drenched and ready," it is not acceptable for her to use the word *cocksucker*—which a young urban writer might occasionally feel inclined to do. "You're never going to hear *fuck* in a Harlequin," says Jennifer Crusie. "I don't even think they let me use *shit.* And definitely no blasphemy—no *goddammits*. I seem to recall that I had a lot of *darns*."

But Swift curses. A lot, actually. Will there be cursing in City Girl novels? "I can't imagine not," she says. And will readers be willing to trade Mr. Right for Mr. Suffices-for-Now? Sounds dangerous. "I don't think they'll mind," she insists.

Alessandra Stanley is convinced Swift can pull it off. "Isabel has a nonbelligerent sort of nonconformity," she says. "For all her quirkiness," agrees Swift's friend Elizabeth Glazer, "Isabel's in charge. Ultimately, she's just like one of her heroines." ■



Main-Stand Madness The young guns at the Central Mall. Right, the Mall class of 1967 at the East Bathhouse, including the author, seated center in jacket, and Bob Davison, lower left.

LIFERS

What kind of a career is lifeguarding? To the guards at Jones Beach, many of whom choose winter gigs—even entire lives—that let them return summer after endless summer, it's the only one there is. A Jones Beach veteran writes about the view from the main stand, and how he violated the lifeguard's first commandment: "Never Leave the Beach." By Greg Donaldson

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING ON THE SECOND SUNDAY IN JUNE, SIX LEAN YOUNG MEN and women toe the edge of the outdoor swimming pool at Jones Beach's East Bathhouse. The only spectators are a handful of suntanned middle-aged men fingering stopwatches. The swimmers are about to take the first and easiest part of the notoriously difficult Jones Beach lifeguard-hiring test, which also includes an ocean swim, a beach run, and a cross-chest carry.

At the sound of a whistle, they plunge into the pool. Some of the hopefuls have the distinctive stroke of the competitive swimmer, a fluid roll to the shoulders. They hit the far wall of the pool, snap arrogant flip turns, and sail back across the water. The others struggle to make up for their lack of skill with sinew, chopping the water with stiff arms, gasping for air, then chopping some more.

The cutoff time for the 100-yard pool swim is a modest one minute fifteen seconds, a breeze for any competitive swimmer. Justin Lynch, 18, perhaps the best high-school swimmer on Long Island, is understandably confident. A pool rat who longs for the open ocean, Lynch is the ideal Jones Beach lifeguard candidate. He can turn a 46-second hundred in the pool, but he's taking the test in surfer trunks instead of a Speedo to show his dedication to salt water. He swims it in :51. Todd Trotman, 35, also passes easily. Like Lynch, he has been on swim teams all his life, but he's bored of spending his summers watching over the same lifeless water at the same pool in Hempstead. He's hungry for a job with broader horizons and higher stakes.

By 9 A.M., about 80 of the 126 applicants who took the pool test step onto the damp sand of the East Bathhouse beach. Sets of icy black waves march in from the horizon through the morning fog. The Atlantic is a bone-chilling 61 degrees. Lynch knows that if he beats the ocean, he has a job for life. He also knows that the first leg of the swim, the 200-yard stroke out to the first buoy, is more than half the battle. After that, the

Photographed by Karen Kuehn

eastward sweep will help him the rest of the way. He dives in and slips through the breakers like an eel. He rises out of the brine to get a sight on the buoy, then begins to grab great armfuls of water, leaving yards of ocean behind on every stroke.

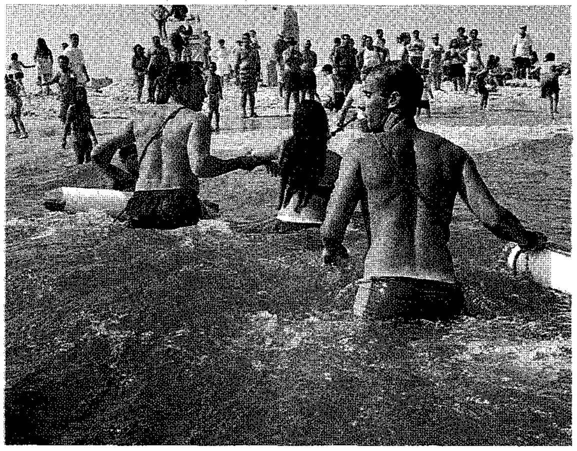
Swimming in the next heat, Trotman doesn't know about the sweep. Six-foot-three with shoulders like wings, he scampers into the breakers with a dozen other hopefuls. He porpoises once or twice before beginning to swim out, but he's stunned by the cold and can't catch a full breath. He's pummeled by one crashing wave, then another. As he fights his way farther away from the beach, danger signals pop off in his brain. The mental image of himself floating high above the sand in a sunlit chair gives way to one of a man choking beneath dark water. Finally, Trotman turns back for shore. He climbs out of the surf, slowly shaking his head. Back up on the sand, another dripping dropout stares at the roiling ocean. "This ain't no swimming pool," he mutters to himself.

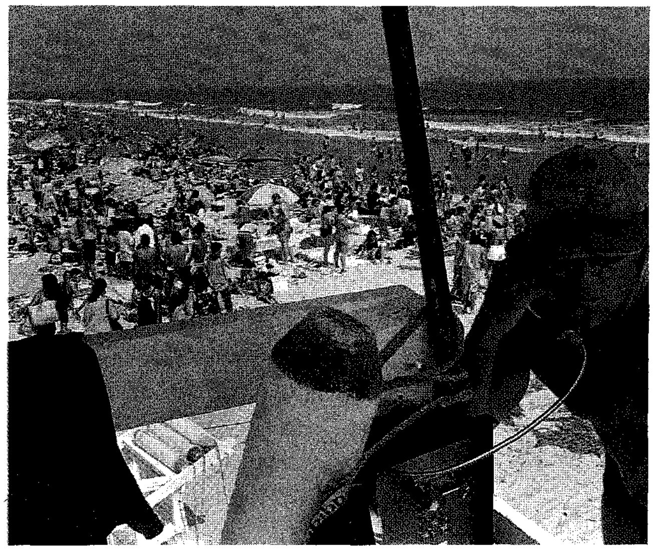
An hour and a half later, the 62 applicants who passed the test mill about the bathhouse patio waiting for their assignments. "Justin Lynch," yells out one of the test directors. He's calling the names of the applicants in the order they ranked on the test. There is a smattering of applause. "Central Mall," Lynch answers, taking one of only nine coveted spots on the ocean. He and the eight others who win jobs on the ocean, where hesitation or slowness can mean the difference between life or death, are the elite, the swimmers who can run, the runners who can swim. Most of the others who passed will spend their summer guarding the docile waters of a pool or bay.

For a few of the nine ocean guards, the job won't merely pay part of their freshman tuition or win them a temporary reprieve from a first nine-to-five lockdown; it will change their lives. Jones Beach lifeguards often stay on the beach for 30, 40, 50 years and beyond. Before Bill Higbie died a few years ago, the tall, raven-haired lifeguard arranged for his ashes be thrown into the surf off Jones Beach. Billy Reed and Howie Havermeyer are out there, too.

I PASSED THE SAME TEST IN 1966 AND worked as a Jones Beach lifeguard for the next twenty years. It wasn't a job, it was a calling. When I was a kid in the fifties, my parents took me to Beach 6 every summer weekend. I used to watch the guards plunge into the water with their rescue buoys and stroke out to make saves. Then I'd push my way through the silent crowd as they strode out of the water with sputtering victims. On days when hurricanes whipped the ocean into a frenzy, the guards ran so hard they had to kneel in the sand, chests heaving.

My first assignment was at the East Bathhouse ocean under Bob Davison. Silver-haired and lean as a spear, Davison, an ex-Marine, wore an indecipherable tattoo on his left tricep and almost never spoke. My first week, on the day I was assigned to open the beach, I got caught up in a conversation and forgot to put up the red and green flags that demarcate the swimming area. When the beach captains showed up, they noticed dozens of people in the water but no one on the stand. After they read Davison the riot act, he turned and glided across the sand toward where I sat on a wing stand and motioned for my attention, a cigarette dangling from his mouth. "When you open the beach . . . open the beach," he said. Then he walked away. Later that summer, when I lost my wool lifeguard parka—a serious offense—and approached Davison with the news, "Storm" was all he said. A week later, I found out he had filed a report stating the parka had been lost in a hurricane.





Some of my fellow lifeguards logged the expected years, four college summers, before they moved away or grew up. Others had a revelation. "What an unbelievable job," they said to themselves sometime during their first summer. Then, maybe during a winter office job or a night gig waiting tables, they had another: "The beach is unbeatable."

The hard-core lifeguards return decade after decade, like the swallows to Capistrano, because they believe they have the best job on earth. Unlike guards at most California and East Coast beaches, who almost always sit alone, Jones Beach veterans recline on elaborate tiered main stands that accommodate seven or eight guards at once. While the newcomers and weekenders ride the wing stands solo, the full-timers with seniority sit together, study the water, and kibitz. When they're on the clock, they alternate an hour on the stand with an hour off to exercise or surf. When they make a rescue or catch a good wave on a surfboard or kayak, they do so in front of a jury of old friends. They have such a good time on the job that they often stay for hours after their shift is over and forget to punch out.

The lifeguards appear when a victim's life has been reduced to a single moment, an agonizing encounter with an untimely death. Yet the lifeguards themselves, seated above the throng on gleaming white chairs, are the very symbols of youth and immortality. A weak swimmer can easily lose his life in a storm-whipped sea, and the job of a lifeguard isn't without its perils: Jones Beach guards have been smashed on the jetty and swept out to sea, even run through by the oarlocks of the old wooden dory boats. But with the strength and know-how to cheat the great sucking grip of the surf, ocean lifeguards are virtually drownproof. In the 70-year history of Jones Beach, not one has ever drowned. On late summer days when Caribbean-spawned hurricanes send burly swells pulsing toward the South Shore of Long Island, when the surf turns white and thunderous and the water is closed to patrons, the lifeguards swim, paddle, and row out into the maelstrom smiling.

Once we tasted the exhilaration of rescuing a drowning swimmer, and felt the freedom and camaraderie of the beach life, we began to follow the first commandment of the Jones Beach guard: "Never leave the beach." There was plenty of evidence to support the rule. Year after year, I saw for-

Photographs, this page: Joe Szabo.

mer lifeguards come back to the beach as pale, out-of-shape patrons. They were making more money, but they had bartered away their youth by stepping out of the Jones Beach time machine.

After we accepted the commandment, the rest was strategy. We adjusted our lives around seasonal employment. Some of us became teachers, not just because we loved kids but because our summers on the lifeguard stand were nonnegotiable. Others reinvented themselves as cops, firemen, or bartenders. Some even sabotaged their chances at a career away from the sand. One guard showed up to a job interview with a wet bathing suit on beneath his pants and sat there smiling as it soaked through. Jones Beach guards can pick their own schedules, and some juggle careers as accountants or advertising executives by working weekends. One guard works as a lawyer in North Carolina during the week and flies in every Friday evening and back every Sunday afternoon.

The job of Jones Beach lifeguard turned from youthful lark to life path in 1971 when Reggie Jones, then in his forties and facing termination from the administration because of his age, called a meeting of lifeguards at a motel on Sunrise Highway and delivered the "Cloud Over Kansas" speech: "My wife told me that I shouldn't stick my neck out for you young kids. But I complained to the state when they sent the new guys home on rainy days. Hell, they'd send you home with no pay when there was a cloud over Kansas. I stood up for you; now they want to fire me 'cause I'm over 35." The corps went on strike and the age barrier came down. Now 73, Jones is still a lifeguard.

Life's a Beach Clockwise from top left, Terry Hirten and Steve DeCastro rescue a victim; lifeguards during a rainy-day rescue drill; a light mid-morning crowd at one of the central beaches.

"This job is a gift. I get in my car in the morning and I see all those career guys in their suits goin' the other way on the parkway, and I feel sorry for them because I'm not going to work. I'm going to something, but it's not labor."

Time seems to stand still over Jones Beach. The landmark tower and elaborate stone Deco bathhouses built by Robert Moses in 1929 show only faint signs of wear, as do lifeguards like Jay O'Neill, a mahogany-skinned, white-toothed 66-year-old who looks like Gary Cooper in his rangy prime. Year after year, for 48 years, he's passed the easy rehire pool test, which veterans call the "$10,000 swim." "I'm not old, because I passed the rehire," O'Neill quips. There's some truth to what he says. Unlike runners, jumpers, and lovers, swimmers enjoy amazingly little drop-off in performance with age. At 41, Olympic gold medalist Mark Spitz was posting nearly the same times he did when he was 22.

Justin Martinich, 20, has been a Jones Beach lifeguard for just two years but already knows the commandment and is trying to figure out how he can follow in the footprints of the old salts on the main stand. His thick shoulders and narrow waist are stained chestnut by the sun, and he wears a small line-drawing tattoo of a monkey on his chest. "This job is a gift," he marvels. "I get in my car in the morning and I see all those career guys in their suits and ties goin' the other way on the parkway, and I feel sorry for them because I'm not going to work. I'm going to something, but it's not labor."

ON A HOT SUNDAY IN MID-JULY, I climb the pile of sand in front of the Central Mall main stand to say hello to my old buddies. I've known some of the guards here for decades, but now I'm just another pale patron. Eddie Costigan is sitting up, looking exactly as he did a quarter-century ago. When he grabs my hand, I wonder if he feels slightly sorry for me, the way I felt for the paunchy alumni who used to come back from their office jobs to shoot the shit with me when I was on the stand.

The Central Mall is where the city folks go. Fed by two 5,000-car parking lots and buses that run from the Long Island Railroad, the beach directly in front of the tower attracts crowds of epic proportions. By 10 A.M., the throng is blanket to blanket. A few hours later, it's blanket *on* blanket. One of the first things I learned as a guard was how to run through a crowd like that with a stretcher. The two guys in front extend their arms to brush aside children and gently push down the heads of sunbathers who look up to see what's going on.

A native of all-white Levittown, I loved the urban ethnic diversity at the Mall. Guys like Bob Lenti, Bob Ortof, and Costigan, guards with 90 years at the Mall among them, feel the same way. Others don't like the crowds; they're reluctant to share their paradise. A few are disturbed by the recent immigrants who have made Jones Beach their own. They cling to the old days, when the crowds were white and ocean-savvy. When the few black lifeguards aren't around, they offhandedly call people of color "stones"—as in, "We got a couple of stones off One West, keep your eyes open"—because of their supposed inability to swim.

I head back to the lifeguard shack by the boardwalk to duck out of the sun. Tired from surfing or anesthetized by youth, a handful of younger guards are slouching on the wood benches, thumbing through surfer magazines and not speaking much. When they turn up the music on the boom box, an old-timer walks over and turns it down. As he walks away, somebody farts. "What'd that asshole say?" a young guard quips.

A pretty young girl thrusts her head in the door of the shack and asks if she can use the lifeguards' outdoor shower. The young lions inside the shack grunt and the girl walks away.

Terry Hirten, 47 and still the best basketball player on the beach, is what the lifeguards call a "land animal," because he was never a competitive swimmer. He can't understand the young guys' attitude toward women. "They have no rap," he wails. "What about that girl in the black bikini by One West? Not one of them said a word to her. That never would have happened in the old days."

A fifteen-year veteran halfway between them in age sets the record straight. "The difference between the old guys when they were young and these guys," he says, "is that they drink less, fight less, and fuck more."

Down the beach at Field Two, off-duty guards lounge in the sand behind the main stand like desert royalty. The men are young and handsome, the women willowy and striking. Five-foot-eleven Jen Hahn, old-timer Lee's daughter, looks like she was sent to the beach by Central Casting. Natalie Sokol, 24, the boatswain, or supervisor, her sun-burnished skin and blonde hair framed by the hood of her red lifeguard sweatshirt, looks like a California dream. The members of the new generation do seem mysteriously unaffected by the presence of their beauteous co-workers, but little else has changed. The talk is of big waves, excellent rides, and rescues.

TWO WHISTLES, THE SIGNAL THAT INDICATES a guard is going into the water for a rescue. The guards resting on blankets behind the main stand 600 yards away at the West Bathhouse scramble to their feet and sprint to back up the wing-stand guard who went into the ocean.

There's big trouble at the West Bathhouse today: A shelf has developed all along this section of beach. To make a rescue under these conditions, a guard must porpoise or swim through a deep trough at the water's edge, bounce to his feet to run across the shallow shelf, and then porpoise again and punch through the breakers to reach the victim. It's a tricky, exhausting business, and the crew has been running for hours.

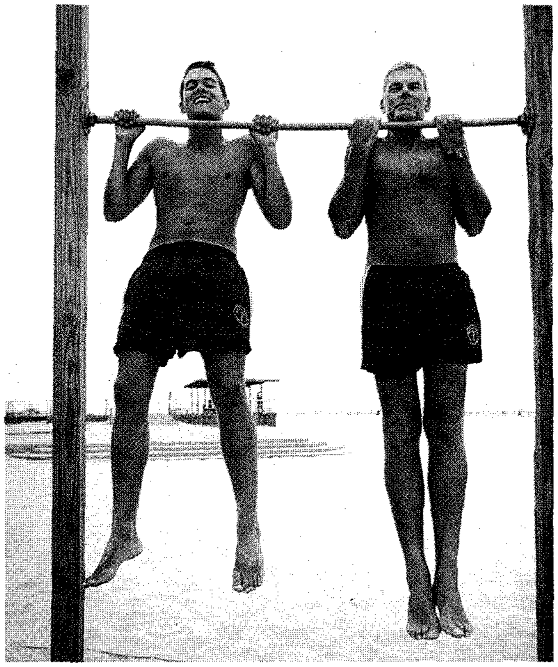
The lifeguard on wing stand One West is already past the breaker line, flipping a buoy to a victim. The one on Two East is on his feet and getting ready to go.

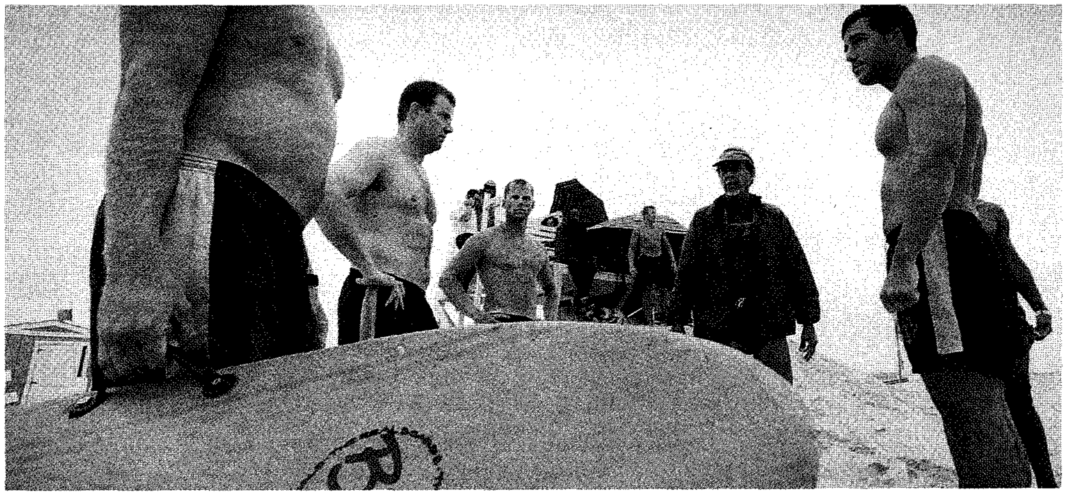
Meanwhile, a weekender in the crow's nest is shouting instructions to his hounds, guards twenty years younger than he is. Even after the older guards lose a couple of steps, they remain invaluable as spotters.

"Look, look," he whispers at Mark Grabish, 27, only eight years on the job but with the gleam in his eye that says he's a lifer.

"I'm looking," Grabish protests. Standing to get a better look at a man floating into a suck, he speaks over his shoulder to the twenty-year veteran who chided him. "I look at the sucks, and then I factor in the swimming ability of the people in the area of the suck. That's what you never learned to do."

The secret is knowing the water. After the waves roll in, they flow out through cuts in the sand, creating little rivers called sea pusses, or runouts. The trained guard knows to watch for the light-colored water, the foam and bubbles that mean the ocean is flowing out. Then he watches for weak swimmers in that area and studies them as they move toward the puss.



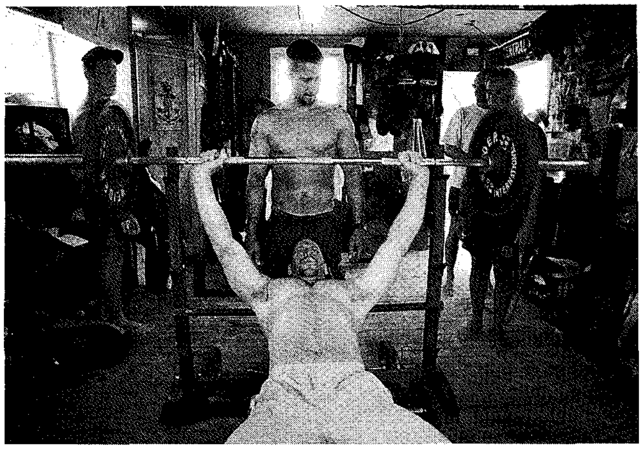


Rainy-Day Training
Clockwise from near right, Matt Burn and Jay O'Neill at the East Bathhouse chin-up bar; lifeguards work out in the shack; Jay Lieberfarb (in jacket) leads a drill.

In California and Australia, swimmers are alert to the dangers of the ocean. At Jones Beach, people often head out into the breaking waves with little thought for their own safety. For a rookie guard, that makes the first day with big crowds and big water especially terrifying. Hundreds of heads bob up and down in the surf, the waves roll in, the heads move, and the scene changes. It seems like a cruel joke to be held responsible for the lives of every single bobbing head that might slip beneath the waves.

A couple of hours later, Jorge Aguilera

is standing on the berm. Aguilera, a marathon runner and 30-year lifeguard, is not just fit but ripped. "I just rescued this guy," he says. "His wife comes up"—Aguilera interrupts himself to eye the suck off One West, where a weak swimmer is being pulled out to sea as the guards on the stand whistle at him to swim laterally out of the puss. "So I tell the woman that her husband was in trouble, so we rescued him. She tells me, 'I don't know whether to thank you or hate you.' " Aguilera delivers his punch line, then dashes down the beach to back up Jim McCarthy and Corey Duryea, who have blown two whistles and gone after the victim, who's now waving frantically for help. Aguilera follows them in with the rescue line. Two minutes later, the three lifeguards and the victim are being towed back through the breaker line to shore.



It's a grievous insult to make a save in front of a lifeguard, and Jones Beach guards will only do it as a last resort or to send a message that someone lacks ocean sense or isn't watching the water.

They get pulled in right through a patch of water where I had once been involved in a drowning. A couple of years after I retired, I was jogging on the beach when a female lifeguard on the stand right in front of me blew two and went. At first glance, I couldn't see who she was going after. There still weren't many women on the beach, and I didn't want to try to race ahead and make the rescue in her water. It's a grievous insult to make a save in front of a lifeguard, and Jones Beach guards will only do it as a last resort or to send a message that someone lacks ocean sense or isn't watching the water. So I tucked in behind her, porpoising in her wake in case she needed backup. When we got to the outside of the puss, there was no one there. Then a guard appeared, then a dozen more, diving and surfacing and diving again. Ten minutes later a helicopter appeared; an hour later a body. I was sick with regret for a week, and I've never stopped second-guessing myself since.

I'VE ALSO NEVER STOPPED SECOND-guessing my decision to leave the beach in the first place. Two decades of summers after I worked for Davison at the East Bathhouse, I checked out of paradise for good. I wanted to travel. Gentleman Frank Bauer was sitting on the main stand at West End Beach Overlook when he got my call. "The Riviera sucks, Frankie," I said. "Pebbles instead of sand, no waves, dirty water." I heard a laugh, a whistle, and the line went dead. When I got back, the Prez, a second-generation Jones Beach lifeguard named James Monroe, gave me the talk. "The only reason you want to leave the beach is so you can make money, meet women, and be able to afford to spend your time back at the beach."

Lifeguards looking for peace and quiet head out to West End Two beach and the jetty. On a crowded day, you'll see more endangered piping plovers than people on the third-of-a-mile stretch of sand between the parking lot and the water. It's where Mike Trunkes works. The social pecking order of Jones Beach lifeguards is based largely on what kind of physical condition they're in, and Trunkes is at the very top. "Hey, did you see So-and-so?" "Yeah, great shape, worked out all winter." Or: "Looks like shit." Trunkes is the best runner-swimmer the corps has ever seen. And if Trunkes is the Prince, the Prez, who works with him at West End Two, is the Wise Man.

The 56-year-old son of a lifeguard who started at Jones Beach in 1931, the Prez is fond of two things: standing on his hands atop the crow's nest and offering principles to live by. Following his general advice on relationships over the past 25 years, I've been divorced from one woman, separated from another, and estranged from a third. But I'm still listening. Sharp-witted and creative, the Prez has shaped his life around the sweet meat of his summer months at Jones Beach. The Prez made one of the most dramatic rescues in Jones Beach history when he swam out to save some fishermen who had been washed off the end of the jetty by storm surf and a rising tide, then got airlifted out by helicopter. He's spent a lifetime observing lifeguards and seagulls and has noticed only one minor difference: "At some point, seagulls will stop eating."

Two more whistles, and I'm starting to wish I'd come on one of those days when the rain keeps the crowds home. When the rain stops, a cleansing wind blows away the clouds and the beach sits gloriously bright and empty. There's glassy surf, no rescues, and the ocean becomes a lifeguard playground dotted with surfboards, kayaks, and dory boats. Schools of dolphins cruise past, and the guards hustle to get near them.The guards call them secret days.

The Jones Beach lifeguard's season in the sun is only about three months long, Memorial Day to a week or two after Labor Day. Winters go slowly, and lifeguards rarely hang out together. Sometimes it's hard to recognize them with their clothes on, without a tan. But perhaps it's the job's seasonal nature that keeps it fresh. When I visit at the end of the season, I can detect a hard edge to the camaraderie. Reggie Jones's incessant stories start to wear on his crew. The guards who show up a little late for their hour on the stand begin to irk their co-workers. Even the Prez gets a little rattled as Labor Day looms. He never whines or raises his voice, but when he takes off his extra-dark Alpine sunglasses and squints into the changing late-summer light, a flicker of concern escapes his eyes.

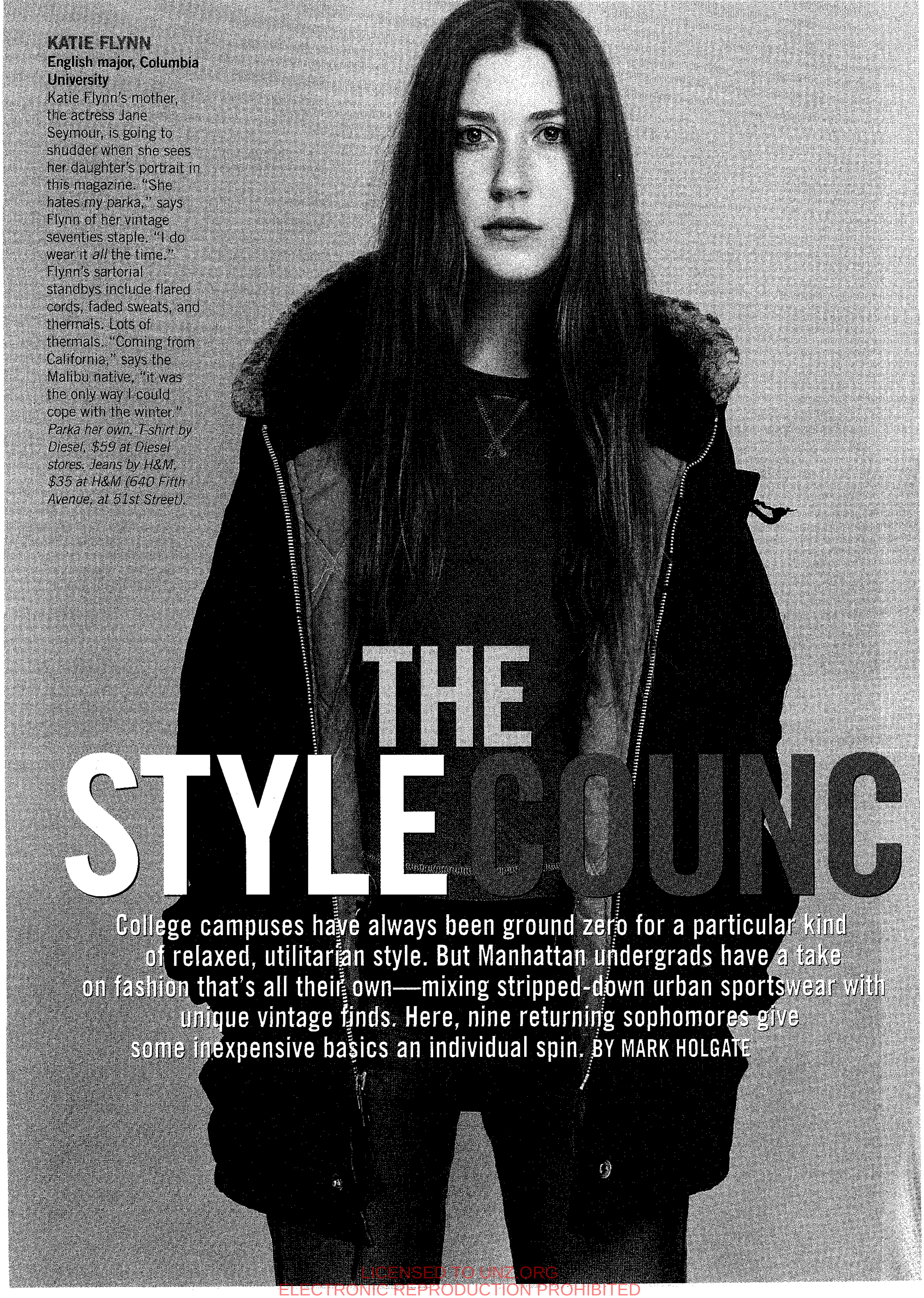
The lifeguards get annoyed because the summer is ending. But the summer is always ending. There are those who say July 4 is the beginning of the end. There are the pessimists who mark June 21, the summer solstice, as the turning point. "I notice it every year," one guard notes glumly. "The days start getting shorter and shorter."

I drive down to the West End Two parking lot, where fifteen lifeguards are staring at the sun as it sinks. It's still only mid-July, but the mood is autumnal. "I've never seen that flash of light they talk about," somebody says.

"I saw it once in the Bahamas."

The orange sun floats downward beside the two tiny sticks of the distant World Trade Center, and West End Two is silent except for the bird calls, empty save for the lifeguards who won't leave until the last moment is squeezed from the day.

A brilliant sunset at his back, acres of perfect sand, and a rolling ocean in front, the Prez tilts his head back and sighs. "Ah, the million-dollar view." ■

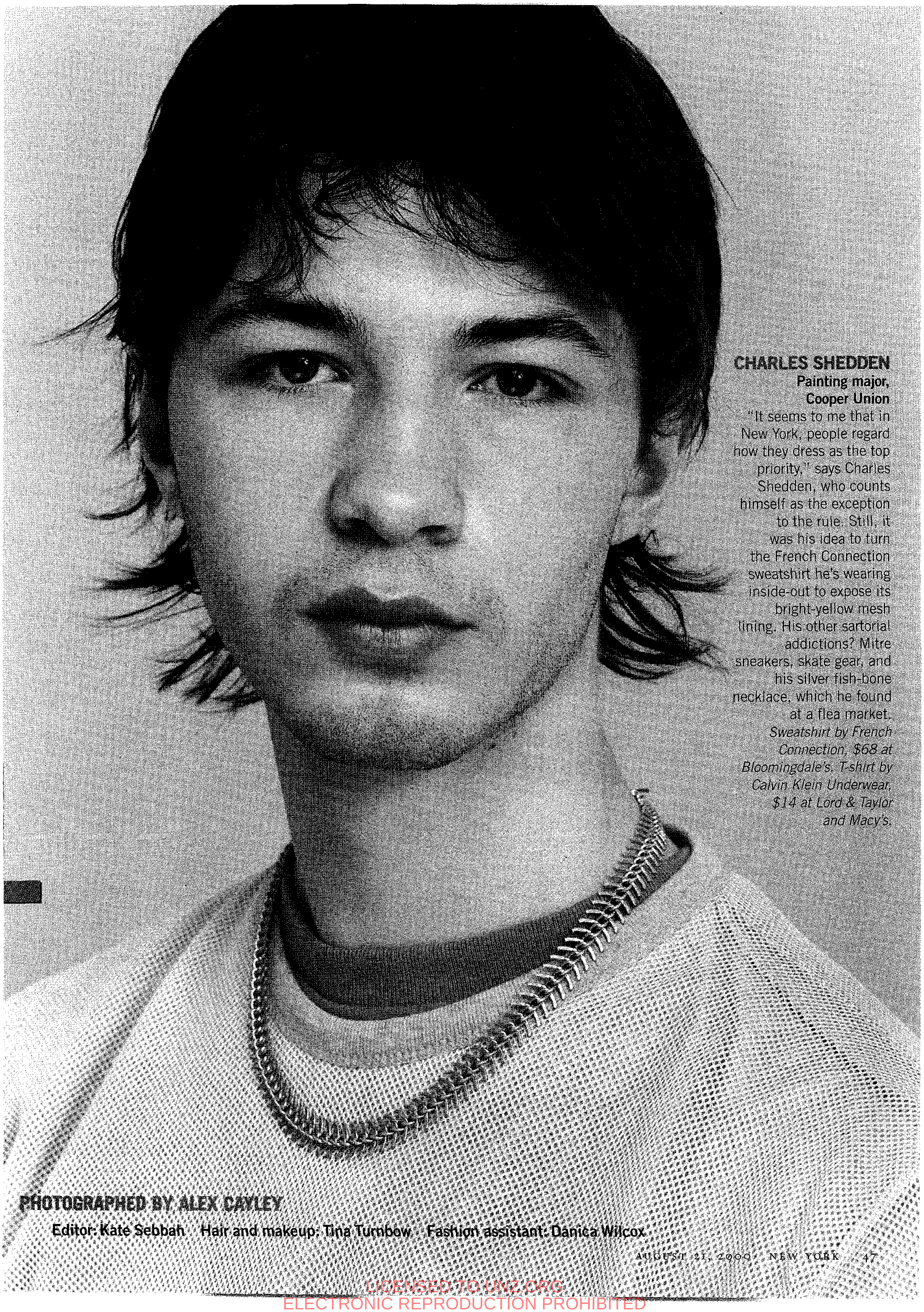


KATIE FLYNN
English major, Columbia University
Katie Flynn's mother, the actress Jane Seymour, is going to shudder when she sees her daughter's portrait in this magazine. "She hates my parka," says Flynn of her vintage seventies staple. "I do wear it *all* the time." Flynn's sartorial standbys include flared cords, faded sweats, and thermals. Lots of thermals. "Coming from California," says the Malibu native, "it was the only way I could cope with the winter." *Parka her own. T-shirt by Diesel, $59 at Diesel stores. Jeans by H&M, $35 at H&M (640 Fifth Avenue, at 51st Street).*

THE STYLE COUNC

College campuses have always been ground zero for a particular kind of relaxed, utilitarian style. But Manhattan undergrads have a take on fashion that's all their own—mixing stripped-down urban sportswear with unique vintage finds. Here, nine returning sophomores give some inexpensive basics an individual spin.

BY MARK HOLGATE

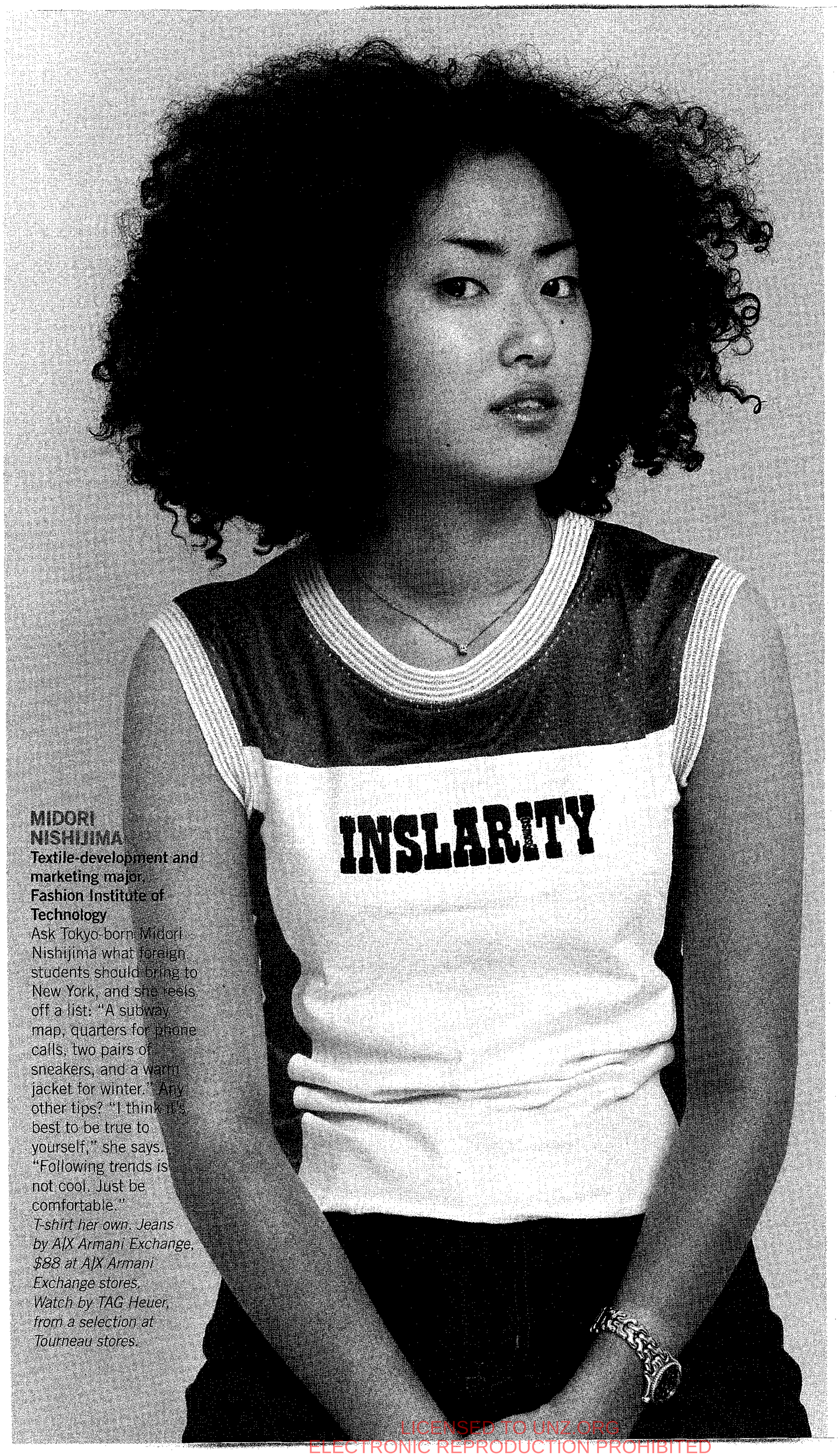


CHARLES SHEDDEN
Painting major, Cooper Union

"It seems to me that in New York, people regard how they dress as the top priority," says Charles Shedden, who counts himself as the exception to the rule. Still, it was his idea to turn the French Connection sweatshirt he's wearing inside-out to expose its bright-yellow mesh lining. His other sartorial addictions? Mitre sneakers, skate gear, and his silver fish-bone necklace, which he found at a flea market. *Sweatshirt by French Connection, $68 at Bloomingdale's. T-shirt by Calvin Klein Underwear, $14 at Lord & Taylor and Macy's.*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALEX CAYLEY

Editor: Kate Sebbah Hair and makeup: Tina Turnbow Fashion assistant: Danica Wilcox



MIDORI NISHIJIMA
Textile-development and marketing major, Fashion Institute of Technology

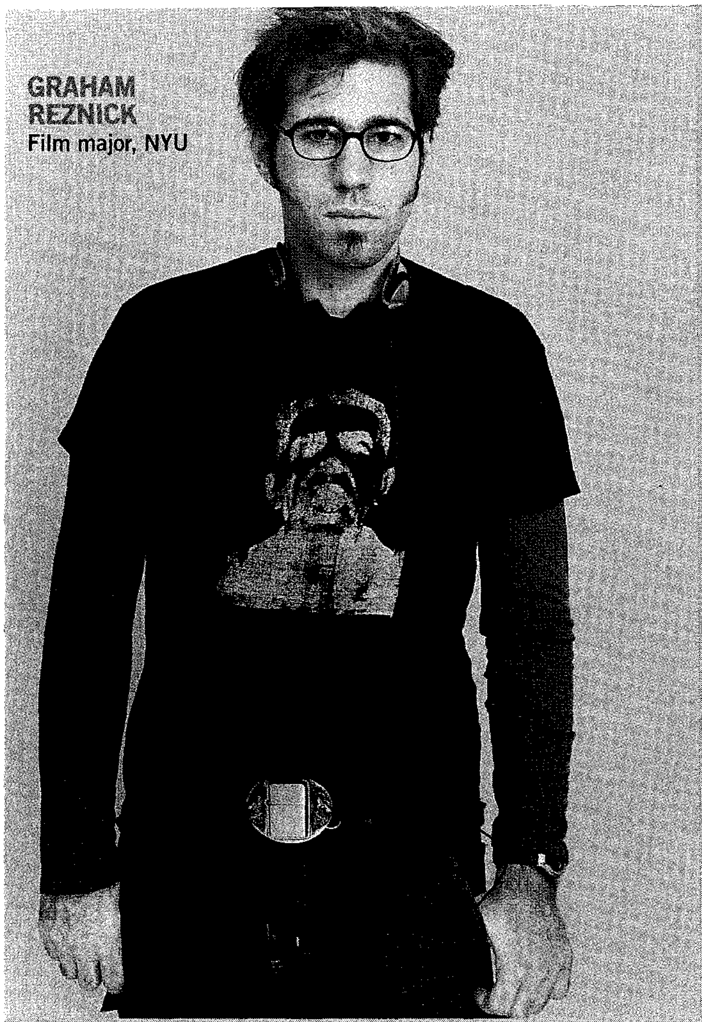
Ask Tokyo-born Midori Nishijima what foreign students should bring to New York, and she reels off a list: "A subway map, quarters for phone calls, two pairs of sneakers, and a warm jacket for winter." Any other tips? "I think it's best to be true to yourself," she says. "Following trends is not cool. Just be comfortable."
T-shirt her own. Jeans by A|X Armani Exchange, $88 at A|X Armani Exchange stores. Watch by TAG Heuer, from a selection at Tourneau stores.

"The style of the city is so cinematic," says film student Graham Reznick. And in the case of his clothes, he's the star: The photo on his self-made T-shirt is of his own face.
Top T-shirt his own. Bottom T-shirt by A|X Armani Exchange, $78 at A|X Armani Exchange stores. Carpenter pants by Polo Jeans Co. Ralph Lauren, $68 at Bloomingdale's, Lord & Taylor, and Macy's.

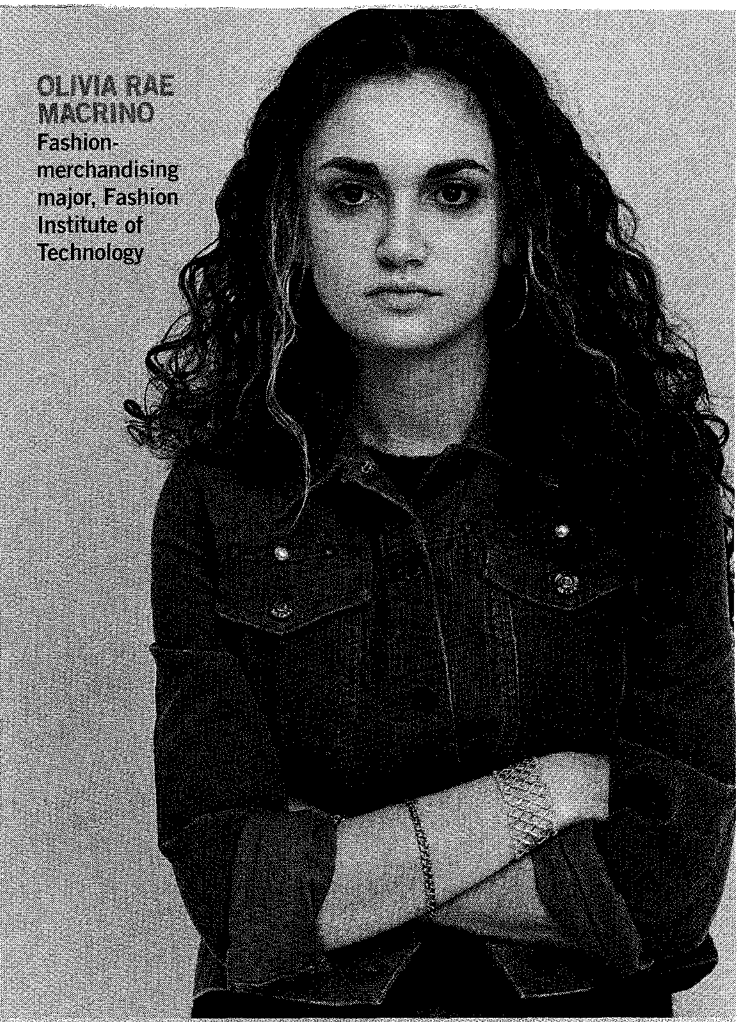
Since moving to Manhattan from White Plains, Yvonne Dompierre has pared her wardrobe down to a few "sleek black pieces from DKNY." "New Yorkers are much more trendy," she says. "You never see people in Westchester dressed the way they do here."
Tank top by Old Navy, $8.50 at Old Navy stores.

Delaware native Olivia Rae Macrino spent her first year of school amassing beaded jewelry, most of which she buys off the street. "I've lost count of how many pieces I have," she says. "Yet still I buy more."
Jacket by Polo Jeans Co. Ralph Lauren, $118 at Bloomingdale's, Lord & Taylor, and Macy's. Sweater by H&M, $29 at H&M (640 Fifth Avenue, at 51st Street). Suede skirt by Gap, $128 at Gap stores.

Kathy Jimbo hopes someday to open a fashion-themed restaurant. But it won't be the Fashion Cafe. "I want a restaurant where the clothes worn by the staff would match the food," she explains, "like green soba noodles served by a waitress in a green dress."
Dress by United Bamboo, $180 at Barneys New York. Socks by cK Socks, $14 at Bloomingdale's, Lord & Taylor, and Macy's. Watch by Swatch, $55 at Macy's and Swatch stores. Shoes her own.



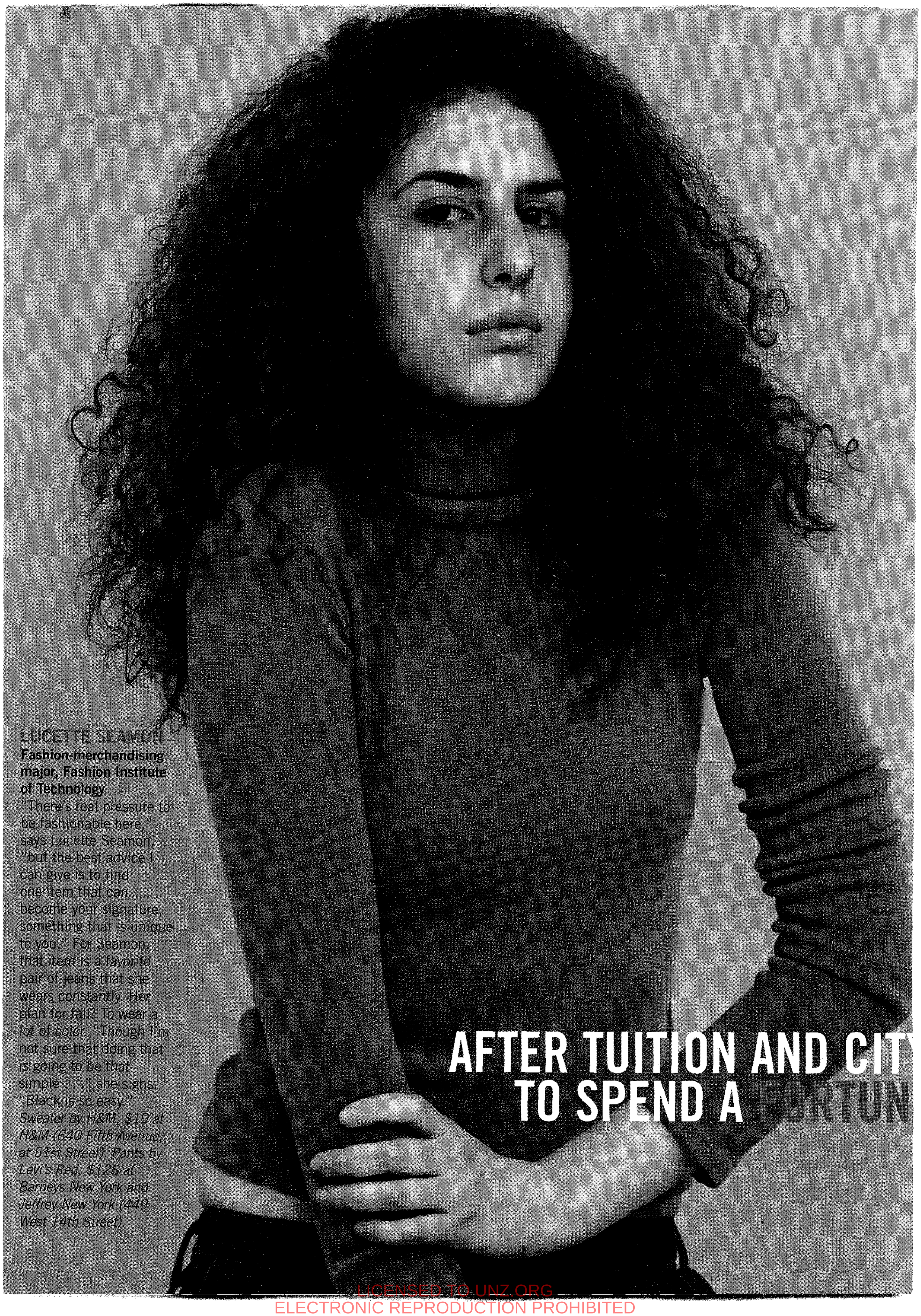
GRAHAM REZNICK
Film major, NYU



OLIVIA RAE MACRINO
Fashion-merchandising major, Fashion Institute of Technology

YVONNE DOMPIERRE
Metropolitan-studies major, NYU

KATHY JIMBO
Fashion-design major, Parsons School of Design



LUCETTE SEAMON
Fashion-merchandising major, Fashion Institute of Technology

"There's real pressure to be fashionable here," says Lucette Seamon, "but the best advice I can give is to find one item that can become your signature, something that is unique to you." For Seamon, that item is a favorite pair of jeans that she wears constantly. Her plan for fall? To wear a lot of color. "Though I'm not sure that doing that is going to be that simple . . . ," she sighs. "Black is so easy." *Sweater by H&M, $19 at H&M (640 Fifth Avenue, at 51st Street). Pants by Levi's Red, $128 at Barneys New York and Jeffrey New York (449 West 14th Street).*

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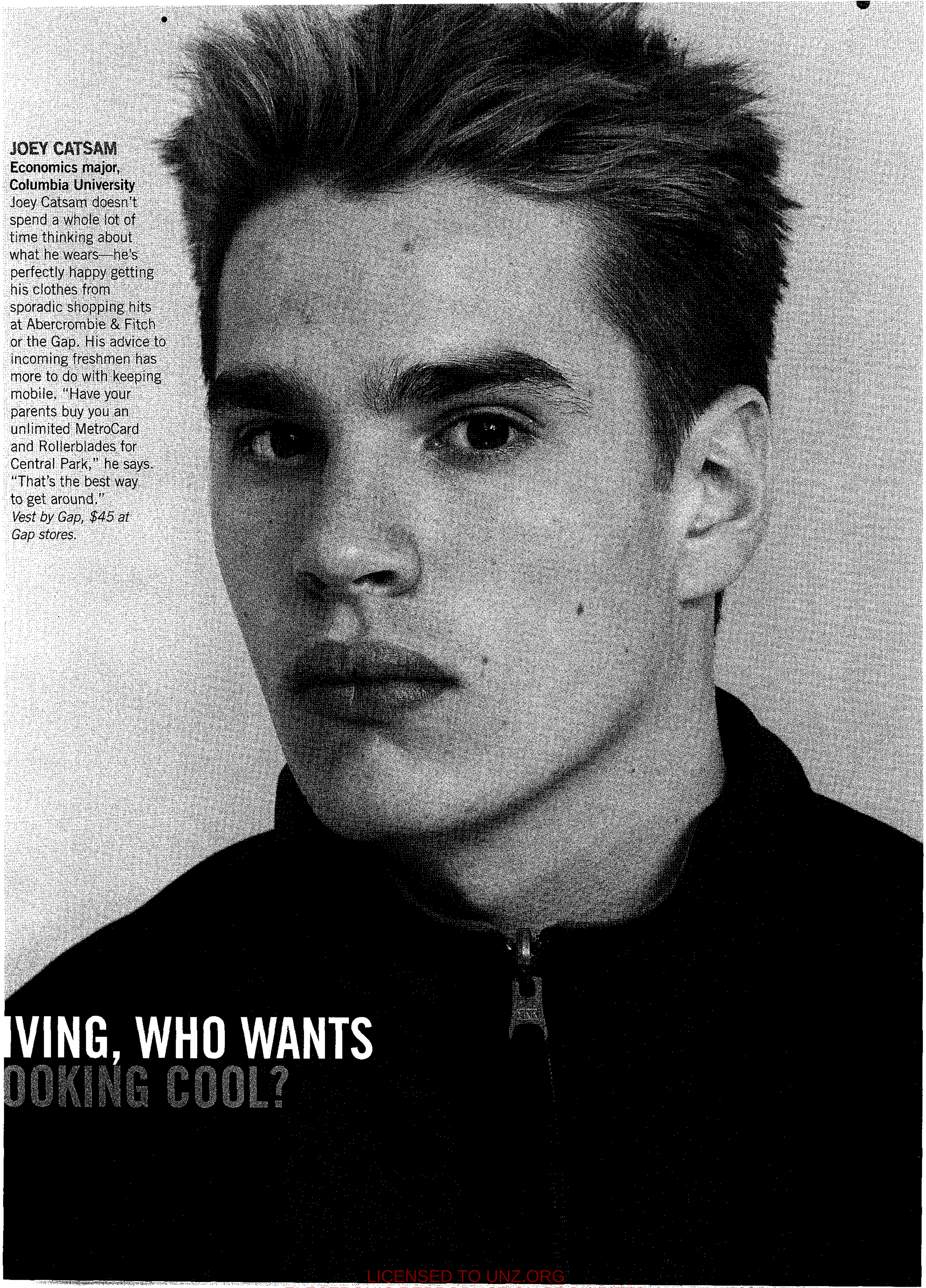


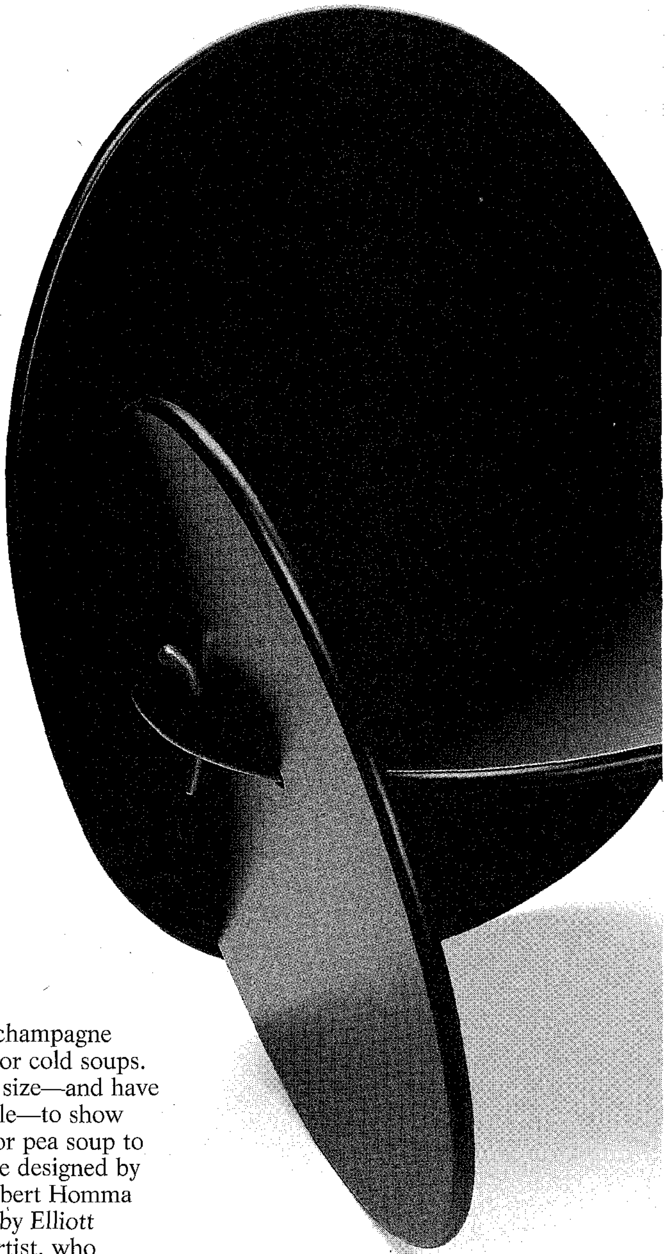
JOEY CATSAM
Economics major, Columbia University
Joey Catsam doesn't spend a whole lot of time thinking about what he wears—he's perfectly happy getting his clothes from sporadic shopping hits at Abercrombie & Fitch or the Gap. His advice to incoming freshmen has more to do with keeping mobile. "Have your parents buy you an unlimited MetroCard and Rollerblades for Central Park," he says. "That's the best way to get around."
Vest by Gap, $45 at Gap stores.

IVING, WHO WANTS
OOKING COOL?

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

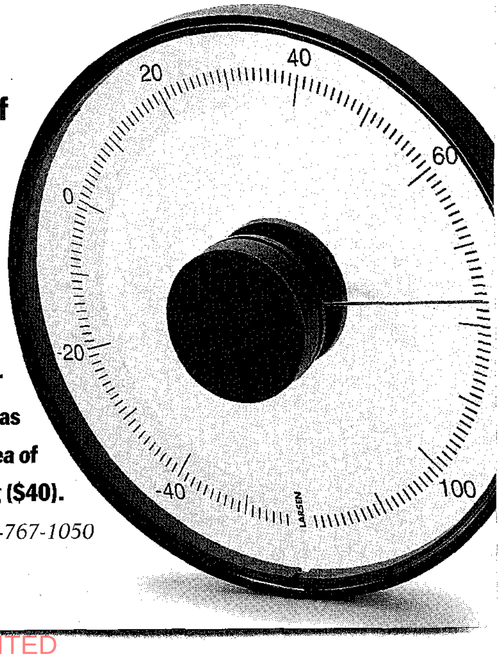


Summer Stock

What the flute did for champagne these glasses may do for cold soups. They're just the right size—and have just the proper sparkle—to show off, say, a gazpacho or pea soup to perfection. They were designed by Rise Dimson and Robert Homma and are hand-blown by Elliott Rosenstein, a local artist, who meticulously folds the molten glass to form the lip ($60 each).
DIMSON HOMMA/*20 East 67th Street/212-439-7950*

Weather Proof

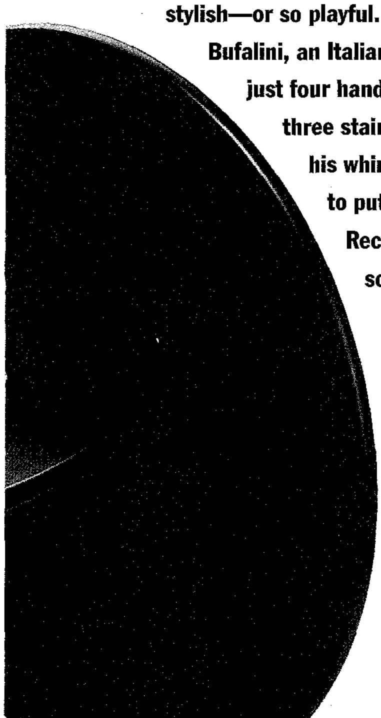
Determining the outside temperature from the fifteenth floor of a high-rise is a bit of a joke. Sure, the radio will give you the anticipated highs and lows—maybe the current temperature in Central Park—but how hot or cold it really is when you're trying to decide coat or no coat remains a mystery. This clever outdoor thermometer attaches to the window with a removable adhesive and was designed so dew doesn't collect on the face. It's the bright idea of Danish product designers Egeborg, Thing, and Weilborg ($40).
THE MOMA DESIGN STORE/*44 West 53rd Street/212-767-1050*

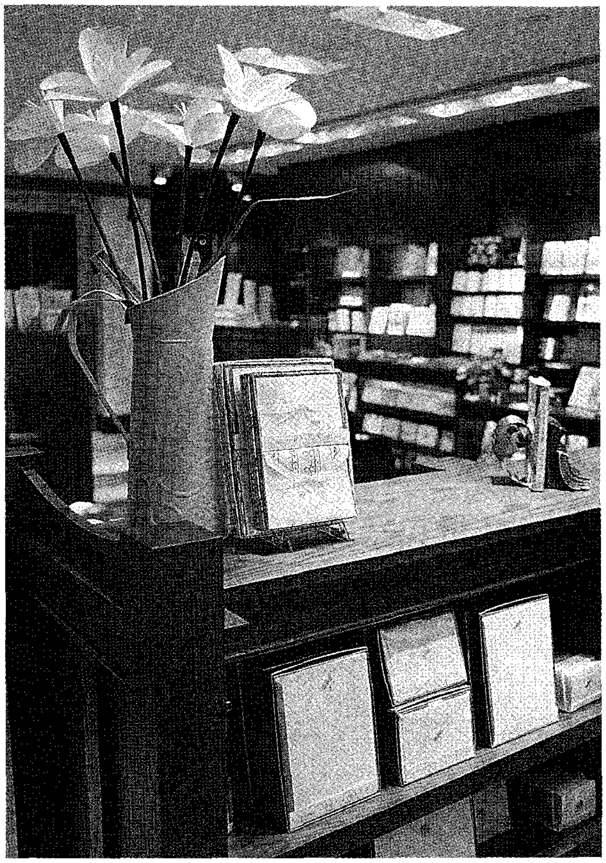


Hot Seat

Knockdown furniture has never looked so stylish—or so playful. The minimalist Ivo Bufalini, an Italian furniture designer, uses just four handcrafted birch circles and three stainless-steel pins to create his whimsical Ivo chair. It's a snap to put together—and dismantle. Recently, Bufalini created this scaled-down kids' version, which he lacquers either a snappy red or a sedate blue ($300).

ZAO/*175 Orchard Street*
212-505-0500





In Praise of Snail Mail

Who would have thought that the computer would get us hooked on letter-writing again? In the hopes of making our newfound love of epistolary intercourse a tad more permanent, Crane—a maker of fine papers since 1801—has opened a handsome outpost in Rockefeller Center and outfitted it with everything a scribe might need. There's engraved and thermographed stationery, personalized sheets, initialized thank-you notes, Christmas cards, inheritance albums, leather journals, party invitations, and, for kids, kits with animal-printed cards, colored pens, stickers, and a journal. There's a tempting array of pens, too, but for those who find such writing instruments anathema, Crane's papers are printer-friendly (from $9.50 for a box of note cards to $148 for 50 personalized correspondence cards and envelopes to $324 for 50 monogrammed sheets and envelopes engraved in gold ink).

CRANE & CO./*59 West 49th Street, at Rockefeller Plaza/212-582-6829*

Floored

This eighteenth-century American quilt design looks as good on the floor as it once did on a bed. Though the hourglass pattern is Early American, the hand-hooked eight-foot wool runner is so graphic it could pass for retro—even modern—and, given its broad mix of colors, there's no limit to the decorating possibilities ($275).

WILLIAM-WAYNE & CO./*846 Lexington Avenue, at 64th Street/212-737-8934; and 40 University Place/212-533-4711*

Photographed by Ted Morrison

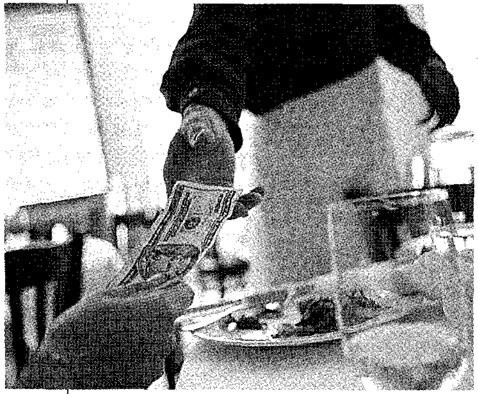
Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

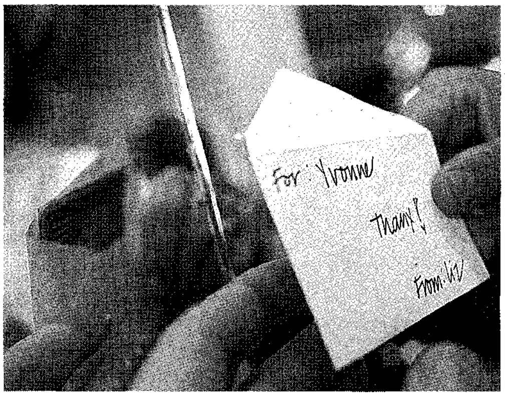
NEW YORK SIMPLIFIED

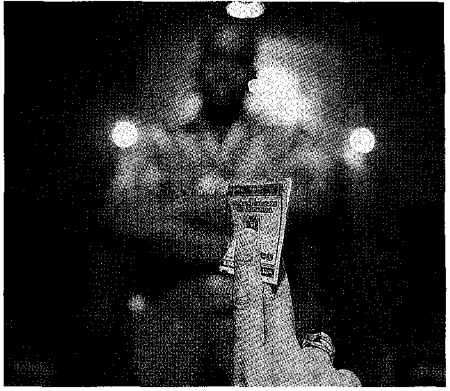
SMARTCITY

Tipping Points

If it's true that money talks, what are your tips saying about you? By Brian Farnham







I RECENTLY HEARD OF A WOMAN WHO'D perfected a surefire method of getting her airline tickets upgraded. En route to the airport, she buys a gaily dressed fruit basket. At the check-in desk, she sets it down on the counter in front of the boarding agent. When the agent invariably comments on the basket, she says in a cheery voice, "Oh, yes, isn't it wonderful? My co-workers just gave it to me as part of a big send-off. But I don't know how I'll manage it on the plane." After a pause, she suddenly gets an idea: "Why don't *you* take it and share it with the other agents?" She holds firm through some polite oh-I-couldn'ts and are-you-sures before the basket is accepted. And when her boarding pass is returned to her, it almost always reveals a bump to business class.

This is a classic example of an inducement tip (also known as a bribe). Most tipping is not of the inducement variety but a simple reward for good service. But the two forms of compensation are similar in that they reach beyond the prescribed standards of payment. It's up to you to decide how much to give and how to give it. Such ambiguity can cause many people to whine like a Woody Allen character after sex: *Was that good enough? Should I have done more? Do you think they liked it?* But situations that call for a little something extra should be looked upon as opportunities, not traps. And as with anything else, it helps to know what's expected of you.

Bars and Restaurants

This may come as a surprise to some, but the old standard of 15 percent for servers hasn't been standard for some time now. The Zagat Survey began asking people about their tipping habits a couple of years ago and found that the average restaurant tip in major U.S. cities is just over 17 percent. That means doubling the tax to figure your tip leaves you on the chintzy side. (New Yorkers aren't the most generous tippers in the country. Although we beat the national average, Philadelphia's 18.5 percent puts us to shame.)

Some restaurateurs wish their patrons didn't have to tip at all. Danny Meyer of Union Square Cafe has long favored switching to a European-style gratuity-included system, but for now he recommends his customers tip according to how they rate their service on a five-point scale, from poor or fair (10 to 14 percent) to extraordinary (21 to 25 percent). One thing you should never do, he says, is completely stiff a server, not even if service reaches Kafkaesque proportions of incompetence and neglect. "There are so many things outside of the control of a waiter," he says. The best thing to do is leave a bare-minimum tip and speak to the manager. "And then you make your next reservation with that same manager, and you're going to get exactly what you want."

Bartenders are a different story. The point of tipping bartenders isn't so much to reward the service you've already received as to insure promptness (supposedly the seventeenth-century English origin of the word: T.I.P.) the next time you order a round. Expectations vary: A buck a drink is generous at the Blarney Stone, an insult at the Bowery Bar. "At dive bars, they make great money, because they're banging out drinks," explains Rich, a bartender at Lotus. "But at a place like this, it's more about presentation, so it takes longer." Rich concedes that a dollar is okay if you're ordering a Bud, but for a $10 Cosmopolitan, the fair tip is $2 or $3.

Rewarding bartenders and wait staff is a bunny slope compared to the double-black-diamond run of trying to grease your way into a fully booked restaurant. For starters, don't even bother trying to tip for a table at the Le Bernardins and Daniels of the world. Tom Piscitello, the St. Peter at the gates of heavenly Babbo, has been offered everything and the moon by diners unable to wait a month to taste chef Mario Batali's beef-cheek ravioli. "One night somebody just started naming numbers and going up as if it were a bidding war," Piscitello recalls. "They got up to $700, just for a table. That's sickness." Piscitello politely reminded the diner of all the needy charities in the world and turned him away.

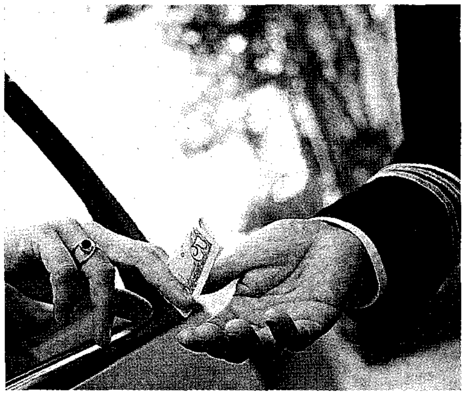
The odds get better at restaurants that are more about scene than about cuisine. The hip and pretty gatekeepers you find behind the podiums at flavor-of-the-week restaurants are, by nature, more

Photographs by Scott Jones. Photographed at Dylan Prime (restaurant) and 40 East 3rd Street (salon).

disposed to accept a subtly proffered bribe because they're young and trying to afford a TriBeCa apartment.

Apartment Buildings

A random survey of doormen around the city revealed a wide range of expectations. Depending on the priciness of the address and the size of the building, assistance with a heap of packages, cat-sitting for a day, or keeping an eye on a double-parked car can run you $5 to $10. Since most of these services fall under the doorman's job description, you can get away with not tipping, but don't expect him to drop everything when you've really got a problem. Then there are those delicate situations where not to tip is to court disaster. "What happens all the time is, a guy's wife is away and he'll come in with his mistress and hand you a fifty," says one Park Avenue doorman. "That's a you-didn't-see-nothin' tip."



For the staff in New York buildings, the holidays must feel like a Mafia wedding, what with the number of cash-filled envelopes that come their way. A super at a luxury building of 200 units who averages $50 per tenant is pulling in a cool five-figure cash bonus—tax-free, if he's disinclined to report it. Gifts are welcome, too. The doorman gossip circuit is still buzzing about the lucky stiff working a York Avenue building who received a Nissan 300ZX for Christmas a few years ago.

There are two things to consider when you're determining how much to give. The first is building size—the smaller the building, the larger your bonus should be. The second is the level of luxury. Lawrence Vitelli of Insignia Residential Group, which manages some of the highest-priced properties in the city, says supers at its big buildings routinely get between $100 and $300 from each tenant, and at small buildings, $500 to $1,000 is not unheard of. But chances are you won't have to shell out that much. For most buildings, $30 to $50 is appropriate for doormen, $50 to $100 for supers.

A GRATUITY GUIDE

Person or Service	For Every Day	At the Holidays
Housekeeper		1 to 2 weeks' salary, depending on length of service
Baby-sitter	$2 to $5 when you're late	2 to 3 nights' pay
Dog walker		one day's pay
Pet groomer	15 percent	
Parking attendant	$2 to $5	$10 to $20 (if car parked on monthy basis)
Trash collector		$10 to $20
Nanny/au pair		1 to 2 weeks' salary, depending on length of service
Mover	under 10,000 lb., $15 to $20 per man; above, $20 to $30	
Stylist	15 to 20 percent	The price of a typical appt., or a personal gift
Colorist	15 to 20 percent	The price of a typical appt., or a personal gift
Salon assistant	5 percent	$10 to $15
Dinner delivery	at least $2; more if weather is inclement	
Grocery delivery	at least $2; more if weather is inclement	
Newspaper delivery		$15 to $30 ($5 to $15 if weekend only)
Mail carrier		A small gift (cash is illegal)
Furniture delivery	$5 to $10, depending on size and/or assembly time	
Wine delivery	$5 for a case; $2 to $3 for one to three bottles	

Support staff like handymen and elevator operators are in the $20-to-$30 range. Adjustments should always be made according to seniority, and if you're planning on doing any kind of renovation in the upcoming year, it's in your best interest to give the super more than usual.

Beauty Salons and Barbers

The multitasking heirarchy at beauty salons can make tipping a tangled prospect. The general rule is that the more time someone devotes to you, the bigger the tip. "A lot of assistants do the entire blow-dry, so if they spent 45 minutes, that should be more on the $10 side of things," says Connie Voines, a stylist at Bumble & Bumble. "But if it's just a hand-dry that takes three seconds, then of course you should tip accordingly."

Many salons provide tipping envelopes and a secure place to deposit them, to save clients the time of walking around the salon trying to find everyone who worked on them as well as the discomfort of handing out money. Put each tip in a separate envelope, and don't forget to put your name and a little personal note of thanks on the outside. If you're paying by credit card, you should still tip in cash via the envelope. And don't feel guilty about not tipping the receptionist.

Taxis and Town Cars

Tourist guidebooks usually advise tipping cabbies 10 to 15 percent, but the best formula I've heard came from a magazine editor who takes a lot of taxis for work. If the fare is under $5, round up to the next dollar and add 50 cents. If the fare is between $5 and $10, round up to the next dollar and add $1. For fares over $10, round up and add $1.50 or $2.

I ran this by some drivers, and all declared it reasonable. They were surprisingly forgiving of *(continued on page 59)*

SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

Pack a Wallop

Textbook cases: *Your label-conscious kids are thinking about school bags. But don't panic: These colorful packs will* **take the weight off your shoulders.**

ROXY
P
Citi Sport

Watch your back: From left, stylish, inexpensive book bags from Old Navy, Roxy, Poodle, American Eagle Outfitters, and Citi Sport.

IT'S BACK-TO-SCHOOL TIME AGAIN, your seventh-grader-to-be is pleading with you for a Prada or Kate Spade bag—and you know she (or he) is not getting one. But there's hope. Plenty of inexpensive packs bridge the gap between the statusy grown-up satchels and those dull nylon things your kids tired of several grades ago. Here, a selection both boys and girls could be persuaded to love—at prices that might convince you to pick up an extra for yourself.

Packs with lots of space (and pockets for pens, calculators, and cybertoys) don't have to look like expedition gear. We love an urban-chic version from **Citi Sport** ($8.97 at Kids Are Magic). For a splashier look, try an eye-catching orange **Old Navy** bag with cool pockets for Walkman and water bottle ($18.50). **Poodle**'s roomy red sling pack has a handy cellphone pouch that'll hold candy for kids who're still dreaming of StarTACs ($51 at Morris Brothers).

Girlier packs, intended for preteens, are so cute we'd use them as gym bags. The best: a hip denim number from **Roxy** ($40 at Marsha D.D.). For less frilly tastes, **American Eagle Outfitters** has trekking-style versions, complete with plenty of mesh pockets for dirty soccer clothes ($49.50).

Kids Are Magic, 2293 Broadway, near 82nd St. (212-875-9240); Morris Brothers, 2322 Broadway, near 84th St. (212-724-9000); Marsha D.D., 1324 Lexington Ave., near 88th St. (212-534-8700); American Eagle Outfitters, Pier 17, 89 South St. (212-571-5354 or www.ae.com).

Picks of the Week

Intermix is filling a basement with leftover summer stuff from Tracy Feith, Katayone Adeli, Jimmy Choo, and others, and taking 50 to 70 percent off it all. *125 Fifth Ave., near 19th St. (212-533-9720); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon–Sat. 11–8, Sun. noon–6; 8/18–9/4.*

For Eyes is taking $10 off select kids' frames and another $10 off eye exams, for back-to-school season. Children's frames are usually $60 to $160. *420 Lexington Ave., near 43rd St. (212-697-8888); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Thurs. 9–8, Fri. 9–6, Sat. 10–5; 8/15–9/30.*

Warren Edwards's pricey shoes (pictured, right), including plenty of seasonless leather and alligator styles, are mostly 40 percent off, from $240 to $600. *107 E. 60th St. (212-223-4374); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–6; 8/14–8/26.*

ARREN EDWARDS

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

See, a modern-furniture-and-accessories store, is taking up to half off many floor models and at least 10 percent off new orders. Prices are from $68 for a Philippe Starck juicer to $5,000 for a leather sofa. *920 Broadway, near 20th St. (212-228-3600); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–7, Sun. noon–6; 8/19–9/5.*

Peacock Alley's sale means 20 to 50 percent off a huge selection for bed and bath. Egyptian-cotton towels are $17; queen duvets are $215 and less. *334 E. 59th St. (212-751-7005); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. till 4; 8/17–8/31.*

The Joan Michlin Gallery is clearing tons of ornate gold jewelry (some is in the collection of the American Craft Museum). Discounts start at 30 percent and go to 50 percent the final week. Prices are usually $300–$9,000. *449 W. Broadway (212-475-6603); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.-Sat. 11–7, Sun. noon–7; 8/17–9/24.*

Totem's colorful contemporary furniture is taking 20 to 50 percent off at the sale. Prices are from $185 for stools to $2,600 for a large sofa. *71 Franklin St. (212-925-5506); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 11–7, Sat.–Sun. noon–6; 8/12–8/16.* ■

Photographs: top, Jody Dole; bottom, courtesy of Warren Edwards

PETER RAINER

Morality Tales

John Waters wants to be taken seriously, folks, as a Hollywood gadfly; 'Gimme Shelter' blames God, not the Stones, for death at Altamont.

JOHN WATERS, IN HIS PUBLIC APPEARANCES, DOES such a good job being "John Waters" that his movies often seem superfluous. He's his own best creation. With his pencil-line mustache and pomade and campy non sequiturs, the lewd outrager from Baltimore has become the darling of college cinema societies and the film-festival circuit. Waters began his career as a pioneer in the now-burgeoning field of the gross-out movie, and some of that grossness, viewed again in films like *Pink Flamingos,* is still impressively icky. But you no longer go to Waters's movies to be outraged or revolted. You go for the enjoyable spectacle of seeing the zero-budget *yeccch*-meister fit his frissons into the woozier reaches of mainstream moviemaking. It's not as if Waters has sold out; the dream factory's sobby soap-opera side, after all, has always been his clarion call. His new movie, **Cecil B. DeMented**, is ostensibly an attack on Hollywood, but Waters also wants it to be his version of that archetypal love/hate Hollywood movie *Sunset Boulevard*. For Waters, his "going Hollywood" is the ultimate joke, the ultimate subversion.

Waters is bothered by the fact that the studios turn out garbage—and that the garbage is machine-tooled. He likes his schlock to have some *aroma.* In *Cecil B. DeMented,* the eponymous Cecil (Stephen Dorff) is the manager of a restored Art Deco movie palace in Baltimore who, together with his clan of renegades calling themselves the Sprocket Holes, kidnaps Honey Whitlock (Melanie Griffith), a movie queen with a diva-size ego who is in town for a benefit premiere of her new film. Cecil terrorizes her into service as the star of his guerrilla movie production *Raving Beauty.* The gonzo crew, including a sweet-tempered occultist (Maggie Gyllenhaal), a self-hating heterosexual hairdresser (Jack Noseworthy), and a porn star (Alicia Witt) who performs onscreen with a gerbil, take their cue from Cecil and shout slogans like "Power to the people who punish bad cinema!" They tattoo the names of outlaw directors on their arms: Spike Lee, Sam Peckinpah, David Lynch, Sam Fuller, William Castle. (Cecil's choice is Otto Preminger, whose martinet ways would seem to be the prime reason for the adulation.) They disrupt the stuffed-shirt proceedings of the Maryland Film Commission, which is hosting lunch for a bunch of oyster-slurping dolts, and they wreck the filming of the sequel to *Forrest Gump,* starring Kevin Nealon in the title role. Eventually, Honey Whitlock comes around to the idea that her kidnapping is a good career move.

The plot device of a kidnappee falling in with her kidnappers is an old one, but Melanie Griffith, who is the Norma Desmond in this crackbrained *Sunset Boulevard,* gives it a fresh spin. Part gorgon, part den mother, Griffith accentuates her tinkly-voiced fogginess, her way of speaking her lines as if she had just been put into a dainty trance. Periodically she roars through the film's mild mood with a movie-star snit. The film needs Griffith's dippy modulations, because without her it's mostly a brassy rant. Waters wants *Cecil B. DeMented* to be a goof, but even more than that, he wants to sock it to Hollywood. He really *means* it when he has his cultists revolutionizing to end bad cinema, but his own filmmaking skills are fairly skimpy, and so the satiric idea never explodes into something wonderful. (If the early Godard or De Palma had seized upon this idea, the resulting movie would have been a wingding.) Like Andy Warhol when he made movies, Waters preempts negative criticism by laying out his ineptitude in plain view. The amateurishness of the production isn't just an antidote to Hollywood's slickness; it's also supposed to be more heartfelt, more real. In *Cecil B. DeMented,* Waters the camp hipster tries to finish off one kind of bad cinema and ends up replacing it with another kind. His.

Gimme Shelter, THE 1970 MAYSLES BROTHERS–CHARLOTTE Zwerin documentary about the Rolling Stones at Altamont, has always been discussed in reverent tones as the classic cinematic death knell for the Love Generation. Seeing it again after many years—it's being rereleased at Film Forum in a new 35-mm. print with surround sound and a few minutes of extra footage—I am more inclined to regard it as a not-so-classic chronicling of a public-relations nightmare parading as a morality play. The Stones, touring

(continued on page 69)

Movie madness: Alicia Witt plays one of the Sprocket Holes in Water's *Cecil B. DeMented.*

Photograph by Abbot Genser/Artisan Entertainment.

ARCHITECTURE JOSEPH GIOVANNINI

The Inn Crowd

Four new name-brand hotels reveal—for better or worse—the influence of boutique design on the mainstream; the new show at P.S. 1 is a screen gem.

Lofty ambitions: The TriBeCa Grand seems to mock the great buildings of lower Manhattan.

AT THE VENICE BIENNALE THIS SUMMER, New York architects Ricardo Scofidio and Elizabeth Diller toured the world with slides of the "Hotel Interclone," the joke being that only the ethnic patterns on the bedspreads cued visitors that they were in Baku, Bangalore, or Kampala. Local decoration is a fig leaf camouflaging a growing world monoculture aided and abetted by high-rise boxes and interior design: One hotel room fits all.

In the mid-eighties, with his *Eraserhead* haircut and loopy grin, French designer Philippe Starck hardly looked like a social revolutionary fighting the cancerous global conformity. But when he outfitted the Royalton in New York with eel-like handrails and reptilian sconces, and brought Surrealism off the canvas into the lobby, he propelled the notion of the boutique hotel beyond the style pages into boardrooms.

Starck was playing David to the corporate Goliaths. Since Starck's eels—and the more recent design by Christian Liaigre for the elegant Mercer hotel in SoHo—the idea of mind-opening interiors in boutique hotels has been appropriated by large hotels and chains, where standardization once promised consistent quality. But a one-off sensibility and downright eccentricity are difficult to reconcile in a cookie-cutter real-estate world that profits from thinking inside the box. In New York, four recently opened hotels seem caught in an unresolved identity crisis between the corporate environment and the desire to be cool and unique.

The hotel that brings the blood to a boil is the 203-room **TriBeCa Grand** at 2 Sixth Avenue, owned by Leonard and Emanuel Stern. TriBeCa has already been gentrified, but until this hotel, it hadn't been themed. The in-house architects of Hartz Mountain Industries fashioned a glib warehouse-wannabe structure that "fits" into the surrounding context by aping the brick exterior and arched structural bays of the old buildings nearby: The architecture implies that ye olde warehouse has been converted into a hotel (as was the case with the Mercer). But the new eight-story building with the friendly green awnings violates the social compact that glues the neighborhood together. Despite the $400-per-square-foot loft prices, many artists are still bivouacked here, and they give the neighborhood its texture and authenticity. The hotel lies outside the historic district, so there was no reason not to attempt a design that emulates the area's artistic aspirations. A brilliant design on this wedge of land could have deepened rather than cheapened TriBeCa's character. The Grand amounts to a voyeuristic Tree Tops, leaching the spirit of a neighborhood that it treats as an artist petting zoo. Its single saving grace is the ground floor, an open forum that mixes dining, drinking, lounging, and urban browsing in a tall meeting hall. The citizens of TriBeCa now have a covered town square, though they'll probably want to boycott it.

Even Hilton has gone hip, or as hip as it can go, at the 444-room **Hilton Times Square**, on 42nd Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, and its corporate cousin in Battery Park City, the 463-key **Embassy Suites** hotel. The interior designer of both, Alexandra Champalimaud & Associates, quotes the charming eccentricity of boutique hotels by planting cushy, bulbous chairs in the public spaces. Both display the fruits of an ambitious art program, curated by the New York Public Art Fund, to affirm the uniqueness. *Diva,* a fictional portrait by Kurt Kauper, dominates the sky lobby at the 42nd Street Hilton, and a fourteen-story Sol LeWitt juts into the centerpiece atrium at the Embassy Suites.

But the two share the problem common to virtually all new hotels these days: One firm designs a shell; another decorates it; perhaps a third designs the rooms. The assumption that the building is a boxy container to be stuffed with smaller boxes is a major, if not insuperable, setback: Architects abort their concept at the shell, and

Photograph by Robert Huber/Lookat.

interior designers don't have much to work with. The sequential disconnects thwart the possibility of a through-design. Beyer Blinder Belle, the architects of the Times Square building, created a Mondrianesque façade that holds its own within the hyperactive collage of other façades in the base building, an entertainment complex. But the hotel, which really starts on the fifteenth floor, at its lobby, wants to break free of the surrounding mass. The sadly underappreciated Morris Lapidus, who did brilliant hotel plans in Miami, would have known how to move the form off the pedestal and claim its space in the sky.

Downtown, the flagship Embassy Suites, by Perkins Eastman Architects, is hardly more than a misplaced suburban import dressed in brick to match other suburban imports straight from the office park. Framed by the stiff architecture, the art inside simply points out the conventionality of the basic design. There is more energy in a single gestural stroke of the mural by Pat Steir behind the front desk than in all the rest of the hotel. Champalimaud's Starck-ish chairs don't achieve critical mass and can't redeem a much larger problem.

The only one of this summer's new hotels that makes a serious attempt at architecture is the 398-room flagship **Sofitel** on 44th Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Here Yann Leroy, an architect with Brennan Beer Gorman, fashioned a tower that plays on the French romance with the New York skyscraper. He negotiates the huge building in the awkward T-shaped site, starting with a low-rise limestone frontispiece that respects the scale of the adjacent New York Yacht Club. However, the skyscraper that rises behind, with protruding glass bays, is a heavy-handed overstatement of dated futurism: The building is much more subtle in its detailing than in the big moves. The interiors, done by Paris-based designer Pierre Yves Rochon, prove Louis XIV lives on in the luxury industries he cultivated in the name of French *gloire* and export. The *luxe, calme et volupté* may be very *vieille France,* but you at least have to respect the skill and execution—even if naughty Philippe Starck thumbed his nose at all that in the Royalton across the street.

Maybe we have to wait for Ian Schrager, the impresario of the Royalton, to advance the state of hotel architecture in an up-from-the-ground building. He has hired Dutch architect Rem Koolhaas and the Swiss architectural firm Herzog & de Meuron to design a new hotel on Astor Place. The building reportedly is taking shape as a box with curved volumes carved from the interior. It may be self-evident that one should let architects take their ideas to the inside of a building, but Schrager seems the first to risk it. Will he again set a new non-standard?

THE MOST INTENSE ARCHITECTURAL INVENTION these days is occurring on computer monitors, and one of the few visions to emigrate from the screen into real space can now be found at P.S. 1. The New York firm **SHoP/Sharples Holden Pasquarelli** has demystified the computer's impact on architecture with a highly tactile construction that explains in sticks and bolts just how these anti-gravitational cybervisions, which freely twist onscreen, can turn a sunny day into a romp at the beach. Last summer, Philip Johnson designed a conceptually shallow D.J. pavilion for P.S. 1's courtyard. But this year, a real piece of architecture emerged in a competition held by P.S. 1 and MOMA, the first in their five-year Young Architects Program.

That the winning entry brings on smiles at the gate should not deceive visitors: Though small, this is an original and significant work. Starting with standard beach props—umbrella, cabana, beach chair, and body board—the architects morphed the forms into continuously curved, self-structuring surfaces that rotate in a constant state of transformation. In the largest of three islands in SHoP's wooden archipelago, a banquette curves up to become the walls of changing rooms and then arches to form a shaded passage that splits into a cubby sized for children. Ever since amorphous images first flickered on their screens, architects have been bedeviled by the problem of translating the complex curves into reality. SHoP's simple answer was to factor standard two-by-two pieces of cedar into their computer. The 6,000 parts of the Tinker Toy now magically ratchet into the undulating surfaces the architects call *Dunescape.*

Situationist Guy Debord said we have become passive spectators in a society of consumption. The P.S. 1 installation turns visitors into participants in a happening, and obliquely critiques MOMA's garden, a picturesque composition that telegraphs "hands-off." SHoP's interactive forms invite sunning, sitting, wading, drinking, cruising. The forms precipitate the situation and sculpt the event.

Back in the galleries, the only exhibit that can compete on the interactive front is *Splat,* a room in which visitors dip their bare feet in pigments, push off on a swing, and paint a wall with their soles. The mural blossoms over time, like an action painting or a Situationist event. The idea was actually devised by a 10-year-old and implemented by Fly By Productions, under the direction of Carola Dertnig, with Marjorie Ortiz, Lori Reinauer, and Pia Moos. Picasso spent a lifetime cultivating the inner child. Between *Splat* and *Dunescape,* you leave P.S. 1 feeling 10 again. ■

Joseph Giovannini's reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Smart City *continued from page 55*

low tips, perhaps because, with an unsympathetic TLC and a high-risk job environment, cheap tippers are the least of their problems. Says a three-year vet named Joseph: "A bad passenger is the one who doesn't tip, a worse passenger is the one who doesn't pay, and the very worst is the one who sticks a gun in your ear."

If you often work late and take a company-paid car service home, you probably don't tip, figuring it's somehow included in the price. It almost never is. And if you use vouchers and have been writing in a tip, you may be wasting your time—many companies refuse to pay such tips when the monthly bill comes around. An optional $2 to $5, depending on distance, should do.

Creative Tipping

The first lesson to learn about bribery is that flattery works. "Compliments are absolutely amazing pieces of communication," says Dr. Kelton Rhoads, a social psychologist and persuasion expert who offers influence consultation through his Website, Influenceatwork.com. "If I compliment you, [even] if you know that I'm kissing up, amazingly, studies have shown it will still affect your behavior on my behalf." The second thing to remember is that rare is the situation that can't be improved by a discreet show of appreciation. One Upper East Side mother, upon learning that her kids' private-school bus stopped six blocks away from her building, wondered how stops were assigned. It remained an open question until Christmas, when she tipped her children's driver $50. At the start of the new year, the bus suddenly had a new designated stop right on their street.

Then there are the situations where bribes are practically a tradition. Next time you're stuck in cumulus-level seats at the ballgame, stroll down to the lower deck and explain to the usher or security guard on duty that you forgot your binoculars, and might there be anything open in his section? A tenner folded against your ticket will usually do the trick.

But the most important thing to remember about bribing (or tipping, for that matter) is that, just as on *Dance Fever,* you get points for style. Not long ago, a friend of mine was waiting in line at a chichi SoHo club behind a gorgeous woman and her frumpily dressed date. The bouncer waved the knockout right in but stopped her companion with a curt "Sorry, no jeans." Rather than throw a fit, the man coolly produced a fifty and said, "I think if you look more closely you'll see that these aren't jeans. They're blue cotton trousers." ■

CLASSICAL MUSIC **PETER G. DAVIS**

Blessedly Bach

Inevitably, Mozart begins to recede from the festival named for him, yet the organizers keep finding new ways to stay vital and true to Wolfgang.

COULD MOZART'S POPULARITY BE SLIPPING? By my calculation, only about a third of this summer's **Mostly Mozart Festival** is devoted to Wolfgang Amadeus, perhaps even less if one is measuring by the stopwatch. I suppose that was only inevitable for an annual event now in its thirty-fourth year and built around one man's music—especially after the relentless march through the complete Mozart beginning in 1991, the bicentennial of the beloved Amadeus's death. Right now it is Bach who is getting the lion's share of attention, in honor of his passing 250 years ago. The Bach celebrations will gather momentum during the coming two weeks, culminating in two choral programs by Philippe Herreweghe's Collegium Vocale Gent in its U.S. debut. For fans of this estimable ensemble's many recordings, the performance of the B-minor Mass on August 21 must look like the festival's main attraction.

Keeping Mostly Mozart fresh and vital without upsetting a winning formula has been a continual challenge, one that Gerard Schwarz, the festival's music director, and Jane S. Moss, Lincoln Center's vice-president in charge of programming, have vigorously addressed over the years and with a fair amount of success. Guest appearances by famous period-instrument groups like the Collegium Vocale Gent have done much to enliven the fare; New York has been slow to foster such ensembles of its own, even though audiences materialize in quantity whenever one visits from Europe. This summer's first arrival, from London, appeared during opening week: the grandly named Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, under the leadership of Catherine Mackintosh.

The orchestra's program appropriately focused on the British Baroque, an era of flourishing creativity just before the curtain fell and England was to become known as the land without music for more than a century. The genius of the age was Henry Purcell (1659–1695), who surely would have developed into a major opera composer had there been any native tradition for him to key into. Necessity forced him to remain a miniaturist in that area, and he provided incidental music for some 40 stage plays. The nine instrumental pieces written for *The Virtuous Wife* are typically Purcellian, pungent, zestful, and brimming with dramatic life. From the next generation, we had a savory taste of William Boyce (Symphony No. 8) and two Britishers by adoption: Handel (Concerto Grosso, Op. 6, No. 8) and Pietro Castrucci, an Italian violinist-composer imported by Handel to play in his London opera orchestra (Concerto Grosso in D minor).

The performances were enchanting. There are so many period-instrument groups at work these days that it's becoming possible to distinguish them by their individual styles. As a mostly player-led ensemble that functions without a permanent conductor, the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment cultivates a winning flexibility and easy adaptability that embraces a huge repertory extending into the Classical era, through the Romantics, and up to Tchaikovsky; next year, with Roger Norrington on the podium, the orchestra even plans to tackle Mahler. It should be an interesting project, especially if the orchestra brings to it the sort of care for detail, exquisite instrumental blend, and rhythmic vitality that made this evening in Alice Tully Hall so invigorating.

Another ingredient that has kept Mostly Mozart alive and a commercial success over the years is its consistent pursuit of famous guest soloists with proven box-office appeal. No doubt the sold-out signs at the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment concert had something to do with the prospect of hearing five Handel arias sung by David Daniels, perhaps the first countertenor ever to cross over and receive full star treatment. His appeal begins with a compelling stage presence that even ears normally allergic to male sopranos

(continued on page 62)

High note: Countertenor David Daniels, singing Handel with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment at Mostly Mozart.

Photograph by Steve J. Sherman.

RESTAURANTS HAL RUBENSTEIN

Two's Company

If 222 is perfect for romantic tête-à-têtes and intimate celebrations, it's because sometimes elegant food and perfect presentation just aren't enough.

"IT'S MY ANNIVERSARY NEXT WEEK," SAYS A friend. "You love Jean Georges, right?"

"You bet," I say. "Though maybe not for an anniversary."

"Why not?" she asks. "My husband's never been, and he's dying to go!"

"Then, by all means," I reply. But I think she should know that I prefer someplace a bit more intimate and romantic, somewhere you're tempted to play footsie under the table. Jean Georges is so deliberately constructed as a showcase for chef Vongerichten's apparently limitless culinary skills that to engage it as a backdrop for even the most cursory of PDAs (public displays of affection, for those either too young or too old) feels kind of sacrilegious, like copping a feel during High Mass.

"Well, I already made the reservation," she snaps. "So we're going!"

Never overestimate the power of good advice.

"So how'd it go?" I ask the day after.

"The meal was incredible," she replies with a smile so tight you couldn't jam a straw through it.

"Glad to hear it," say I, nodding blankly, knowing I'll soon be sorry I ever asked in the first place.

Sure enough, she unleashes it all. "Except my husband barely touched me. Every two seconds, someone was bowing or carving or pouring or crumbing or fussing. It was like having guests. We were never alone. Why didn't you tell me the evening wasn't ever going to be about me? It was all about the damned food."

That's not fair. It's too easy to blame the lithe, white-jacketed Frenchmen for not turning up the heat in their dining rooms to match the fire in their rotisseries. Because, frankly, diners are forever guilty of expecting great restaurants to do double time as candlelit Casbahs and are forever winding up crushed and dismayed upon realizing that even if the fare is nectar for the gods, Eros is a no-show.

The fact is, the phrase *Isn't it romantic?* gets sung more times a year at the Café Carlyle than it gets intoned in restaurants throughout this city, and while New York is virtually littered with great food and impressive rooms, it is achingly light on seductive settings—places so cozy it would make a business meeting uncomfortable, with enough nooks and corners to entice you to say everything in a whisper, where candles are placed to flatter and the food, more lush than luxe, is served by people who know how to turn on the charm, then turn on a dime and mystically disappear. And one more thing: A romantic spot, like seduction—or maybe even love itself—*should* appear a little foolish. For those aiming to swoon, it's funny how the too precious somehow becomes totally endearing.

There are snow globes on each table at **222**, and they're all different. Glass-encased polar bears, skaters, and dancers, forever enswirled in the strains of "Lara's Theme" and "New York, New York." Sounds silly, don't it? Well, I was with the right person, so I was a goner in about two minutes. There is also an extraordinary collection of Barbie dolls along the corridor. But 222 is not high-camp-ground. These are only two of many elements that await whoever opens its unobtrusive basement door to discover this deliciously weird amalgam of country inn, wood-paneled boudoir, and gypsy tea room.

Healthy it may be, but sushi is not a turn-on. So damned if 222 doesn't strive for succulence and overkill on its menu wherever possible, like the kind of table-for-two dinners Rhoda couldn't believe Mary would try to fix for a beau coming over. Of course mesclun salad has to have wild mushrooms. "Meltingly soft" (says the

Tryst in me: Food isn't the whole story at 222, where atmosphere and excess rule.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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Davis *continued from page 60*

pick up on. Putting that aside and simply listening to the sound itself, one hears a voice of remarkable purity and tonal beauty along with a command of style and color that any singer would kill for. On this occasion Daniels seemed reluctant to knock his fans sideways with his coloratura facility—there was only one real bravura showstopper—but in some ways his liquid legato phrasing and extraordinary breath control in a lyrically contemplative Handel aria is even more awesome.

PERHAPS THE MOST VALUABLE FEATURE OF Mostly Mozart over the years has been the pride of place accorded to the composer's piano concertos. The parade of pianists tending to these fabulous scores has always been a distinguished one, and at their head is Alicia de Larrocha, nowadays as famous for her Mozart playing as for her inimitable way with the Spanish repertory. Since De Larrocha had seemed somewhat out of sorts the last couple of times I caught her at Mostly Mozart, I was happy to hear her back in form for the youthful Concerto No. 9 (K. 271). The performance had all of her familiar virtues: superb digital poise and clarity, a bracing rhythmic lift, and an affectionate turn of phrase in every measure. Peter Serkin was no less admirable in Concerto No. 19 (K. 459), a finely chiseled interpretation that caught the music's exuberant, upbeat spirit to perfection.

I don't want to shortchange one last essential Mostly Mozart asset: Gerard Schwarz's inventive programming ideas, which always give an audience something to chew on whether or not the subject relates directly to Mozart. In the opening week, for example, the conductor focused on the Second Viennese School's romance with the Baroque by offering Anton Webern's orchestration of the six-part ricercata from Bach's *Musical Offering* and Arnold Schoenberg's adaptation of Handel's Concerto Grosso, Op. 6, No. 7, for string quartet and orchestra. Both of these appealing reworkings tell us a great deal about the two composers' own creative priorities: Webern's obsessive concern with vertical order, articulation, and instrumental color, and Schoenberg's fascination with reinterpreting traditional German Classical form to suit his own theories of future shock. Beyond that, each listener-friendly piece is a dazzling tour de force of compositional and orchestrational ingenuity, music that even Schoenberg-haters might be able to love. ■

Peter G. Davis's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

menu) broccoli is slathered in Bucheron goat cheese. Escargots are baked in Pernod, butter, fennel, and duxelles of mushrooms. Crabmeat is "jumbo," shrimps are labeled "colossal," oysters are "plump," and foie gras is drenched in currants and cassis. Naturally, Beluga comes with crème fraîche, and right now white truffles are being offered atop every dish, though preparations are already layered enough. Truffles actually go with none of them. (Have them on the side.) True, the fare may be no match for Jean Georges's, but there is something so sensual and cheekily naughty about eating such fragrantly gooey goat cheese, lapping up a squirt of luxuriant oyster juice, or being fed one of those big sweet shrimp in sugar-and-spice sauce that you'd swear Kim Cattrall's character in *Sex and the City* had a table here with her name on it.

Penne is awash in dense wild-mushroom ragú, a char-grilled sea bass is bathed in a spry puttanesca, a thick prime rib happily drowns in Madeira, a rack of Colorado prime lamb sits in a broth of well-balanced mint and garlic, salmon is crispy-skinned in a balsamic reduction, and one order of risotto boasts enough lobster and lump crabmeat to feed all the early birds at a Red Lobster. Each of these dishes is good, though each could be better with a little less of everything.

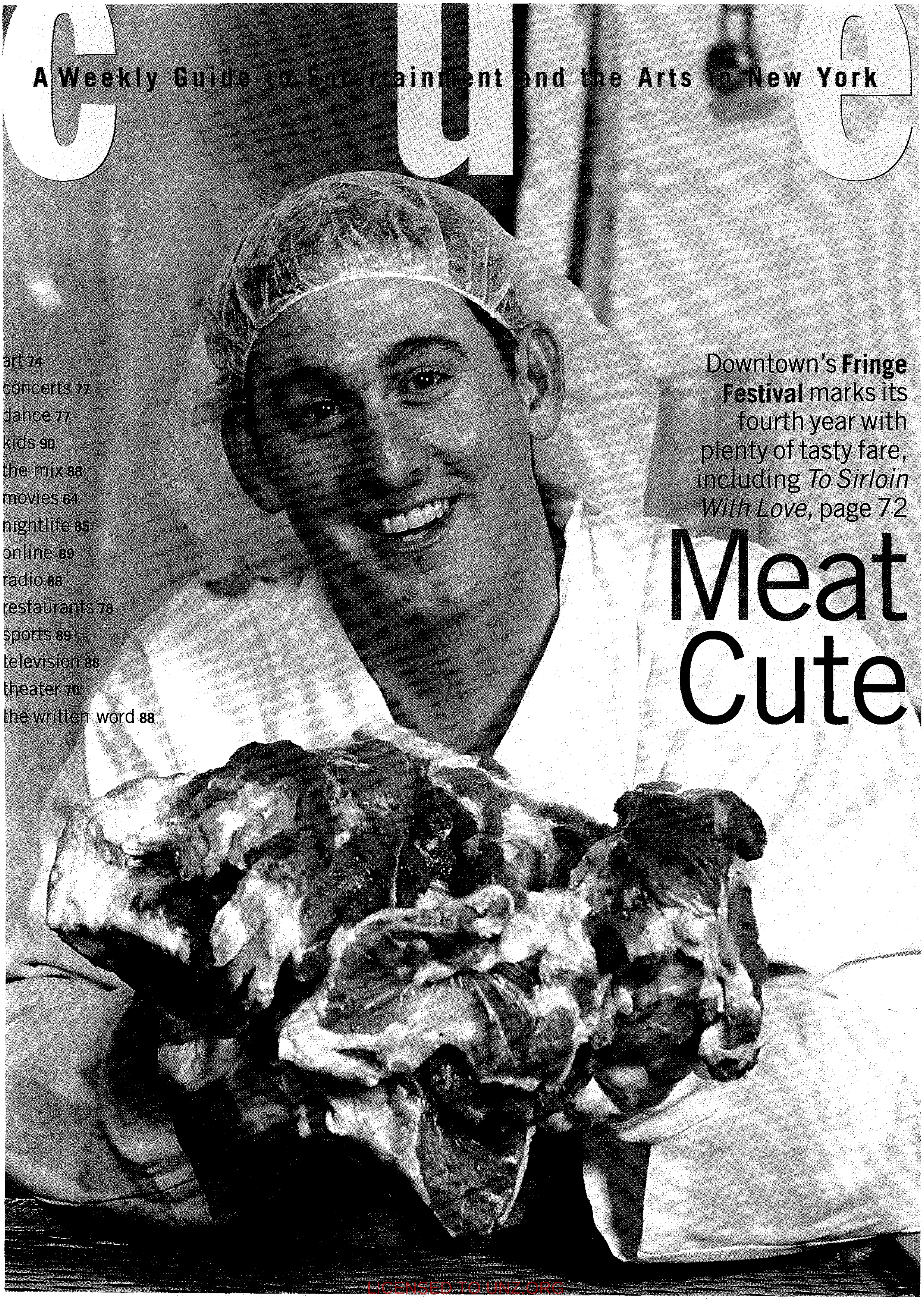
But that would be missing the point. In fact, the simpler dishes, like a sushi-rare tuna in mirin or an open-fired breast of duck in a lighter-than-expected orange sauce, seem out of place. They stir up no pheromones, provoke no finger-sucking. Perhaps they should be banished. Desserts, however, are exactly what they should be: creamy, flaky, chocolatey, dotted with berries, swirled in spun sugar. Except the place really is desperately in need of a hot-fudge sundae.

The place must be Heaven in the winter. It must be lovely as antique lace on New Year's Eve. The people who work here are as kind as your favorite relatives. If you're proud of your cynicism, don't come here to make fun. The other guests don't deserve it. If you're willing to be goofy in order to make someone happy, you're going to start giggling in ten minutes and end up nestled in someone's neck. And if you can never find the right place to start an affair, welcome home. Clandestinity has its place. If you're smart, it's sitting at 222 right next to you.

222, 222 West 79th Street (212-799-0400). Dinner only, Monday through Saturday, 5 P.M. to 10:30 P.M. Appetizers, $12 to $35; entrées, $24 to $45. All major credit cards. ■

Hal Rubenstein's 1998–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Cue
A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



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Downtown's **Fringe Festival** marks its fourth year with plenty of tasty fare, including *To Sirloin With Love*, page 72

Meat Cute

movies

Ramblin' Jack...*Godzilla 2000*...*Ran* Returns

New Films

The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle—Mildly enjoyable live-action and animation big-screen update of the Jay Ward TV show. It's not quite kiddie-ish enough for the kiddies and not quite brainy enough for their parents. Jason Alexander and Rene Russo star as Boris and Natasha; Robert De Niro, who looks like he's on a much-needed actor's holiday, plays Fearless Leader. (Rainer; 7/17/00) (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Main Street Cinemas.*

Aimée & Jaguar—The true story of Lilly Wust and Felice Schragenheim (Juliane Kohler and Marie Schrader, respectively), who were lovers in the middle of Nazi Germany despite the fact that one was a member of the Jewish underground and the other an exemplar of Nazi motherhood. Based on Erica Fischer's best-selling book of the same name. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Alice and Martin—Andre Téchiné has one of the most rapturous film techniques around, but this *amour fou* is mostly play-act passion. Alice (Juliette Binoche) is a violinist in Paris who gets turned on by the turmoils of Martin (Alexis Loret), a male model who is running away from his past. Both actors have an opaqueness that undercuts the lyricism. (Rainer; 7/31/00) (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG) *Cinema Village; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

An Affair of Love—Frédéric Fonteyne's film involves two strangers (Nathalie Baye and Sergi Lopez) who meet through a personal ad in order to explore their mutual fetish. Instead of watching their kinky pecadilloes, we're privy to several long monologues about how lonely love can be for urban dwellers. (1 hr. 20 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Autumn in New York—Richard Gere plays the distinguished lover of a young, irrepressible girl (Winona Ryder). Their love is bigger than either of them—until one big secret threatens to destroy it all. (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's Beekman; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Bay Plaza; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Benjamin Smoke—Jem Cohen and Peter Sillen's compelling documentary about Benjamin (no last name), a speed-addled, HIV-positive drag queen who fronts a punk-country-blues band called Smoke. (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

Bless the Child—Maggie O'Connor (Kim Basinger) doesn't have time on her hands to consider the supernatural—until she takes under her wing an autistic newborn (Holliston Coleman) whose soul is caught up in a metaphysical battle between the forces of good and of evil. Jimmy Smits plays the FBI agent with an encyclopedic knowledge of all things occult. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

Blood Simple—The Coen brothers' audacious debut, about a green-eyed Texas bar owner who puts a contract out on his wife and her lover, returns in a trimmed-down director's cut. Starring John Getz, Frances McDormand, and Dan Hedaya. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Clearview's 59th Street East.*

Opening
Wassup', Tokyo?

Americans, do not panic! *Godzilla 2000* is not a follow-up to the less-than-sterling (in fact, appalling) 1998 rehash from the *Independence Day* mavericks who tried to turn the phrase *Size does matter* into the next *Show me the money!* Instead, this authentic Japanese installment, twenty-third in the saga, finds the incorrigible reptile with the glued-on dorsal fins battling a brand-new nemesis: Orga (a.k.a. Giant Alien Millennian). Begins August 18.

But I'm a Cheerleader—The tale of a teenage girl (Natasha Lyonne) whose high-school friends become convinced she's a lesbian after learning she likes Georgia O'Keeffe, hates kissing her boyfriend, and doesn't eat meat. (1 hr. 24 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Loews State; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Butterfly—This film—a huge hit at the Sundance Film Festival as well as the recipient of thirteen Goya (Spanish Oscar) nominations—stars Spanish megastar Fernando Fernán-Gómez as a kindly schoolmaster who helps a timid new student adapt both to his campus and to the world around him. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Paris Theatre; Cinemart.*

Cecil B. Demented—See Rainer, page 57. (1 hr. 28. mins; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

The Cell—A child therapist (Jennifer Lopez) involved in a revolutionary research program is politely invited into the mind of a comatose serial killer (Vincent D'Onofrio) in the hope of rescuing his latest victim. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R). *Opens 8/18.*

★**Chicken Run**—The Bristol, England–based Aardman Studios have fashioned their first feature-length claymation movie, and it's a pip: a prison-break movie starring chickens, a kind of egg-layer *Stalag 17*. The concept itself is funny, but co-directors Nick Park and Peter Lord bring in a lot more, including an assortment of hens who together make up a panorama of British spinsterhood. Mel Gibson is the voice of the Rhode Island rooster who helps with the rescue, and he's jauntier here than he is in *The Patriot*. (Rainer; 7/10/00) (1 hr. 33 mins.; G) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Chuck & Buck—Buck (Mike White) is a 27-year-old man-child who sucks lollipops and listens to old LPs; Chuck (Chris Weitz), his childhood friend, is a successful L.A. record executive. When Chuck attempts to reunite with his old chum by moving close to him and stalking him and propositioning him, the film turns into a demento erotic thriller. Unfortunately, Chuck is the inner-child hero of the piece, and what's disturbing about him soon dissipates. It's as if we were meant to take dear old Norman Bates as Huck Finn. (Rainer; 7/24/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway.*

Coyote Ugly—An aspiring songwriter from Jersey (Piper Perabo) comes to New York to Make It and, as so often happens in a Jerry Bruckheimer movie, ends up wriggling on a bartop with a bevy of other Barbies while unshaven men slaver and whoop. By comparison, *Flashdance* seems like *Copenhagen*. Dreadful. (Rainer; 8/14/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews*

"Cue" cover photograph by Paola Tagliamente.

42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.

★**Croupier**—Mike Hodges, the much-underrated English director, teams with screenwriter Paul Mayersberg in this sharp, cool drama about a would-be novelist, smashingly played by Clive Owen, who works as a croupier in a posh London casino. (Rainer; 5/1/00) (1 hr. 29 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Disney's The Kid—Bruce Willis stars as a caustic, snide image consultant who magically connects with himself as a chubby 8-year-old (Spencer Breslin) in this gooey, homiletic movie that's all about the virtues of locating one's inner child. Hollywood would be better off trying to locate its inner adult. (Rainer; 7/17/00) (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG) *CC Village East; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill.*

★**East Is East**—The great Indian actor Om Puri towers in this jagged, well-made comedy about a Pakistani father in England trying to cope with his unruly family and his own fundamentalist ways. It could have come across as a mixed-race *Life With Father,* but the complexity of Puri's performance transforms it. (Rainer; 4/24/00) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Sutton.*

The Eyes of Tammy Faye—A mocking, self-satisfied documentary about the weepy evangelist-mascara maven. (1 hr. 19 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Frequency—Jim Caviezal plays a Queens cop who, courtesy of a rip in the space-time continuum and an old ham radio, communicates with his firefighter father (Dennis Quaid), who perished in a blaze in 1969. The radio isn't the only thing that's ham in this misguided hunk of heartfelt mumbo-jumbo. (Rainer; 5/8/00) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai—Forest Whitaker gives a resonant and affecting performance as a hit man who pores over ancient samurai texts in this allusive Jim Jarmusch movie that is by turns irritating and inviting. (Rainer; 3/20/00) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Gimme Shelter—See Rainer, page 57. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR). *Film Forum.*

★**Girl on the Bridge**—Patrice Leconte's stylish, opportunistic romance mixes up everything from Fellini and Ophuls to forties film noir and fairy tales and occultism. Daniel Auteuil plays a has-been knife-thrower, and Vanessa Paradis is his new recruit in the act. They have an intriguing Svengali-Trilby thing going on, and the knife-throwing scenes are so rattling that you leave the theater grateful you weren't nicked. (Rainer; 8/7/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

★**Gladiator**—Ridley Scott's latest is an attempt to make a Roman epic on the scale of *Spartacus* or *Ben-Hur* while, at the same time, presenting us with a hero, Russell Crowe's Maximus, who is monumentally withdrawn. Crowe's intensity holds the film together. As the Roman general who becomes a slave and then a gladiator and a folk hero, he radiates a force field thicker than any armor. Richard Harris, Joaquin Phoenix, and, in his last role, Oliver Reed contribute some entertaining moments. (Rainer; 5/15/00) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Hollow Man—Hollow movie. Kevin Bacon plays a mad scientist who gets even madder when he injects himself with a serum that causes him to become invisible without, as it turns out, the prospect of once again being visible. Director Paul Verhoeven doesn't play this material for its fun, low-down voyeuristic possibilities; he seems more intent on allegory. The film ends up being nowhere; it's neither Plato nor porno. Most of the time we're stuck in the top-secret lab with Bacon as he fumes and fidgets, which seems a waste of a promising premise. Elisabeth Shue and Josh Brolin co-star, matching dullards. (Rainer; 8/14/00) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

I'm the One That I Want—Margaret Cho's critically acclaimed one-woman show, in which she recounts her grim experiences starring in a fast-canceled ABC sitcom, finally makes it to the big screen. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The In Crowd—Wealthy college students, all members of an upper-crust East Coast country club, take "the new girl" (Lorie Heuring) under their wing—and she soon realizes that there's a *very* dark side to the clique's leader. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Intern—Dominique Swain is Jocelyn, a put-upon intern at *Skirt Magazine,* a high-end glossy helmed by the malignant editor-in-chief (Joan Rivers). Will the lowly peon catch the attention of Paul (Ben Pullen), the hunky—and heterosexual—art director? (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

★**Jesus' Son**—Billy Crudup and Samantha Morton are marvelous in this uneven adaptation of Denis Johnson's episodic book about a saintly stoner. The director, Alison Maclean, has a fine, intuitive way with actors and a gift for portraying poetic disarray, but much of the movie has a seventies-era scruffiness that often tails off into sentimentality and oh-wowness. (Rainer; 7/3/00) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *UA Union Square.*

Loser—Amy Heckerling's next film after *Clueless* is about two sweet college ne'er-do-wells, played by Jason Biggs and Mena Suvari, who finally discover how right they are for each other. It takes them too long. (Rainer; 8/7/00) (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13) *Loews State.*

★**Me, Myself & Irene**—Not as many classic bad-taste moments as previous Farrelly Brothers outings, but Jim Carrey, playing a Rhode Island cop with a split personality, is at his frenzied near-best. Half Milquetoast, the other half insanely bullying, he's a whirling dervish of a performer who probably could have added on another four personalities to the mix without breaking a sweat. Renee Zellweger is his comic foil, and she's a bit bland. (7/10/00) (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; UA Astoria.*

Mission: Impossible 2—Tom Cruise is back in this James Bond–ish sequel with mythic overtones courtesy of director John Woo. (Rainer; 6/5/00) (2 hrs., 6 mins.; PG-13) *Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

★**Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps**—Eddie Murphy once again divides himself up into an entire family, and he gives an extraordinarily rich performance in what is otherwise a gross-out teen pic. His ripening artistry deserves a better movie. (Rainer; 8/14/00) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

The Patriot—Mel Gibson is the widowed Colonial patriarch who at first opposes fighting the British and then practically becomes a Revolutionary War ninja in this melodramatic battle epic that, in tone, at times resembles a cross between *Little House on the Prairie* and *Gladiator.* The plotting is basic: Someone is killed, then revenged, followed by more killing and more revenging. It works fitfully, but turning the anthem of American liberty into a battleground fit for a Sega computer game is a bit much. The British come across about as bad in this film as they ever have, while the French, usually a bunch of Pepe Le Pews in our movies, are the good guys. (Rainer; 7/10/00) (2 hrs. 40 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; UA Gemini; Sony Lincoln Square; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Opening

Sticky Fingers

Will there be scores of Oregon anarchists fleeing the projection booths with tins of film at the premiere of 'Steal This Movie!'? Abbie Hoffman's biography 'Steal This Book' meanders to the big screen, starring Vincent D'Onofrio as the radical sixties activist, and grumpy Janeane Garofalo as his equally politically inclined wife. Begins August 18.

Photograph by David Milne.

The Perfect Storm—Wolfgang Petersen's epic based on the Sebastian Junger nonfiction best-seller has an impressive assortment of computer-generated waves and lots of men yelling to be heard above the sound of those waves. George Clooney plays the skipper of a swordfishing ship that heads out from Gloucester into perhaps the worst nautical storm ever recorded. His thin dark beard goes grayish as the waves hit. Except as spectacle, the film isn't much. The mythic-heroic stuff lacks an undercurrent, and you keep asking yourself why these men are risking so much when there's an easy way out. Mark Wahlberg, Diane Lane, and John C. Reilly co-star. (Rainer; 7/10/00) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Pokémon The Movie 2000—Those ubiquitous Japanese action figures make their inevitable return to the big screen. (1 hr. 54 mins.; G) *Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Psycho Beach Party—Charles Busch stars in and co-wrote this satire about a 16-year-old beach babe (Lauren Abrose) who suffers from multiple-personality disorder and might be a cold-blooded killer. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; CC Sutton.*

The Replacements—Anyone for more "football equals life" metaphors? Gene Hackman plays a "legendary football coach" who is asked to recruit a team of replacements after the Washington Sentinels go on strike. Keanu Reeves plays one of the ordinary, everyday guys recruited. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Canarsie; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

RiFiFi—All but unseen since its 1955 release, Jules Dassin's triumphantly amoral crime thriller boasts, among other things, a 30-minute robbery scene sans music or dialogue. (1 hr. 58 mins.; NR) *Film Forum; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Road Trip—A raunchy comedy that aims, apparently, to outdo *American Pie* finds four friends traveling 1,800 miles in search of a smutty videotape accidentally mailed to one of their girlfriends. Co-stars Beckin Meyer, Tom Green, and Andy Dick. (1 hr., 45 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Saving Grace—Brenda Blethyn stars as Grace, a dottering old widow who, faced with a huge debt and the possibility of losing her house, comes up with a scheme to transform her garden into a veritable hemp highway. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; UA East; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Scary Movie—A half-baked satire of modern teen splatter flicks from Keenan Ivory Wayans. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Crown Gotham; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Shaft—John Singleton's new version of the seventies blaxploitation hit stars Samuel L. Jackson in the Richard Roundtree role. Like its predecessor, the film seems to really be about stylishness as a form of militancy. Jackson is so burned up about everything that he never has time to be a sex machine, and so the Isaac Hayes theme song sounds more like a taunt than a tribute. (Rainer; 7/3/00) (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Loews 42nd Street E Walk.*

Shower—A bittersweet examination of Chinese culture takes place in a public bathhouse about to be closed down by a young entrepreneur. (1 hr., 32 mins.; PG-13) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Small Time Crooks—Woody Allen and Tracey Ullman are a working-class Manhattan couple on the shady side of the law who strike it rich. Allen plays up the comedy of nouveau riche bad taste, but his comic affinities are elsewhere; most of what we see here is labored. Best reason to go: Elaine May's marvelous turn as a holy-fool dimwit. (Rainer; 5/29/00) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Loews State.*

Space Cowboys—Clint Eastwood stars in and directs this over-the-hill-gang buddyfest starring himself, James Garner, Tommy Lee Jones, and Donald Sutherland as ex–Air Force pilots who, 40 years after they were screwed by NASA, finally get their shot on a space mission. (They have to fix a Russian satellite!) It's genial at times, but the movie-star cronyism gets in the way of your enjoyment, and theres no bliss in this film's view of outer space. The old astronauts might as well be day laborers at the planetarium. (Rainer; 8/14/00) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Opening

Black Comedy

Not to be confused with the film in which a half-clad Sandra Bernhard straps Jerry Lewis to a chair, *The Original Kings of Comedy* finds Spike Lee taking a swing at the stand-up-comedy concert genre. A huge moneymaker since its debut in 1997, the "Kings of Comedy" concert tour features the likes of jokesters Steve Harvey, D. L. Hughley, Bernie Mac, and Cedric the Entertainer—who quips on the chances of getting a black president: "Clinton is the closest that we're gonna get." Begins August 18.

★**Sunshine**—Istvan Szábó's highly uneven, sprawling yet schematic epic encompasses three generations of a Jewish Hungarian family, as well as most of the political horrors of the twentieth century. Szábó's movies, most famously *Mephisto* and *Colonel Redl,* are all about the bloody confluence of politics and matters of the heart. He's fascinated by the fatalism of history and by the ways in which people fight the inevitability of their fate. His new film carries on these themes on an even broader canvas, but often he seems to be inflating the usual recriminations and capitulations of a family by placing it against the Holocaust and the gulags. Ralph Fiennes plays three separate roles, but he's too refined, too Dirk Bogarde–ish, to hold this behemoth of a movie together. (Rainer; 6/19/00) (3 hrs; NR) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Kew Gardens Cinemas; North Shore Towers.*

The Tao of Steve—In Jenniphr Goodman's directorial debut, Donal Logue plays Dex, a way-overweight rogue who still manages to be lucky with the ladies despite his size-44 jeans. Greer Goodman plays Syd, the one woman who's seemingly insusceptible to his charms. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Up at the Villa—Enervated adaptation of the Somerset Maugham novella about murder and romance, set in Fascist Tuscany and starring Sean Penn and Kristin Scott Thomas as unlikely conspirators. (Rainer; 5/15/00) (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Cobble Hill.*

The Virgin Suicides—The material—five suburban adolescent girls kill themselves off, poetically, inexplicably—is perhaps too woozy for the rueful, mythological treatment it gets here, but debut director Sofia Coppola has a fine, fresh eye and a way with actors, among them Kirsten Dunst, James Woods, and Kathleen Turner. (Rainer; 5/1/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *CC Village East.*

★**What Lies Beneath**—Crude scare-picture pulp done up in big-movie-star trappings. Michelle Pfeiffer plays a woman who believes the inherited Vermont home she shares with her scientist husband (Harrison Ford) is spook-infested. The director, Robert Zemeckis, draws on a whole stable of woman-in-peril warhorses, from *Gaslight* to *Wait Until Dark;* he lifts from Hitchock and *Fatal Attraction* and much more. The results are effective without being very interesting: It is not such a great achievement, in the end, to make audiences jump on cue; even the teen horror cheapies are pretty adept at it, if nothing else. But Michelle Pfeiffer's performance is something to see. Terror seems to turn her wraithlike. (Rainer; 7/24/00) (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Wonderland—Michael Winterbottom puts a lot of kitchen-sink realism to work on a rather shopworn multi-story scenario about all the lonely people looking for love in the big city, in this case South London. Gina McKee and Shirley Henderson put some spice in the gruel. (Rainer; 8/7/00) (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *CC Village East; CC Eastside Playhouse.*

Photograph by Craig Blankenhorn.

Revivals
Ran, Don't Walk

'Ran,' Akira Kurosawa's twenty-seventh film, took more than ten years to make and cost upwards of $11.5 million. The highly acclaimed epic, which melds aspects of Shakespeare's 'King Lear' with the history of Japan's sixteenth-century civil wars, celebrates its fifteenth anniversary this week. Winstar Cinema commemorates the occasion with the rerelease of a new 35-mm. print (and shiny new DVD version), beginning August 18.

★X-Men—Bryan Singer's cinematic transciption of the Marvel Comic mainstay has intermittent, balled-up power. It's a rarity, a comic-book-derived movie with a satisfying visual style and protagonists you want to watch. The X-Men include Wolverine (Hugh Jackman), Rogue (Anna Paquin), Cyclops (James Marsden), and their fearless leader Professor Xavier (Patrick Stewart), while their supermutant antagonists include Ian McKellan's Magneto and Toad (Ray Park), who can flick his twelve-foot tongue like it was a lasso. Adolescents, and probably not a few adults, will appreciate the film's celebration of being different. We're not dorks, after all—we're the next stage in evolution. (Rainer; 7/24/00) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea West; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; UA Gemini; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave., at W. 12th St. (212-929-3350) *Gladiator; Shanghai Noon.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *Cecil B. Demented; Chuck & Buck; The Opportunists; Saving Grace; The Girl on the Bridge; The Tao of Steve.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (212-529-6799) *But I'm a Cheerleader; Butterfly; Disney's The Kid; Sunset Strip; Sunshine; The Virgin Suicides; Wonderland; X-Men.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *Alice and Martin; The Tic Code; Time Regained.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *Autumn in New York; The Klumps; Nutty Professor 2.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) "The Films of Jay Rosenblatt"; *RiFiFi.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *Bless the Child; Hollow Man; The Replacements; What Lies Beneath.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Aimée & Jaguar; The Eyes of Tammy Faye; I'm the One That I Want; Psycho Beach Party.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (212-334-2100) *Benjamin Smoke; Croupier; Intern.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *Autumn in New York; Chicken Run; Coyote Ugly; Jesus' Son; Me, Myself & Irene; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Patriot; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys; Thomas and the Magic Railroad.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *Chicken Run; Gladiator; Shower; Sunshine; X-Men.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *Autumn in New York; Coyote Ugly; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Saving Grace; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *X-Men.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *Bless the Child; Hollow Man; The Replacements; What Lies Beneath.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *Autumn in New York; Bless the Child; Coyote Ugly; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Perfect Storm; The Replacements; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys; What Lies Beneath.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *Coyote Ugly; Saving Grace.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *Scary Movie.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *Wonderland.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *East Is East; Psycho Beach Party.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Blood Simple.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *X-Men.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; American Psycho; Final Destination; Frequency; Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai; Love and Basketball; Road Trip.*

Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#572) *Coyote Ugly; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Perfect Storm; The Replacements; Scary Movie; Shaft.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *What Lies Beneath.*

Loews Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Space Cowboys.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *But I'm a Cheerleader; High Fidelity; Loser; Shanghai Noon; Small Time Crooks.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Butterfly.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Coyote Ugly; Disney's The Kid; The Replacements.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *Autumn in New York.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *Chicken Run; Croupier; East-West; The Eyes of Tammy Faye; Girl on the Bridge; Gladiator; The Perfect Storm; Sunshine; Thomas and the Magic Railroad.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Autumn in New York; X-Men.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Bless the Child.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *The Replacements; What Lies Beneath.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Bless the Child; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys; What Lies Beneath.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *Saving Grace.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *Hollow Man; The Patriot; X-Men.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Chuck & Buck.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Hollow Man; Space Cowboys.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; What Lies Beneath.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *Alice and Martin; An Affair of Love; Croupier; RiFiFi; Shower; The Tao of Steve; The Wind Will Carry Us.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *Bless the Child; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *Bless the Child; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Chicken Run; Coyote Ugly; Disney's*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

Photograph courtesy of Winstar Cinema.

The Kid; Gladiator; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; The Replacements; Saving Grace; Space Cowboys; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath.

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *Autumn in New York; Bless the Child; Coyote Ugly; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Pokémon The Movie 2000; The Replacements; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *Coyote Ugly; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *Coyote Ugly; Disney's The Kid; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *But I'm a Cheerleader; Croupier; The Eyes of Tammy Faye; Girl on the Bridge.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Disney's The Kid; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; Up at the Villa.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *Bless the Child; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *Bless the Child; Chicken Run; Coyote Ugly; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Pokémon The Movie 2000; The Replacements; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *Autumn in New York; Bless the Child; Coyote Ugly; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Pokémon The Movie 2000; The Replacements; Space Cowboys; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *Autumn in New York; Bless the Child; Hollow Man; The Replacements; X-Men.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements; What Lies Beneath.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) *Autumn in New York; Bless the Child; Coyote Ugly; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements; Space Cowboys; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Queens

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *Bless the Child; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements; Space Cowboys.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *Butterfly; Coyote Ugly; Hollow Man; Scary Movie.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *Autumn in New York; Bless the Child; Chicken Run; Coyote Ugly; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *Bless the Child; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *The In Crowd; Kunwara; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Scary Movie; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *Bless the Child; Chicken Run; Gladiator; I'm the One That I Want; The Patriot; Pokémon The Movie 2000; Shower; Sunshine.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Bless the Child; Coyote Ugly; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Pokémon The Movie 2000; The Replacements; Space Cowboys; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *Sunshine.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *Autumn in New York; The Replacements.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *Autumn in New York; Bless the Child; Hollow Man; Me, Myself & Irene; Pokémon The Movie 2000.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *Autumn in New York; The Perfect Storm; Thomas and the Magic Railroad.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *Bless the Child; Hollow Man; X-Men.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *Autumn in New York; Coyote Ugly; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Pokémon The Movie 2000; The Replacements; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys; What Lies Beneath.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements; Space Cowboys; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *Bless the Child; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; X-Men.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *Autumn in New York; Bless the Child; Coyote Ugly; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Replacements; X-Men.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *Autumn in New York; Bless the Child; Coyote Ugly; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; The Replacements; Space Cowboys; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *Bless the Child; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; Space Cowboys; What Lies Beneath.*

Documentary

Not Quite Born a Ramblin' Man

Ramblin' Jack Elliot (pictured) might be the only Grammy-winning folk-music cowboy legend ever to have come from an upwardly mobile Jewish family in Brooklyn. "The only thing good I can say about Brooklyn," he volunteered during a brief visit to New York from his current stomping grounds in Northern California, "is that's where I met my first cowboy." What happened after that chance encounter is the subject of *The Ballad of Ramblin' Jack*, a documentary directed and co-written by his daughter Aiyana. After running away from home to join the rodeo at age 15, Elliot became Woody Guthrie's protégé and, eventually, an eager participant in the folk revolution that ignited in the early sixties. "I originally set out to tell the tale of my dad's epic life," says Aiyana, "and to contextualize him in the history of folk music." However, as she interviewed her father's numerous ex-wives, friends, and the man himself, the project changed. "It also became *my* story," she says, "the story of what it was like for me to grow up as a kid with a father who was always on the road." Elliot is more or less pleased with the outcome—"except," he admits, "for the parts where Aiyana is personally interviewing me. I sure could've handled that a bit better. I've driven gasoline trucks, scuba-dived, climbed mountains. Flown in small airplanes. Rock-climbed. But I still get all nerve-racked being in front of a little camera." As for his favorite scene? "Well, that old stuff I didn't know existed . . . the scenes where I'm all of 3 years old." The old footage definitely suggests Ramblin' Jack was born into the wrong family on the wrong side of the country: He's on the front porch in Brooklyn, hopping around on all fours, pretending to be a horse. *The Ballad of Ramblin' Jack* begins August 16. **Derek de Koff**

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum.

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *Autumn in New York; Bless the Child; Coyote Ugly; Hollow Man; Nutty Professor 2: The Klumps; The Perfect Storm; Pokémon The Movie 2000; The Replacements; Scary Movie; Space Cowboys; Thomas and the Magic Railroad; What Lies Beneath; X-Men.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 9/3: "Behind the Mirror: American Films in the 1950's." 8/14: *The Defiant Ones* (1958); *Odds Against Tomorrow* (1959). 8/14: *The Defiant Ones* (1958); *Odds Against Tomorrow* (1959). "Repertory Nights: New Prints of Classic Movies." 8/19–8/20: *Les Bonnes Femmes* (1960). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—8/16: "New Filmmakers Short Film Program." *Lean on Me* (1999); *Concert Joe* (1999). "New Filmmakers Feature Presentation." *Personal Belongings* (1998); *Picture Day* (2000). 8/17– 8/19: "Essential Cinema." *The Birth of a Nation* (1915). 8/20: *In Search of the American Heartland* (1909–1982). 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8.

BAM Rose Cinemas—8/15: *Kanal* (1957). 8/16: *The Front* (1976). 8/17–8/18: *Innocence Unprotected* (1968); *WR: Mysteries of the Organism* (1971). 8/19: *A Better Tomorrow* (1986). 8/20: *Fanny and Alexander* (1982). 8/21: *Velvet Goldmine* (1998). 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

Film Forum—Through 9/14: "The Golden Age of the Foreign Film." 8/15: *Knife in the Water* (1962); *Repulsion* (1965). 8/16: *Tokyo Story* (1953); *Ugetsu* (1953). 8/17: *Children of Paradise* (1945). 8/18–8/19: *Breathless* (1959); *Contempt* (1963). 8/20: *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* (1964); *Viva Maria!* (1965). 8/21: *Mister Hulot's Holiday* (1953); *Mon Oncle* (1958). 209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 8/24: "10th Anniversary Tribute: Milestone Film & Video." 8/15: *Antonio Guadi* (1985); *Why Has Bodhi-Dharma Left for the East?* (1989). 8/16: *Chac: The Rain God* (1974); *I Am Cuba* (1964). 8/17: *Wuthering Heights* (1953); *Maborosi* (1995). 8/18: *Why Has Bodhi-Dharma Left for the East?* 8/19: *Pastor Hall* (1940); *The Bat Whispers* (1930); *Antonio Gaudi* (1985). 8/20: *Antonio Gaudi; Amarilly of Clothesline Alley* (1918); *Grass: A Nation's Battle for Life* (1925). 8/21: *Pastor Hall.* 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $8.50, $5 members, $4.50 seniors, $3 "Movies for Kids."

Museum of Modern Art—8/15: *Duel in the Sun* (1946); *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp* (1943). 8/17: *The Red Shoes* (1948); *Black Narcissus* (1947). 8/18: *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp; My Neighbors the Yamadas* (1999); *The Red Shoes.* 8/19: *Black Narcissus; Leave Her to Heaven* (1946). 8/20–8/21: *The Big Sleep* (1946); *The Small Black Room* (1949). 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); free with $10 admission, $6.50 students and seniors, no admission fee for children 16 and under when accompanied by an adult.

The Screening Room—"Midnight Blaxploitation Film Series." 8/18–8/19: *Shaft* (1971). "Weekend Classics." 8/20: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961); *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory* (1971). 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $9 ($6 for Sunday-brunch patrons).

Two Boots Pioneer Theater—8/15–8/17: *East-West* (1999); *The Filth and the Fury* (2000); *Grass* (1999); *Water Drops on Burning Rocks* (1999). 155 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300); $9, $6 seniors.

Rainer *continued from page 57*

America in 1969, hired members of the Hell's Angels to provide security during a free concert at Altamont Speedway six miles outside of San Francisco, and paid them in beer. About 300,000 fans showed up, and as some rushed the four-foot-high stage, they were brutalized by the Angels with weighted pool cues. An 18-year-old man, waving a gun, was stabbed to death by an Angel, and we see the murder replayed, in slow motion, in *Gimme Shelter.* (Two other concertgoers died in a hit-and-run, and another drowned in a puddle.) As the horror plays itself out, the cameras home in on the nighttime masses of freaked stoners as if it were the Island of Dr. Moreau.

It's natural to regard this film as the anti-*Woodstock,* but the fatalism that surrounds it seems forced: Though we are riveted by the air of impending disaster, it's a disaster that almost certainly could have been averted had preparations for the concert not been so criminally slipshod. The filmmakers lightly assess the culpability of the Stones; their lawyer for the event, Melvin Belli; and the Hell's Angels, but one is still left with the impression that the tragedy was inevitable, beyond mortal control. To portray Altamont as the symbol for the closing-out of a generation is to confuse hubris and bad planning with divine retribution for all that "peace, love, and music" at Max Yasgur's farm five months earlier.

There *is* one compelling reason to check out *Gimme Shelter* aside from wanting to wallow in nostalgic Flower Power martyrdom. It's probably the best full-scale look at Mick Jagger that exists in the movies (not that there's been much competition). In such films as *Performance* and *Ned Kelly,* Jagger's impudence didn't register, and even Godard, in *Sympathy for the Devil,* couldn't tease out much of his charisma. Jagger tends to click off when he's not cavorting onstage, and so the documentaries that catch him on the sly are often letdowns, including Robert Frank's rarely seen *Cocksucker Blues. Gimme Shelter* can't compare as a musical experience with *Ladies and Gentlemen: The Rolling Stones,* but it shows off Jagger in his pansexual prime, with his lewd Tina Turner performance moves and his florid Miss Clairol locks and cinched waist. Goading his audience—"You don't want my trousers to fall down, do you?"—he's a satyr in heat. He stirs up and brings out the rage in his fans' idolatry, which is why he was precisely the wrong star to play to a dangerously stoned crowd and a phalanx of biker bruisers. ▬

Peter Rainer's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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theater

Cyrano...Fringe Festival...Juan Bobo

Broadway

Now Playing

Aida—The epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. Directed by Robert Falls with a book by Linda Woolverton and David Henry Hwang. Sets and costumes by Bob Crowley. $25–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays Annie Oakley, the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back (no, not the mouse). Andrea McArdle blanches and blushes as the fair maiden; Steve Blanchard roars and repents as the Beast. $25–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Lea Thompson. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Cats—So many ways to skin a cat—but none of them seem to work! $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. Through 9/10. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200).*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now featuring Vicki Lewis and Charlotte D'Amboise $20–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Contact—This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Its two shorter pieces and concluding longer one are of uneven merit but never without interest. Boyd Gaines, a delightful actor and inspired amateur dancer, performs with aplomb. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. (Simon: 10/25/99.) $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Copenhagen—A major hit in London, Michael Frayn's heady play about what might have happened when German physicist Werner Heisenberg visited Niels Bohr in 1941 stars Philip Bosco, Blair Brown, and Michael Cumpsty. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dirty Blonde—Brash actress-author Claudia Shear stars in her new play about two Gotham singles who meet at the grave of Mae West, sampling delicious vignettes from the life of the woman who said, "I'm no angel, but I've spread my wings a bit." $55–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jesus Christ Superstar—Yeah, he's the Messiah, but what he really wants to do is sing. $26–$81. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/3. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

Kiss Me, Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical. $25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* (Simon: 12/1/97.) $20–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

The Man Who Came to Dinner—One of the American theater's funniest farces, this play is much funnier than the same Kaufman and Hart's *You Can't Take It With You,* because it is less good-natured, and amiableness is not what farce is about. The Roundabout Theatre Company has bravely inaugurated its new home, the American Airlines Theatre, with this capital farce, and in Nathan Lane they have found the right man for a risky role. The character is semi-Lane, semi-lion, and the actor nicely adds the bitchy fierceness to his customary campiness. There is not a weak link in the large

Previews
Who Nose?

After staging successful revivals of *The Comedy of Errors* and the first book of *The Iliad,* Aquila Theatre Company, the first Equity-approved troupe to include both British and American performers, will open its fall season with *Cyrano de Bergerac,* featuring Anthony Cochrane (pictured, with Lisa Carter). Previews begin August 17. (See "Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Peter Meineck.

Onstage
Bobo in Paradise

While a pop-culture taxonomist has picked the term "Bobo" to represent the privileged yuppie 2.0, the Puerto Rican folk hero of the affectionate tales collected in 'The Mischievous Juan Bobo' has been raging against materialism for decades. The Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre presents this mythic trickster (Jose Cheo Oliveras, left, with Tamaris Canals) in parks throughout the city, through August 26. (See "Off–Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Jerry Goodstein.

cast. William Ivey Long's costumes, Paul Gallo's lighting, and especially Tony Walton's set that cunningly mirrors the auditorium's somewhat faded splendor are no less on the mark. (Simon: 8/7/00.)$50–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 10/1. *American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. (212-719-1300).*

Miss Saigon—A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly.* $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. Through 12/31. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Music Man—Back in 1957, Meredith Willson's *The Music Man* made a star out of Robert Preston; the current revival should do the same for Rebecca Luker. As she has steadily demonstrated, she is blessed with the voice, the looks, and the acting talent of a musical-comedy diva. As Marian Paroo, the librarian of River City, Iowa, who goes from tight-lipped spinster to glowing inamorata in this happy show, Miss Luker gives a performance as detailed, nuanced, and cherishable as ever turned a performer into a legend. Susan Stroman's production has other assets as well, but Craig Bierko, the incumbent Harold Hill, gives an impersonation of Preston rather than a performance. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $40–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).*

Riverdance—This revamped version returns to New York, featuring flamenco and South African vocals, along with Irish singer Brian Kennedy and dancers Pat Roddy and Eileen Martin. $25–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).*

Saturday Night Fever—Flared pants! $35–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

Swing!—The dance marathon begins, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts, in this new musical. $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

True West—Josh Brolin and Elias Koteas, replacing Philip Seymour Hoffman and John C. Reilly, smash typewriters and burn toast as Sam Shepard's dysfunctional brothers. Matthew Warchus (*Art*) directs. $65–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle-in-the-Square Theatre, W. 50th St., West of Broadway (212-239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Berlin to Broadway With Kurt Weill—A new musical revue directed by Eric Stern, who conducted the Kurt Weill celebration at BAM. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 3. In previews for an 8/19 opening. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Cyrano de Bergerac—Fresh from successful productions of *The Comedy of Errors* and book one of *The Iliad*, the Aquila Theatre Company presents Edmond Rostand's nosy classic. $30. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 8/17 for an 8/20 opening. Through 9/17. *Clark Studio, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza (212-279-4200).*

Don Juan in Hell—The Irish Rep presents a dramatic reading of the third act from George Bernard Shaw's 1903 *Man and Superman*. Donal Donelly, Celeste Holm, James A. Stephens, and Fritz Weaver star. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Previews begin 8/15 for an 8/20 opening. Through 9/17. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).*

Imperfect Chemistry—A new musical comedy about genetics and male-pattern baldness. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for an 8/24 opening. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).*

Julius Caesar—To crown Shakespeare in the Park's season, David McCallum plays the regal Caesar. Dennis Boutskiaris, Jamey Sheridan, and Jeffrey Wright round out the cast. Barry Edelstein, who recently helmed *The Misanthrope* and *The Alchemist,* directs. In previews for an 8/20 opening. Through 9/3. *Delacorte Theater, Central Park (212-539-8750).*

The Soul of an Intruder—Steve Braunstein's play about a woman involved in a perplexing love triangle returns after a successful 1995 run. $20–$30. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2. In previews for an 8/22 opening. Through 9/30. *Theatre 3, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-279-4200).*

Now Playing

Anonymous—A novelist who works in advertising is set up with a batty nutritionist and a mafioso in Glen Merzer's new comedy. Directed by Pamela Berlin (*Steel Magnolias, Crossing Delancey*). $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-279-4200).*

Avow—Jack Hofsiss (*The Elephant Man*) directs Bill C. Davis's new play about same-sex marriage, an unwed mother, and a priest. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle of John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $40–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-997-1780).*

The Crumple Zone—A new comedy by Buddy Thomas about five men during a holiday weekend. $35. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 9/10. *Rattlestick Theatre, 224 Waverly Pl. (212-532-8887).*

De La Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Perfect for theatrical thrill-seekers who don't mind breaking a sweat. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dinner With Friends—Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).*

The Donkey Show—A fantastic, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with even looser morals. Very fun. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).*

The Flame Keeper—Amos Kamil's new play about a Jewish professor's return to Berlin in 1946 is directed by Charles Goforth. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

for colored girls who have considered suicide/when the rainbow is enuf—The twenty-fifth-anniversary production of Ntozake Shange's work stars Jackée and is directed and choreographed by George Faison (*The Wiz*). $45–$49. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

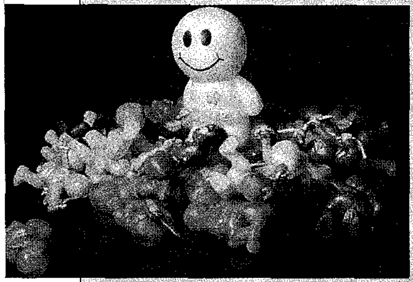
Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. Now featuring the disco hit "Stayin' Awake." $49.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

Opening

New World Disorder

To the uninitiated, the Fringe Festival might look like just another hectic eleven days on the Lower East Side, but in its fourth year, Fringe is courting an ever-broader spectrum of talents from home and abroad. This year, in addition to companies from France and Switzerland, a company from Mexico City will hook harnesses and rigging on the side of a dilapidated building to present the *De La Guarda*-style *Cruces;* a huge company from Munich will mix German rap, soul, and dancing in *HipHopera;* and Vienna's Vis Plastica will stage *Perpetuum Mobile,* an alfresco performance piece with the actors in strange amoebic sacks. Sydney native Nicholas Papademetriou will present *Snag,* a solo show, he says, "about a man who comes home one day to find his wife in bed with his twin sister." Papademetriou plays the unlucky hero as well as "three women, five other men, and some body parts including his penis, heart, and brain." Papademetriou has toured the show throughout Australia for the past three years and scored a Fringe First nomination at last year's Edinburgh Fringe Festival. "In Edinburgh," he says, "there are about 1,400 shows and the average audience is 4.2 people. It's really weird. It's not selective; if you pay your money, get there on time, and get a venue, you're in." Here, of course, all 180 carefully vetted Fringe selections are works of searing brilliance. Call 212-420-8877 or 800-FRINGENYC outside of New York, or purchase tickets at www.fringeNYC.org. All tickets are $12. Through August 27.

LOGAN HILL



THE PLAY	THE THING
SEE BOB RUN Sophia Martin, New York City	The New York premiere of a work by Daniel MacIvor, whose harsh drama *Never Swim Alone* wowed Fringe last year on its way to an Off Broadway run.
MACBETH Tiny Ninja Theater, New York City	Did you ever play dress-up with *Barbie*? Or use dozens of inch-tall plastic ninjas and other tiny plastic toys to stage *Macbeth* (pictured, above left) in all its soul-searching earnestness? No?
THE COMPLETE LOST WORKS OF SAMUEL BECKETT AS FOUND IN AN ENVELOPE (PARTIALLY BURNED) IN A DUSTBIN IN PARIS LABELED: NEVER TO BE PERFORMED. NEVER. EVER. EVER! OR I'LL SUE! I'LL SUE FROM THE GRAVE! Neo-Futurists & Theater Oobleck, Chicago	Taking the long-title lead from Fiona Apple and the greats of Augustan literature, Samuel Beckett's most faithful interpreters—the same folks who brought *K.* to Fringe 1997—lovingly restage his seven best posthumous works, which must all be shorter than this damn title.
VIVA LOS ALAMOS . . . IN 3-D! Sensurround Stagings, Decatur, Georgia	Direct from Georgia (pictured, above right), with the hardest-working subtitle in show business: a "musical-parody-purporting-to-be-a-previously-unreleased-film-starring-the-late-King-of-Rock-and-Roll-not-licensed-by-or-in-any-way-affiliated-with-his-estate, in 3-D."
CLOWNS IN THE VAGINA Asylum 137, Chicago	The question is, whose?
STAGE DOOR Salt Theater, New York City	Making up for the severe karmic downtown-uptown theatrical imbalance caused by the arrival of *Squonk!* on Broadway, this 27-cast-member production of George S. Kaufman's corny 1936 Broadway comedy should challenge audiences' expectation that Fringe plays challenge audience expectations.
TO SIRLOIN WITH LOVE: A MEAT OPERA The Pasttime Group, Springfield, Pennsylvania	When *South Park* and the Farrelly brothers make it seem like there's nobody left to offend, we remember . . . vegetarians. In this red-blooded romantic musical, a bloody butcher falls head over cleaver for a happy herbivore.
YOUNGBLOOD GOES DOWN Youngblood, New York City	Seven young bucks from the Ensemble Studio Theatre's Youngblood wing, age 18 to 25, strut their stuff with seven one-acts in 90 minutes. At just twelve bucks a ticket, that's less than $1.72 a play.
SHAKESPEARE'S *STOERWORK/WC* Art Off!, Cologne, Germany/BonBock Productions, New York City	Tired: Bathroom reading. Wired: Rest-room theater. If you prefer your drama *à la commode,* these two scatological skits are for you. In *Stoerwork,* diarrhea prevents a devoted actor from going onstage, so he plays Richard III from his toilet seat. In *WC,* two graduate students with weak stomachs discuss the meaning of life from adjacent stalls in a disgusting Parisian bathroom.

Left, photograph by Xina Nicosia; right, photograph by Sarah Bork Hamilton.

Fully Committed—For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant where table 31 seems to be the ne plus ultra of socio-gastronomic achievement. (Simon: 1/17/00.) $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

High Infidelity—*Falcon Crest* alum Morgan Fairchild and John Davidson star in John Dooley's new comedy about a senator and his wife. $50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$55. Mon., Tues., Fri., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

It Ain't Over 'Til the First Lady Sings—Hailing from that most unfunny city, Washington, D.C., the cornball political-comedy troupe Capitol Steps brings jokes about Hillary, Rudy, etc. to our punchline-starved city. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30. Through 9/2. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Jerusalem Syndrome—Comedian Mark Maron riffs on his pilgrimages to Hollywood, a Philip Morris factory, and Israel. $25–$30. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/26. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (212-307-4100).*

Jitney—This is the revised version of August Wilson's first play, the start of what became a ten-part series, still in progress, about African-American lives, one play per decade. Here the seventies are viewed through the goings-on in the office of a gypsy-cab company in the Pittsburgh of 1977. It is so vividly written, acted, and directed (by Marion McClinton, a Wilson specialist) that it keeps you steadily amused, concerned, and moved. All performers are flawless. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $51. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/3. *Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).*

Joe Fearless (A Fan Dance)—*Sports Night* onstage: a rabid fan tracks his b-ball obsession in Liz Tucillo's new play, complete with live action b-ball and former Knick City dancers. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).*

Kiki & Herb: Playing for Time—The downtown duo open their first open-ended Off Broadway run, after practically reinventing cabaret theater with renditions of crooner classics and slightly less Algonquin tunes by the likes of Patti Smith, Suicidal Tendencies, and Christina Aguilera. $12–$15. Fri.–Sun. at 7:30. *Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

The Laramie Project—The Laramie Project, presented by Moisés Kaufman's Tectonic Theater, is a terrific piece of theater, history, and life in the heartless heartlands, concerning the horrific death of young Matthew Shepard at the hands of two very young Laramie gay-bashers. You will be held in rapt attention by this in-depth examination of just about every aspect of the background and foreground of the event, as seen and heard through the eyes and mouths of numerous witnesses, neighbors, indifferent or impassioned fellow citizens, media persons, family members, direct and indirect participants. Nowadays, when every piece of dreck receives standing ovations, you should not miss a theatrical and human event that deserves standing up for, with applause or, better yet, silently, taking an important lesson profoundly to heart. (Simon: 5/29/00.) $25–$55. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).*

Late Night Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $40. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Manchild in the Promised Land—A stage adaptation of Claude Brown's classic autobiography, set in fifties Harlem. $35. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Michigan Impossible—Robert Christophe's new comedy tracks a part-Irish, part-African-American, part–Native American man's search for identity. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Through 9/22. *John Houseman Studio A, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Murdered by the Mob—Interactive off-line entertainment with a three-course dinner, door prizes, death, dancing, and acting awards for best audience participation. $55. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 7. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (800-687-3374).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed.–Fri., and Sun. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).*

Neil Simon's Hotel Suite—This collection of Neil Simon one-acts set in hotels promises more tiny bars of soap than Broadway has seen in a long while. *Hotel* manager is John Tillinger. Guests include Helen Carey, Randy Graff, Leigh Lawson, and Ron Orbach. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 9/10. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

Never Swim Alone—Winner of an overall excellence award at last year's Fringe Fest, Daniel MacIvor's bizarre play pits two friends against each other in a thirteen-round verbal boxing match, as a mutual friend acts as referee. $27.50. Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10. Through 9/2. *SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).*

Our Sinatra—Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes. $50–$80. Mon.–Wed., Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 7:30. *Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A comedy by Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about four meddling Italian-American grandparents. $49.50. Mon.–Wed., Fri., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller. $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (212-695-3401).*

Spinning Into Butter—Rebecca Gilman's new play is a brave, honest, intelligent, and important play, which mitigates its being only intermittently well written. It concerns racism by the educated white, liberal woman dean of a small Vermont college but also reverse racism by a Puerto Rican student who aggressively puts the would-be helpful dean, Sarah Daniels, on the defensive. It reveals the hypocrisy of various types of whites who claim to be concerned anti-racists—but it ultimately also attacks political correctness. (Simon: 8/7/00.) $50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 9/16. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. $29.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.,* then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with more than 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. Now starring Domenica Cameron-Scorcese, daughter of Martin. $67.50–$80. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 *(212-239-6200).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fanny-boos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. What was once Ensler's one-woman show is now performed by trios of actresses. 8/8–8/20: Brett Butler, Tonya Pinkins, and Kimberly Williams. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Why We Don't Bomb the Amish—Twenty-one-year-old comedienne Casey Fraser riffs on subways, David Koresh, the Amish, and United Nations shindigs. $20. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. *Gershwin Hotel, 7 E. 27th St. (212-279-4200).*

Off-Off Broadway

33 Swoons: A Portrait of Anton Chekhov—Pure Pop presents Chekhov in the renovated, but hardly reformed, porn palace. Mon.: "Undiscovered Chekhov" and "On the High Road." Tues. and Wed.: "Complete Chekhov Vaudevilles" and "Chekhov Sketchbook." Thurs.: *The Seagull.* Fri.: *Vanya on 42nd St.* $15–$20. Call for schedule. *Nada Show World Theater, 42nd St. and Eighth Ave. (212-586-7829).*

The American Living Room Festival—Four nights of performances by emerging artists, including Tina Lee, Paul Skiff, and Emily XYZ. $12. Call for Schedule. Through 8/26. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).*

Baal—This bop-era adaptation of Brecht's classic features a new translation by Peter Mellencamp. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 10. Through 9/2. *Flea, 41 White St. (212-226-2407).*

The Cradle Will Rock—You've seen the Tim Robbins movie; now see a new production of Mark Blitzstein's lefty 1937 musical onstage. $24–$30. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. 9/18–10/19. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).*

Midtown International Theatre Festival—Because two major Off-Off Broadway festivals just aren't enough. Nineteen productions, all a short walk from Times Square. $12. Through 9/3. For schedule, call 212-279-4200.

The Mischievous Juan Bobo—Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre stages folk tales about the popular spiritual hero Juan Bobo. Free. Call for schedule. *Located in parks throughout the city (212-354-1293).*

Natural Born Pop: 20 From the 20th Century—Highlights of the Pure Pop festival at Nada Classic include Ian W. Hill's fusion of *Apocalypse Now* and *Jungle Book,* titled *Even the Jungle;* Mark Spitz's "The Hobo Got Me High"; and the first theatrical Ed Wood festival. $8.88–$14.99. Call for schedule. Through 10/9. *Nada Classic, 167 Ludlow St. (800-965-4827).*

The Personal Equation—Eugene O'Neill's 1915 drama. Free. Mon.–Sat. at 8. *Provincetown Playhouse, 133 MacDougal St. (212-998-5801).*

Shakespeare in the Park(ing Lot)—Harry Hotspur battles Henry IV in Jerry McAllister's new adaptation, *H4.* Wed.–Sat. at 8. *Located in the municipal parking lot across the street from 85 Ludlow St. (212-358-5096).*

She Keeps Time—One-acts by Suzan-Lori Parks and Allison Eve Zell. $15. Tues.–Thurs. at 8. Through 8/17. *Mint Space, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-206-1515).*

Sistah Supreme—An autobiographical one-woman show by Bronx-born Liza Colon-Zayas. $25. Wed. and Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Fri. and Sat. at 10. Through 8/26. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).*

Surface Transit—Talented spoken-word performer, actress, and playwright Sarah Jones presents her one-woman show. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30, Fri. and Sat. at 11. Through 8/26. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).*

art

Wilhelm von Gloeden...Shirley Goldfarb

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Herman Maril—Paintings and drawings of landscapes on Monhegan Island, Maine, from the sixties and seventies; through 8/31. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).

57th Street Area

Shirley Goldfarb—Abstract, mainly monochromatic paintings from the sixties and seventies when she was living in Paris; through 9/23. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-1223).

Robert Emmett Owen—Paintings of the New England countryside by the American Impressionist (1878–1957); through 9/2. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (212-832-0208).

Betsabeé Romero—New works by the Mexican artist that combine themes derived from Mexican folklore, history, and popular culture, including a Volkswagen Beetle that the artist has transformed into an artwork, a car installation of objects from a junkyard, and a gridlike painting that reproduces Mexico City's historic downtown district; through 9/2. Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-9090).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Vanessa Beecroft—Photographs of the artist's staged performances from the series VB39 and VB42; through 9/16. Deitch, 18 Wooster St. (212-343-7300).

Linda Daniels/Tamara Gonzales—Paintings of decorative forms arranged over grid compositions/Paintings and installations that use the rainbow as a central image. Through 9/9. Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (212-925-9424).

Anh Duong—New paintings; through 9/16. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (212-274-9300).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Arsenal—64th St. and Fifth Ave., in Central Park (212-360-3410). "Making Concessions: A Pictorial History of Commercial Enterprises in New York City Parks, 1870–2000," a survey of concessions as documented by vintage and contemporary photographs, renderings, postcards, models, and a vendor cart; through 8/31.

Ganz—25 E. 73rd St. (212-535-1977). Drawings and monotypes by Brown, Crowder, Hede, Hesse, Plimpton, Rockburne; through 9/15.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767). "Fluid Flow," works that investigate fluid systems by 25 artists, among them Arm, Bolande, Bradshaw, Derges, Fuss, Kalymnios, Obrosey, Parlotto, Siena, Wright; through 8/25.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (212-535-8810). "New York-Classicism-Now," works that embody the characteristics associated with the art of classical antiquity—among them harmony, clarity, restraint, and universality—by Akutsu, Collins, Croak, Drake, Gilje, Moore, Parrish, others; through 9/15.

57th Street Area

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (212-759-2345). "Gone Fisching: Selected Paintings of Summer," works that depict images of summer leisure by 27 gallery artists, among them Brown, Dodd, Holland, Kraft, Nick, Rickert, Sullivan, through 8/31.

Forum—745 Fifth Ave. (212-355-4545). Drawings by Bluemner, De Kooning, Feininger, Guston, Matisse, Picasso, others; through 9/1.

Mathes—41 E. 57th St. (212-752-5135). "The Poetic Landscape," images of, or suggesting, serene, summery places, by Avery, De Groot, Diebenkorn, Frankenthaler, Gallace, Katz, O'Keeffe, Porter, Schueler, Sugimoto; through 9/30.

Pace Wildenstein—32 E. 57th St. (212-421-3292). "Summer 2000," paintings by Katz, Mangold, Murray, Riley, Ryman, Samaras, Tapiès; sculpture by Chamberlain, Judd, Shapiro, Smith; through 9/16.

PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (212-713-2000). "The Morris Museum: A Collected Century." Works from the collection of the Morris Museum in Morristown, New Jersey, among them fine and decorative arts, costumes, toys, and ethnographic objects; through 9/8.

Perlow—41 E. 57th St. (212-644-7171). Works by gallery and invited artists, including Ferren, Hockney, Linder, Lintermans, McPherson, Nevelson, Prine, Rivers, others; through 8/31.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734). Recent acquisitions of works by Expressionist and self-taught artists; through 9/8.

SoHo and TriBeCa

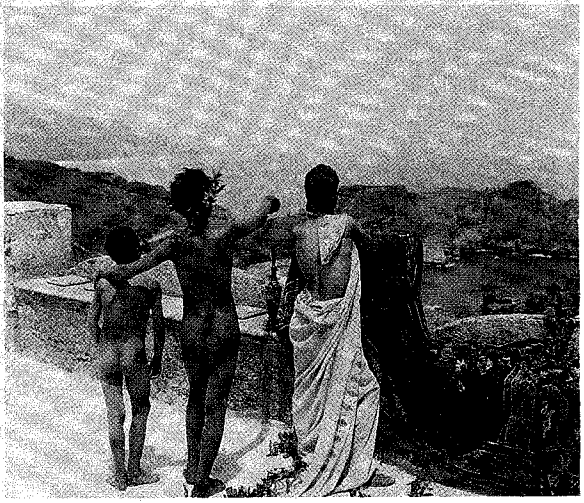
Beitzel—102 Prince St. (212-219-2863). Works by Beerman, Hammond, Heeks, Hristoff, Lucero, Messer, Mull, Porges, others; through 8/31.

Blum—99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441). "Lux et Tenebrae," a selection of print portfolios published by Peter Blum Edition over the past twenty years, including works by Baldessari, Bourgeois, Cucchi, Fischl, Katz, Rabinowitch, Turrell, Yanagi, others; through 9/9.

Photography

Sicilian Deep-Dish

Whether you love or hate them, consider them high art or high kitsch (as philosopher Roland Barthes did), there's no question that the "erotic" photographs of Baron Wilhelm von Gloeden constitute one of the more intriguing episodes in the history of photography. There's the man himself, whose life story stands out even in a field noted for its abundance of unconventional characters. Born in East Prussia in 1856, Von Gloeden studied art history, painted, and dabbled in acting before moving to the remote town of Taormina, Sicily, in 1878, to recover from a lung ailment (he was also said to be suffering from an inability to satisfy his craving for boys). A gift of a view camera and the cessation of family funds put him on a new career path—soon Von Gloeden was doing a brisk postcard business with his portraits and landscape studies; he also began photographing his own fantasies of classical antiquity acted out by prepubescent Sicilian boys. Currently on view at Throckmorton Fine Art (153 East 61st Street; through September 9), Von Gloeden's tableaux of young peasants draped in togas, but just as often nude, were shown in important international exhibitions of the day and collected by Anatole France, Edward VII of England, Richard Strauss, Oscar Wilde, and other fin-de-siècle visitors to Taormina. The rage for them, however, was short-lived: They were later deemed pornographic by Italy's Fascist government, which impounded Von Gloeden's glass-plate negatives in 1936 (the photographer died in 1931). In the sixties, Von Gloeden's kinky Arcadian romps found a new audience of artists and photographers (Cecil Beaton, Andy Warhol, Robert Mapplethorpe, and Bruce Weber, among others). Now, of course, they seem utterly quaint. EDITH NEWHALL



Photograph courtesy of Throckmorton Fine Art, Inc.

Bridgewater/Lustberg & Blumenfeld—560 Broadway (212-941-6355). Works by gallery and invited artists, among them Bruggeman, Connell, Fitzpatrick, Gerber, Talasnik, Wexler; through 8/25.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (212-334-1100). Paintings of New York City views by Kelsey, Reist, Sera, Sokolov; through 9/23.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956). Paintings by Cynthia Carlson; "conversation exhibit" of paintings by Jenny Scobel and sculpture by Susan Mastrangelo; projects by Birgit Ramsauer, Joe Ovelman, Steve Spretnjak, Barbara Westermann; through 8/27.

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-7727). "Opulent," paintings and sculpture that emphasize sumptuous textures, physical density, and richness of color, by Benglis, Burton, Cemin, Milhazes, Ofili, Perrone, Taaffe, Uslé; through 9/1.

Generous Miracles—529 W. 20th St. (212-352-2858). Paintings by Bechara, Castrucci, Quiroga; through 8/31.

Gladstone—515 W. 24th St. (206-9300). "OO," drawings by Acconci, Baldessari, Barney, Bourgeois, Celmins, Kapoor, Lewitt, Kusama, Marden, Peyton, Serra, Tiravanija, Walker, others; through 8/30.

Photography

Benrubi—52 E. 72nd St. (517-3766). Photographs of interiors by Abranowicz, Alpern, A. Arbus, Casebere, Devine, Imes, Maul, Morell, Polidori, Turyn, others; through 8/31.

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (212-327-1482). Images of the sea by Italian photographers, including works by Bernardi, Bruno, Gucci, Migliori, Stravisi, Vasco, Vitaliano, others; through 9/9.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Martha Rosler: Positions in the Life World." A retrospective of works by the videomaker, theorist, photographer, and political activist, being held in conjunction with a related exhibition at the New Museum of Contemporary Art (see Museums); through 10/1. . . . "A Durable Memento: Portraits by Augustus Washington, African American Daguerreotypist." The first exhibition of the work of one of a small group of African American daguerreotypists whose work has been identified; through 9/24.

Masatomo Kuriya—Color and black-and-white photographs of the artist's own flower arrangements; through 8/25. Richardson, 560 Broadway (212-343-1255).

Louise Dahl-Wolfe/Firooz Zahedi—Portraits, still-lifes, and fashion work by this photographer (1895–1989) who worked for *Harper's Bazaar* from 1936 to 1958/Mural-size Iris prints of botanical forms arranged in compositions. Through 9/1. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (212-966-6223).

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (212-317-7596). "The Pulitzer Prize Photographs: Capture the Moment," featuring more than 100 Pulitzer Prize–winning photographs taken between 1941 and 1999; through 9/23.

Pace/MacGill—32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999). "Photographs for Summer Reading," works that use the written word as a subject by Acconci, Attie, Bourdin, Brassai, Callahan, Cumming, Evans, Frank, Gowin, Michals, Siskind, others; through 8/30.

Wilhelm von Gloeden—Portraits of young male nudes posed alongside ancient ruins in Sicily, taken between 1878 and 1914; through 9/9. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (212-223-1059).

Wessel + O'Connor—242 W. 26th St. (212-242-8811). "Cool," works by Anderson & Low, Cratsley, Dugdale, English, Flynt, Halliday, Hawkins, Horst, Van Dongen; through 8/25.

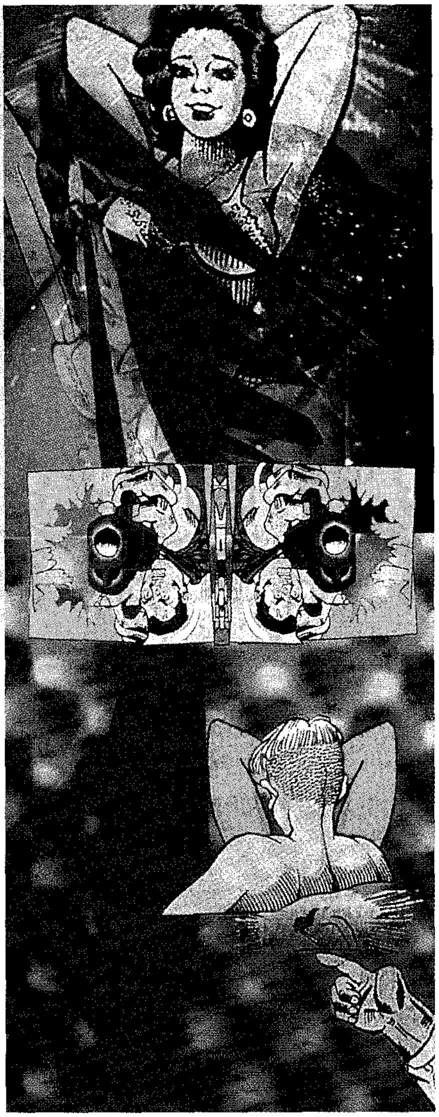
Museums

American Craft Museum—"Judy Chicago: Resolutions: A Stitch in Time." A millennium project that is a collaboration between Chicago and a group of needleworkers using a variety of techniques; through 9/3. . . . "Sandy Skoglund: Breathing Glass." An installation in the museum's atrium space consisting of thousands of miniature, mechanized dragonflies; through 9/3. . . . "Tommy Simpson: Garden of the Heart." The sculptor and furniture designer's own life-size version of an ancient Persian garden; through 9/3. . . . "Peter Chang: A Visionary." Jewelry and sculptural objects by a Glasgow-based jewelry designer; through 9/3. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

Talent

Latin Manhattan

Initiated by El Museo del Barrio last summer, "The S-Files/The Selected Files" is back, featuring the works of 28 emerging New York City–based Latin American artists (and native New York Latino artists) chosen from hundreds of slides submitted to the museum for review (right, Domingo Nuño's 'Untitled,' from the series "Veo Que La Cosa No Es Color de Rosa/Now I See That All Is Not Rosy," 1999). At 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street; through September 24.



Photograph courtesy of El Museo del Barrio.

American Museum of Natural History—"Fighting Dinosaurs." Fossils of dinosaurs locked in combat that were recently discovered in the Gobi Desert; through 10/29. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society at Midtown—"Dancing Demons: Ceremonial Masks of Mongolia." Masks, costumes, headdresses, ritual aprons, and ceremonial implements used for "Devil Dances," the traditional Lamaist Buddist dance ceremonies of Mongolia; through 9/17. 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (212-288-6400), Tues.–Sat. 10–6; Sun. noon–6. $4, $2 students and seniors (free Tues.–Fri. 12–2).

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Good Business Is the Best Art: Twenty Years of the Artists in the Marketplace Program." Works by Tomie Arai, Rina Banerjee, Prudencio Irazabal, Fabian Marcaccio, Sara Sosnowy, and others; through 9/3. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"African Masterworks From the Collection of Beatrice Riese." African art collected by the painter Beatrice Riese, who has lived in New York since 1949; through 9/10. . . . "Urban Glass." A collaboration between Urban Glass, the New York Center for Contemporary Glass in downtown Brooklyn, and the Brooklyn Museum of Art, consisting of works by contemporary glass artists that were inspired by objects in the museum's collection; through 9/3. . . . "Passages: Photographs in Africa by Carol Beckwith and Angela Fisher." Color photographs documenting customs, rites of passage, and aspects of ceremonial life; through 9/24. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"In the Footsteps of Goethe: Paintings and Drawings From German Collections." Plein-air sketches and finished paintings of the Italian landscape by Achenbach, Böcklin, Itenbach, Von Schadow, and other German artists who trained at the Düsseldorf Academy between 1826 and 1859; through 8/19. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (212-759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Frick Collection—"Six Paintings From the Former Collection of Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney on Loan From the Greentree Foundation." Works by Corot, Degas, Manet, Picasso, and Redon; through 7/29/01. 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"1900: Art at the Crossroads." An exhibition organized in collaboration with the Royal Academy of Arts, London, offering a radical reassessment of artistic cross-currents at the turn of the century, featuring works by Balla, Bouguereau, Degas, Eakins, Kandinsky, Matisse, Mondrian, Picasso, and others; through 9/10. . . . "Project for a New Guggenheim in New York City." Models and other works developed by the museum in collaboration with architect Frank Gehry; through 9/15. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $8 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Eat, Drink, and Be Merry: Wine and Beer in Ancient Times." The history of the two beverages as told through art, artifacts, and paraphernalia from the wine and grain-producing regions of the Mediterranean and the Near East; through 11/5. . . . "Anni Albers." The first comprehensive New York exhibition of the Bauhaus-trained textile designer's work, including more than 200 works created between 1924 and 1978, among them unique wall hangings and weavings, drapery and upholstery fabrics, wall coverings, fabric swatches, texture studies, room dividers, jewelry, prints, and drawings; through 8/20. . . . "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far." An interactive children's exhibit that evokes life in two late-nineteenth-century Jewish households; through 10/30. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 pay what you wish); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Chardin." A major loan exhibition of works by the French still-life and genre painter Jean Siméon Chardin (1699–1779), known for his lifelike portrayals of animals, birds, and fruit; through 9/3. . . . "Vernacular Photographs From the Thomas Walther Collection." Anonymous photographs dating from the twenties through the sixties; through 8/27. . . . "American Modern: 1925–1940—Design for a New Age." More than 100 objects from the museum's collection and from the John C. Waddell Collection, including furniture, clocks, appliances, lamps, posters, and textiles; through 1/9/01. . . . "Painters in Paris: 1895–1950." Paintings by Bonnard, Braque, Chagall, Léger, Matisse, Picasso, and other artists who worked in Paris; through 12/31. . . . "Parks and Promenades: Maurice Prendergast in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Paintings, watercolors, and prints by the New England modernist (1858–1924); through 10/22. . . . "Fireworks!: Four Centuries of Pyrotechnics in Prints and Drawings"; through 9/17. . . . "John Singer Sargent: Beyond the Portrait Studio, Paintings and Drawings From the Collection." Works made by the artist during his travels in Europe and America; through 9/10. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 students and seniors.

Morgan Library—"Treasures From the Royal Tombs of Ur." An exhibition organized by the University of Pennsylvania Museum of Archeology and Anthropology comprising jewelry, musical instruments, tools, weapons, cylinder seals, human remains, and other objects and artifacts from the ancient Sumerian city-state of Ur; through 9/10. . . . "Saint-Exupéry's Little Prince." A selection of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's original preparatory drawings for *The Little Prince*, as well as pages from his revised handwritten manuscript; through 8/20. . . . "Sacred Songs: Illuminated Choir Books." Music manuscripts used in the liturgy of the Catholic church during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; through 10/15. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"The S-Files/The Selected Files." Works by U.S.-born Latinos and New York City–based Latin American artists who submitted work to the museum for review over the past year; through 9/24. . . . "Ernesto Pujol: Conversion of Manners." A site-specific installation that incorporates photographs and vintage Carthusian, Franciscan, and Jesuit habits; through 9/24. 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Beads, Body, and Soul: Art and Light in the Yorùbá Universe." The historic section of a two-venue exhibition shared with the Studio Museum in Harlem (see listing), consisting of crowns, thrones, coronets, necklaces, slippers, and other beaded objects made by the Yorùbá in Nigeria and the Republic of Benin; through 8/27. . . . "Africa by Africans: A Photographic Essay." Images of Africa from the colonial era to the present taken by African photographers; through 8/27. Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 students, seniors, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Art of William Edmondson." The first major New York retrospective of sculptures by the self-taught American sculptor since 1937, when he was the first African-American artist to have a one-person show at the Museum of Modern Art; through 8/27. Two Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Making Choices," the second cycle of MOMA2000 exhibitions: "The Marriage of Reason and Squalor." A survey examining opposites as they occur in single works of art; through 9/19. . . . "The Raw and the Cooked." Works by unschooled, outsider, and naïve artists; through 9/19. . . . "Useless Science." The efforts of artists who mimic the methods and conventions of artists; through 9/19. . . . "The Dream of Utopia/Utopia of the Dream." Abstract and Surrealist works by Dalí, Ernst, Malevich, Mondrian, others; through 8/22. . . . "Modern Living 1." Post–World War I designs from the de Stijl, Bauhaus, and Constructivist movements; through 8/22. . . . "Walker Evans & Company." Photographs by Evans and by photographers who influenced him or were influenced by him; through 8/22. . . . "Modern Art Despite Modernism." Works by Albright, Balthus, Cadmus, Freud, Hopper, Rivera, others; through 8/22. . . . "Art Is Arp." Works from the twenties, including wood reliefs, string reliefs, cardboard cutouts, prints, illustrated books, collages, and sculpture; through 8/22. . . . "Giorgio Morandi Etchings"; through 8/22. . . . "War." Works created in response to the threats and effects of mass mobilization and violence; through 8/22. . . . "New York Salon." A cross-section of painting and sculpture that marked the beginning of the New York School's rise to prominence; through 9/26. . . . "Seeing Double." An exploration of the theme of pseudoscience through artworks that mimicked scientific methods, and of the absurd as a philosophical, literary, and artistic concept; through 9/26. . . . "Project 70: Jim Hodges, Beatriz Milhazes, Faith Ringgold." Banners by each artist displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 10/31. . . . "Collection Highlights." More than 45 masterworks from the museum's permanent collection of painting and sculpture; through 1/28/01. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues., Thurs. 10:30–5:45, Fri. 10:30–8:15 (4:30–8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

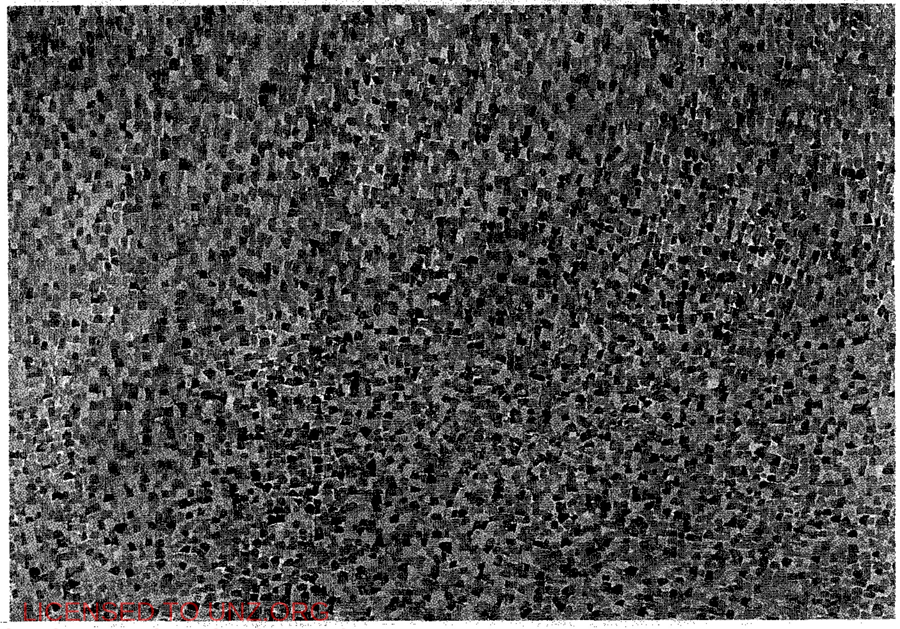
Museum of the City of New York—"Renewing a Block and the Spirit of its People: Photographs of Carmel Hill, Harlem, by Bill Foley; through 11/12. . . . "Under the El." Images of New York City life in prints, watercolors, and drawings from the museum's collection; through 12/3. . . . "New York Now: Contemporary Works in Photography." Images of New York and New Yorkers from the museum's collection; through 10/15. . . . "Elegant Plate: Three Centuries of Precious Metals in New York City." Objects of silver, gold, and other metals from the museum's collection that were used in or near New York from the early eighteenth century through the twentieth; through 9/24. . . . "New York: Songs of the City." More than 50 pieces of lavishly illustrated sheet music for songs celebrating New York; through 9/10. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"American Spectrum: Paintings and Sculpture From the Smith College Museum of Art." A traveling exhibition drawn from one of the foremost institutional collections of eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century American art, including works by Albers, Homer, Hopper, Inness, Kline, O'Keeffe, Sargent, and others; through 9/10. 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12-5, Fri. 10-6; $5.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Martha Rosler: Positions in the Life World." A retrospective of the artist's videos, installations, and photographs; through 10/8. 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs.–Sat. 12–8 (free Thurs. 6–8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New-York Historical Society—"Manhattan Contrasts: Twentieth-Century Paintings of New York From the Collection of the New-York Historical Society." Works by Chesley Bonestell, Theresa Bernstein, Colin Campbell Cooper, Martin Wong, and others; through 8/27. . . . "New York Inside Out." A juried exhibition of photographs by New Yorkers documenting their own lives at home; through 8/20. . . . "Stork Club." An exhibition tracing the history of New York's legendary nightclub through letters and business records, photographs,

On View **When Shirley Goldfarb had her first New York show at Zabriskie Gallery in 1998, American gallerygoers drew a blank. Who was this painter, they puzzled, and why hadn't they seen her work before? After all, Goldfarb moved in a Parisian expat community that included Joan Mitchell, Sam Francis, Paul Jenkins, and others. (The short answer: The Pennsylvania-born artist, known for her penchant for weird makeup and eccentric behavior, moved to Paris in 1954, rarely came back to the States, and died in 1980.) Now, another dimension to the Goldfarb legacy: a show of the mosaiclike, mostly monochromatic canvases she produced after 1967, each thumbnail-size rectangle of color meticulously applied with a palette knife (below, *Green and Green*, 1967). At Zabriskie Gallery, 41 East 57th Street; through September 23.**



Ground Rules:

During the summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri., from 10 to 6.

menus, and accessories bearing the nightclub's logo; through 10/1. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center—"Around 1984: A Look at Art in the Eighties." Works by a selected group of artists who were practicing in the eighties, among them Basquiat, Bickerton, Clemente, Cragg, Calle, Halley, Holzer, Kapoor, Koons, Salle, Schnabel, Steinbach, Sherman; through 9/30. . . . "Volume: Bed of Sound." Works by approximately 80 sound artists presented through headphones and a room designed with speakers for individual and group sound-art presentation; through 9/30. . . . Projects by Jonathan Bepler, Christian Marclay, Pipilotti Rist, and Ugo Rondinone; through 9/30. . . . "Max Neuhaus: Drawings." Drawings that complement the artist's sound works; through 9/30. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art—"Art at Work: Forty Years of the Chase Manhattan Collection." More than 120 contemporary artworks from the bank's collection, by Acconci, Barney, Clemente, Close, Gober, Nauman, Prince, Sherman, Wegman, others; through 10/1. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Tues.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Beads, Body, and Soul: Art and Light in the Yorùbá Universe." The contemporary section of a two-venue exhibition shared with the Museum for African Art (see listing), consisting of works by African and African-American artists drawing on the decorative traditions of the Yorùbá of Nigeria and the Republic of Benin, including beaded paintings, banners, and sculpture; through 8/27. . . . "From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence 1999–2000." Works by Nicole Awai, Sanford Biggers, and Terry Boddie; through 9/17. 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed. and Thurs. 12–6, Fri. 12–8, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Barbara Kruger." The first major museum retrospective of the artist's work, including billboards, photographic prints on paper and vinyl, etched metal plates, installations, and sculptures that use text and image to raise questions about values, taste, and the material world; through 10/22. . . . "The Art of Alice Neel." A retrospective exhibition of paintings by the American artist (1900–1984) known for her unflinching portraits of her friends, family, neighbors, and fellow artists; through 9/17. . . . "Synapsis Shuffle." A project by Robert Rauschenberg that comprises 52 silk-screened paintings intended to be reassembled into compositions of between three and seven panels by longtime friends or colleagues of the artist; through 10/8. . . . "Tony Oursler: *The Darkest Color Infinitely Amplified*." A new work commissioned by the museum that allows three-dimensional projections to appear in free space; through 10/31. . . . "Carnival Strippers: Photographs by Susan Meiselas." Photographs of women who perform strip tease for a living taken at rural New England fairs in the seventies; through 9/10. . . . "In Depth: Recent Print Acquisitions." Prints by Burgoyne Diller, Donald Judd, Louise Nevelson, and Richard Tuttle; through 11/26. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues. and Wed.–Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–9 (pay what you wish every Thurs. 6–9); $10, $8 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Pastoral Pop!" Site-specific commissioned works by Katrin Asbury, Rob de Mar, Rachel Feinstein, Peter Gould, Jason Middelbrook, Lisa Ruyter, and Alyson Shotz; through 12/15. . . . "Expanding Horizons: Landscape Photographs From the Whitney Museum of American Art." Works by Gregory Crewdson, Sally Gall, Sally Mann, Richard Misrach, Stephen Shore, and others; through 10/6. 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

in concert

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors Festival 2000

Preview
A Night at the Improv

A frustrated teacher once ordered me to "play as if the music has always been there. You just happened to pick up the violin and give voice to it at that moment." Real virtuosos don't need to be told that, and as the Mostly Mozart Festival continues its appeal to the young at heart on August 18 and 19, violinist Joshua Bell and pianist Stewart Goodyear (pictured) present a program of composers who were also celebrated for their instrumental virtuosity from childhood. Bell, now 32, recorded Paganini and Wieniawski in 1988; playing Vieuxtemps's Fifth Violin Concerto at the Festival, he is continuing to master a repertoire attempted by only a few exceptionally gifted musicians. Goodyear, who is ten years younger, makes his New York debut with one of Mozart's later works, the dark Piano Concerto in D Minor (K. 466). Describing how he started performing his fully improvised, elaborate cadenzas that have Mozart turning in his grave, he recalls a scene that sounds like something from a modern-day *Amadeus*. Uncertain what to play until the moment he walked onstage at the Curtis Institute Christmas concert, he mimicked established composers until his audience was rolling in the aisles. "They were telling me to play in the style of Palestrina, the style of Schoenberg—you name it," he says. "They picked all the hard ones." He recognizes strains of *Don Giovanni* in the D Minor Concerto, "a dark humor, and visions of hell," he says, but he still radiates the spontaneity that initially drew him to Mozart. "I adore his compositions. Everything seems so seamless and utterly simple, and at the same time there's so much there. There are so many possibilities and they all make sense." (See "Classical Music.") TARA PEPPER

Classical Music

The Dave Douglas Sextet—Trumpet virtuoso Dave Douglas's ensemble performs new jazz as part of Lincoln Center's Out-of-Doors Festival. 8/15 at 6:30; rain date, 8/21. *North Plaza, Lincoln Center (for complete festival schedule, call 212-875-5108); free.*

I Solisti Veneti—Explore Vivaldi's influence on Bach through violin, cello, and oboe works, and Bach's rarely heard *Concerto in A Minor for Four Harpsichords and Strings.* 8/17 at 8. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5399); $18–$38.*

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra with Joshua Bell, Violin, and Stewart Goodyear, Piano—The Festival continues with Mozart symphonies No. 32 in G and No. 35 in D. Joshua Bell performs Vieuxtemps's dazzling Violin Concerto No. 5. Stewart Goodyear plays Mozart's Piano Concerto in D Minor and, in a pre-concert recital at 7, his own *Variations on "Eleanor Rigby."* 8/18 and 8/19 at 8. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5399); $25–$45.*

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors Festival—Celebrates composer Pauline Oliveros with a musical tour of seven fabled cities featuring 70 international performers, rock bands, drummers, soothsayers, and the Deep Listening Band. 8/17, 2 to 8 P.M. *Josie Robertson Plaza, Lincoln Center (212-875-5108); free.*

Dance

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—The all-male dance troupe dons tutus and size-12 pointe shoes to premiere two new works: *Raymonda's Wedding,* a fairy-tale romance, and *Russian Dance,* a rarely seen solo from the original *Swan Lake.* 8/14–8/27 at 8, 8/19 and 8/26 at 8 and 2. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $38.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Photograph by Christian Steiner.

restaurants

Spice Boy...Breakfast Nook...Rue-B

Manhattan

Lower New York

Bari—Downstairs, this perpetually bustling café attracts SoHo shoppers taking time out for cappuccino, sandwiches, and a view of the always entertaining street scene. Ascend the spiral staircase for a more substantial meal in the loftlike dining room, which features a woodburning oven and grill and dishes like spice-rubbed duck breast with bok choy, crispy roasted halibut, and broiled asparagus with browned Parmesan and bread crumbs. *529 Broadway, at Spring St. (212-431-4350). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) ($).*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (212-966-4900). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—The jewel-toned Financial District branch of the popular Turtle Bay bar and lounge serves the same extensive selection of wine and beer, and a similar menu of appetizer-size plates they call "international tapas." Typically creative selections include a barbecued-buffalo sandwich, shrimp satay with hoisin sauce, and a wild-mushroom quesadilla. *55 Liberty St., second fl. (212-791-WINE). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ecco—Old-world charm, an excellent seasonal antipasto, and classic renditions of such Italian standards as pasta, veal chop, lobster fra diavolo, and osso buco. Very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. Live piano music on Friday and Saturday night. *124 Chambers St. (212-227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food attract a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (212-431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Greatest Bar on Earth—This, the most casual component of the Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers, curious club kids, and the inevitable tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes global bites like fried calamari, barbecued ribs, and sushi. Live music Tuesday through Saturday. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gubbio—Decorated with imported tapestries and pottery meant to evoke a medieval Umbrian hill town, this spacious TriBeCa restaurant features a seasonal Italian menu that strives to avoid culinary clichés. Choices include pork medallions with stewed cabbage and smoked ricotta, and lamb carpaccio with olive pesto. *223 W. Broadway (212-334-8077). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. *4 World Financial Ctr. (212-786-1500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (212-228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special prix fixe menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (212-219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (212-431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—No matter how many more restaurants the indefatigable Drew Nieporent has up his sleeve, this one's his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. The wine list is killer. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (212-732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that

Opening
Community Service

Don't expect to leave Plate347 without being asked at least once whether you live in the neighborhood. And for the sake of partners Steven Winslow and Peter Sakas, childhood friends from Queens, let's hope you do. Sakas, a commercial photographer, and Winslow, a thirteen-year veteran of destination restaurants like Odeon and Lucky Strike, have infiltrated the virgin bistro territory on the far eastern outskirts of Gramercy Park to deliver the copper-topped-bar, mirror-over-banquette experience to a clientele that used to travel miles for steak-frites and *frisée aux lardons*. But even interlopers from outlying Zip Codes will feel welcome in the cozy dining room or the serene garden, linked by a short hallway that Sakas intends to use as a gallery for local art students. (347 Second Avenue, near 20th Street; 212-388-0526.)

Photograph by Joe Scafuro.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (212-274-8883). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (212-475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (212-966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Sosa Borella—This full-service TriBeCa café is just as good for an afternoon espresso as for a full meal, not to mention the weekly tango lessons. Sandwiches come nearly two dozen ways; the Italian-Argentinean menu features entrées like Milanese steak and short ribs of beef. *460 Greenwich St. (212-431-5093). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Spring Street Natural—Before SoHo was *SoHo*—and aeons before anyone even conceived of NoLIta—this health-food hub was turning out mostly organic, life-sustaining fare, very similar to its present menu of grilled fresh fish, free-range poultry, and soy every which way. As befits a natural-food haven, there's lots of greenery, big windows, high ceilings, and a generally wholesome vibe. Plus delivery, and such intriguing daily specials as yuca fritters with jalapeño-tomato relish, roasted salmon with creamy vegetable risotto, and scrambled tofu with brown rice. *62 Spring St. (212-966-0290). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wild Blue—In an intimate room that's warm and plushly comfortable but doesn't try to compete with the famous view, chef Michael Lomonaco's menu is solid, superlative American, with a touch of the steakhouse. Exceedingly moist chicken gets a Med-rim treatment with olives and preserved lemons, and buttermilk fried oysters with chipotle cream and spoon bread are an inspired take on an American classic. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7107). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This

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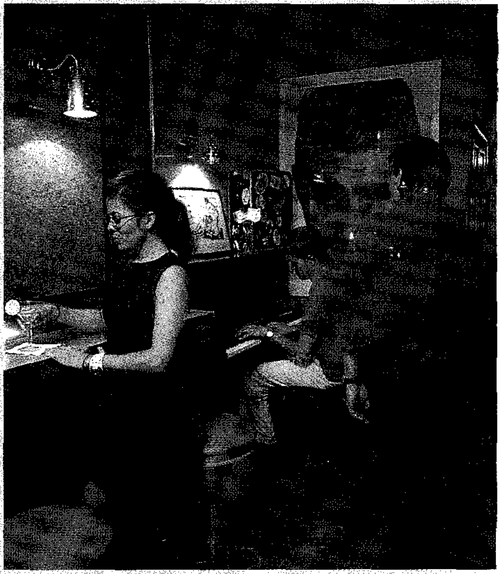
The Underground Gourmet

Things That Go *Oeuf!* in the Night

The critics who say that you can't throw a rock on Avenue B these days without hitting a cheerfully insouciant little café are absolutely correct. A passerby proved this point one recent night as we enjoyed a late-night snack at Rue-B, Radio Perfecto owner Peter DuPré's marvelously mellow new lounge next door. The unidentified assailant launched an egg that whizzed through the open storefront window, over our heads, and splattered all over the floor near the bar. Well, the Underground Gourmet has endured far worse than egg attacks, like dining with friends who send back pasta because it isn't "mushy" and ask for their steak "burnt," for instance. So we repositioned ourselves out of the direct line of fire, slouched down a little on the fabulous thirties banquettes that DuPré salvaged from the Stanhope Hotel along with light fixtures and bar stools, and settled in for some tasty morsels—small plates including olives, cheeses, charcuterie, and *panini* inspired by a trip he took to Italy. Still, as we nibbled a delicious pressed sandwich of mortadella, provolone, and sweet red peppers, our thoughts returned to the egg incident. Random act of hooliganism? Or warning shot against further Alphabet City gentrification? According to our twentyish waiter, who wore a service-station shirt with his name embroidered above the pocket and a mini ponytail—more like a Shetland-ponytail, really—it was the former. "The neighborhood likes Peter," he said. "He's lived here for a long time." He pulled up a chair and continued, "It's just these kids . . . when I was growing up around here, there were gangs who robbed people; now these kids ride by on bikes and they just steal your hat and do things like this. Senseless." Alas, we concluded, the neighborhood has changed. (188 Avenue B; 212-358-1700.)

Rob Patronite



Photograph by Magdalena Caris.

awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Telephone Bar & Grill—This East Village fixture was serving classic pub grub like shepherd's pie and fish and chips long before anyone thought of British comfort food as trendy. A youngish crowd gathers here for happy hour (Mondays through Fridays, 4 to 7p.m.) and for a typically hearty Irish breakfast on weekends. *149 Second Ave. (212-529-5000). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Can you guess the theme of this boisterous Village restaurant? Billing itself as a "haunted explorers' club," it offers interactive entertainment, special effects, and—so that famished explorers may keep up their strength—a menu of American fare like grilled tuna steak, pumpkin tortelli in sun-dried-tomato cream sauce, and "voodoo-spiced" Cajun steak. *91 Seventh Ave. S. (212-989-7701). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osteria Fiorentina—Live piano and violin music lend this casual Italian restaurant that old-time Village ambience. The menu offers standards like risotti, open ravioli, zuppa di clams, and veal chops. *281 Bleecker St. (212-633-2941). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (212-242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. A year-round backyard garden is available for private parties. *69 Macdougal St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. *36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a hint of the tropics on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry. The relaxing, palm-fronded dining room and bar attract the expected boldface names and beautiful faces. *243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel—Commuters and business travelers will be glad to know they can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, whether for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal of such French-influenced American fare as foie gras French toast, tuna tartare, and ribeye of veal with Swiss chard. *42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with chipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (212-679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (212-481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (212-679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Meli Melo—A pioneer of the lower-Madison restaurant scene, this cheerful neighborhood spot offers a very reasonable fixed-price dinner—$31.50 for four courses, all night (including Sunday). The seafood-heavy French menu has Asian and Mediterranean touches in dishes like seared tuna with baby bok choy, rack of lamb with couscous, and a Vietnamese fish soup. And there's a private party room and ample parking. *110 Madison Ave., nr. 29th St. (212-686-5551). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metro Fish—Hearty fish dinners with all the fixin's in a "nautical townhouse" setting. Live lobsters, crabs, and other fresh seafood platters are simple, satisfying, and reminiscent of the sort of shore dinners served in seaside towns along the Northeast coast. Those with more of a culinary wanderlust can sample the house-special bouillabaisse. *8 E. 36th St. (212-683-6444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mi—A talented team of cooks with impressive-sounding résumés (Mercer Kitchen, Hatsuhana) collaborate on a menu including sushi and sashimi, pad Thai, Malaysian spare ribs, and Korean bibimbob at this four-flavor pan-Asian restaurant. *66 Madison Ave., nr. 27th St. (212-252-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (212-689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (212-777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (212-683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Tivoli Bar and Grill—This midtown restaurant aspires to attract a hip, young crowd. Thus, live music on Thursday night, a D.J. on Saturdays, and a menu heavy on seafood like raw shellfish, fish and chips, and lobster ravioli in seafood broth. There's also a happy hour, with all its attendant grub: chicken wings, mozzarella sticks, nachos, and a complimentary appetizer of the day. *515 Third Ave., nr. 34th St. (212-532-3300). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (212-683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Applebee's Neighborhood Grill & Bar—This national chain invades Manhattan's freshly scrubbed and reinvented 42nd Street with an eager-to-please, affordable menu heavy on burgers, steak, and fajitas. Out-of-towners will feel right at home. *234 W. 42nd St. (212-391-7414). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hanger steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Fusion@Ohm—One of the new crop of all-in-one entertainment centers: dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an international fusion menu that features Vietnamese vegetable spring rolls, rigatoni bolognese, and pistachio-crusted chicken breast with morel sauce. *16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Horowitz *continued from page 29*

Lieberman is perhaps not the candidate some Jews would have chosen. "The people who would say he's the wrong Jew are the same people who said after the Crown Heights riots, 'We're Jews, but we're not like *those* Jews.' At Mount Sinai when the Ten Commandments were given, there were no Conservative Jews, no Reform Jews, no Reconstructionist Jews, no Orthodox Jews. There were only Jews. It's unbelievable, really. Jews are the only people who do this kind of thing."

The hope and the belief of most people I talked to is that because Lieberman is seen as a unifying figure, a man capable of bridging the various chasms among Jews, this kind of debate will die quickly.

But it is also lost on no one that for America, or at least that part of America not especially familiar with Jews beyond *Seinfeld*, Lieberman will define for a long time to come what it means to be Jewish.

Given the intramural battles that have been escalating among Judaism's various denominations, essentially the Orthodox versus everyone else, those in the Orthodox community are ecstatic about Lieberman's newfound status. "This is a great thing for the modern Orthodox community," says Dr. Norman Lamm, president of Yeshiva University. "Because after all the bad press that Orthodoxy has gotten here and elsewhere, we finally have a rational, practical, dignified, and honorable man who represents what we stand for."

Indeed, it is hard to overestimate the joy in the Orthodox community. "I'm extremely excited about this," says Rabbi Marc Schneier of the Hampton Synagogue, who in the past four weeks has hosted Hillary Clinton, Rick Lazio, Chuck Schumer, and Jerusalem mayor Ehud Olmert. "Senator Lieberman's Orthodoxy is my Orthodoxy. It's based on inclusiveness and tolerance."

IN THE END, THE SALIENT QUESTION FOR everyone who sees Lieberman's candidacy as a bold stroke for American democracy—Jews, Christians, and Muslims, as well as Democrats and Republicans—is whether in the heat of the campaign someone will play the religion card. It is 40 years since JFK was dogged by questions about his Catholicism, and it will be interesting, if the race is tight in the fall, to see how far we've come. With the Internet and faxes and cell phones the critical tools of modern politics, rumor and innuendo are more dangerous weapons than ever.

"Surely some right-winger will do that," says Sheinkopf, "but I believe the American people will respond in the way they traditionally have. They will step up, and they will do the right thing." ■

Roshan *continued from page 41*

about seeking the release of Jonathan Pollard, an American Jew jailed as an Israeli spy. Given that Lieberman will certainly face questions about his loyalty vis-à-vis Israel, doesn't it make sense to put the issue aside for a while?

Hikind: Absolutely not. That is my one bone of contention with Joe Lieberman, the fact that he opposes a pardon for Pollard. But even that hasn't diminished my enthusiasm.

You don't think that pressing this issue will play into the hands of people who already suspect Jews of having dual loyalties?

Hikind: Look, I personally do not intend to raise that issue during the course of the campaign. Okay? I'm working on Hillary Clinton. [*Laughter.*]

Hoenlein: I don't agree. I see this as a humanitarian issue, and you don't put humanitarian issues aside for political considerations. It's not a litmus test, though, for any candidate, any more than any other issue would be. But I'm glad you brought up dual loyalty. This is a myth, and it's time that it was exposed as myth. This is a man who's had a close relationship with the Muslim community in America. This is a man whose record on Israel is no different than Al Gore's and probably little different than John McCain's. All of them supported a united Jerusalem; all of them support aid to Israel; all of them have taken the same positions because it's good for America.

How many of you have changed your votes because of Lieberman?

Hikind: On Sunday, this past Sunday, my wife and I were sitting at the breakfast table—and I'm a Democrat, live in a Democratic district—and we were talking about supporting Bush. I now support Lieberman, no question about it.

Rubenstein: My family was thinking of doing the same. We discussed voting for Bush. I've voted Republican only a handful of times—I'm an ardent Democrat. Now I'll definitely be voting for Gore.

Is it wise to vote for a ticket simply because someone on it is Jewish?

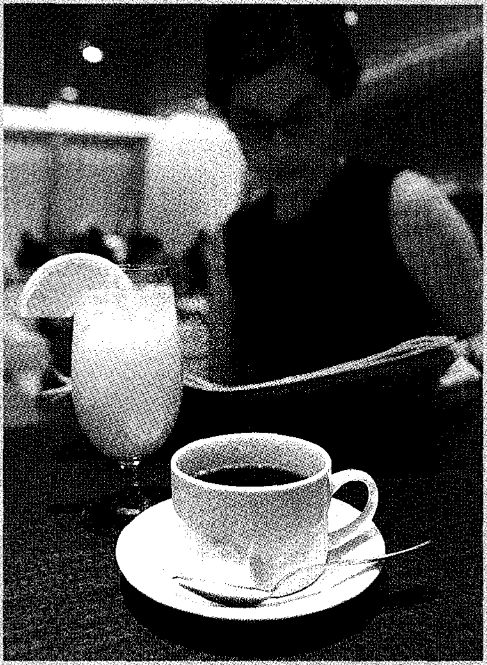
Rubenstein: To us, the deciding factor was Cheney. The contrast of him to Lieberman was one of the reasons that in my family, we're switching.

Wolfson: It even goes beyond Cheney. The Republicans put on this great show of inclusion to mask a 96 percent–white convention that endorsed an extraordinarily right-wing platform. But Al Gore has put forth the real thing. He's supported his position. He has broken yet another barrier. They may not be perfect—Joe Lieberman may not be 100 percent my politics, but he does represent something that is very promising. For Jews, this is a watershed moment. ■

ASK GAEL

This deal is top secret. I need a quiet spot for breakfast.

As of this week, you can advance a hostile takeover, strategize a divorce, or put in a bid to buy a nice ambassadorship (if your guy wins) at Brasserie. Yes, that Brasserie—once the only haven in town for a quiche lorraine at 3 A.M., it has opened again for breakfast, alas only from 7 to 10 A.M. But that's a start. There's no discreet entrance here. You walk the catwalk in this dazzling redesign. But so far, none of the Regency Hotel breakfast inevitables seem to have shifted camp. Borrow the morning *Times* from the hat-check clerk, and slip into a booth to sip your coffee while you decide. Shall it be a Continental breakfast with fresh-squeezed juice ($12.50), a virtuous egg-white omelette, or the classic American artery-banger, eggs with apple, bacon, or feisty chipolata sausage with a slice of roesti potatoes ($8.50)? The kitchen does bacon-chive-Gruyère omelettes ($9.50), pancakes with applesauce, and orange-vanilla-flavored French toast (I'd like it soaked a little more, please). There is also Swiss muesli with fresh fruit; homemade granola; and, for homesick Alsatians, toasted kugelhopf (I'm lobbying for the chocolate-chip-studded lunchtime version). (100 East 53rd Street; 212-751-4840.)



Hush—This Flatiron venture is part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate the New American menu, served in shareable portions. *17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

World Yacht Dining Cruises—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: a collaboration with some of the city's biggest culinary talents, featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown, Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson, and Montrachet's Remi Lauvand and dessert creations from Payard Pâtisserie, all prepared by World Yacht's executive chef Wayne Tuman. Jacket required. Reserve. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Della Femina—Jerry Della Femina tapped Kevin Penner, the very talented chef from the adman's Hamptons hot spot, to supervise the stoves at his Manhattan outpost. His city food places the same premium on high-quality ingredients in dishes like day-boat halibut, langoustines with black truffles, and rib-eye steak. Sit at the bar, converse with the very able and accommodating bartender, and try to guess the identity of every A- and B-list celebrity in the collage of caricatures. *131 E. 54th St. (212-752-0111). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found, unwinding. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (212-319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Genki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also offers bento boxes, vegetarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. *9 E. 46th St. (212-983-5018). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (212-688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions—and, as demonstrated by its sushi bar, other countries. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings, or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (212-682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. *405 E. 52nd St. (212-755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Maloney & Porcelli—A midtown steakhouse with something extra, courtesy of consulting chef David Burke's contributions—including something called "angry lobster"—plus whole leg of lamb, an extensive wine list, and an innovative menu of American classics. A second-floor party room has a fireplace and skylights. *37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Michael Jordan's *The Steak House* N.Y.C.—It's hard not to feel like a king surveying his kingdom from the balcony of the awesomely renovated Grand Central Terminal. And it's easy, with David Walzog's high-protein menu, to eat like an athlete: Choose from Maine lobster, a 44-ounce double porterhouse for two, barbecued short ribs, pepper-crusted buffalo sirloin, and a superlative New York strip. There's a private dining room and a private smoking room. And if you (or your progeny) so desire, you can mark the occasion with a trip to the souvenir shop, for basketball- or steak-themed paraphernalia like baby rattles and dog bones. *23 Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—Since its swanky renovation by David Rockwell, this midtown landmark has undergone several chef changes. Andrew Chase has infused the menu and the retro-feeling dining room with new spirit by way of inspired new dishes like coriander-crusted duck breast with Bartlett pears, onion tart with potatoes and bacon, and loin of rabbit with confit and foie gras ravioli. Plus a special cocktail-hour canapé menu, to be enjoyed in the monkey-mural bar with nightly piano music. *60 E. 54th St. (212-838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (212-753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nino's Positano—As is the wont of upscale Italian restaurants, this one—a more serene, mural-painted version of Nino's uptown—specializes in the food of a certain region, in this case, the south, and Positano in particular. But the menu still manages to read like the greatest hits of the Italian kitchen, with appetizers like Caprese salad, truffle-buttered asparagus with Parmesan, and lemony fried artichokes. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. Whole roasted branzino is filleted tableside, making it almost as dramatic as Nino's famous lobster fra diavolo for two. *890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *55 E. 54th St. (212-759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oscar's—This contemporary American brasserie is named for the Waldorf-Astoria's longtime maître d', Oscar Tschirky, creator of such legendary dishes as the Waldorf salad and veal Oscar. The menu leans toward updated classics like yellowfin-tuna tartare and smoked Hudson Valley foie gras with truffled red-wine marmalade. Designer Adam Tihany transported the history-laden dining room into the twenty-first century with a much-needed face-lift. *Lexington Ave. at 50th St. (212-872-4920). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has broken with mealtime tradition. Rather than offer straightforward appetizers and entrées, Gras divides his menu into categories like ocean/river (lobster soup flavored with chestnuts), field/forest (seaweed and field greens), black truffle (Venetian pasta), and farm (rabbit chop wrapped in pasta). And rather than price each individual dish, he charges by the number of courses one selects: $54 for three, $67 for four, and up. The sommelier's suggested wine pairings are available for an additional price, and jackets are required. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig 'n' Whistle on Third—There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, barbecued ribs, and onion loaf, plus panini sandwiches. Live music Saturday night, and "Irish breakfast" brunch offered on weekends. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-688-4646). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Bar Code—Good clean fun is the revitalized Times Square mantra, and this 24/7 interactive entertainment arcade targeting adults dishes it out. Those who wish to revisit their childhoods—if those childhoods were spent in a high-decibel-level video arcade—celebrate here with chocolate martinis, Mud Slides, B-52s, and the kind of food (wings, pizza, burgers, pot stickers) that doesn't distract too much from the high-tech games. *1540 Broadway, nr. 46th St. (212-869-9397). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Café Fonduta—Fondue is back. But don't worry—if you didn't have the foresight to save your old pot, you can come here for a retro fix of sweet (chocolate, with s'mores-style marshmallows and graham crackers) or savory (a cheese medley) versions. Plus, in a neighborhood nearly bereft of cheap eats, there are affordable salads, pastas, panini, and thin-crust pizzas, all available for lunchtime delivery. *18 W. 56th St. (212-247-5011). (I–M) AE.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the $20 prix fixe dinner. *342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jack Rose—Some steakhouses are known for mobsters' having been gunned down outside their doors; others simply prefer to name themselves after gangsters. Such is the case with this modern theater-district steak-and chophouse with a swank lodge-like feel and a comprehensive wine list. Named for the turn-of-the-last-century wiseguy and the cocktail that was also named in his honor, the restaurant specializes in prime steaks, four-pound lobsters, and even a take on that puckery drink, which combines applejack, lemon juice, and grenadine. *771 Eighth Ave., at 47th St. (212-247-7518). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a theater-district shrine to the stars of stage and screen. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks and herb-crusted rack of lamb to crab cakes and marinated duck breast. Theatergoers will want to know about the $23.50 prix fixe dinner, and music lovers about the live jazz and blues on Saturday night and the Sunday jazz brunch. *150 W. 47th St. (212-869-5482). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Local—This theater-district American bistro has lots of cozy booths and turns out sophisticated, refreshingly imaginative fare with international accents but doesn't go overboard. Try the pan-seared scallops with Maine crab cake and sweet-corn chowder; the roasted North Atlantic salmon with spring vegetables; and the excellent desserts. *224 W. 47th St. (212-921-2005). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, is great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (212-541-9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (212-246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Utsav Festive India—Only the bar of this regional Indian restaurant is located at street level; the contemporary dining room itself is built into a bridge spanning two midtown skyscrapers. The lunch

Opening
The Sequel

The quartet behind TriBeCa's Screening Room—owners Henry Hershkowitz, Nancy Yaffa, and Steve Kantor, along with chef Mark Spangenthal—have branched out uptown with the Dining Room, an encore performance of their downtown hit (minus the movie theater). Larry Bogdanow's design for the duplex that used to be Trois Jean incorporates shimmery surfaces, dark wood, warm lighting, and a raw bar and lounge downstairs. Spangenthal's menu combines rejiggered Screening Room signatures like pan-fried artichokes and icebox cake with upmarket items like foie gras and steamed-lobster cioppino (entrées, $18 to $26). (154 East 79th Street; 212-327-2500.)

Photographs by Joe Scafuro.

buffet costs a paltry $10.95, while à la carte entrées include ginger rack of lamb, tandoori filet mignon, and Bengali fish paturi. The management promises a lineup of food festivals highlighting the varied cooking styles of the subcontinent. *1185 Sixth Ave., nr. 46th St. (212-575-2525). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) on the sixth floor and rooftop terrace of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like chicken breast with lentils, roasted vegetables, and polenta. *601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (212-715-0500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Kitchen D'Orr Spices
Greek Garlic Rub
Kitchen D'Orr Spices
Brittany Sea Salt
Kitchen D'Orr Spices
Mediterranean Blend
Kitchen D'Orr Spices
Russian Red

Shopping **If chefs believed that divulging proprietary recipes would cut into their business, they'd never attach their names to another jar of pasta sauce or salad dressing. But as all home cooks know, there's always something—an army of knife-wielding assistants, perhaps?—standing between them and that restaurant meal they're struggling to re-create from memory. From this perspective, Guastavino's chef Daniel Orr's new line of spice blends is more a handy seasoning tool than the secret to his considerable success. Packaged in miniature paint cans and accompanied by cooking suggestions and basic recipes, Kitchen D'Orr potpourris like Regime (coriander, mustard, and star anise) and Mellow Yellow (turmeric, cardamom, fennel, coriander, and saffron) offer time-saving ways to deal with a freezerful of chicken cutlets and tuna steaks on that rare reservationless night. (Available at Zabar's and the Terence Conran Shop; $6 to $8 per eight-ounce can.)**

Brooklyn Diner U.S.A.—It's tempting to stereotype the theme restaurant row that is Fifty-seventh Street, even more so since the arrival of Warner LeRoy's over-the-top re-creation of the Russian Tea Room. At first glance, "the Finer Diner" up the block looks like yet another excuse to sell sweatshirts. But don't be fooled by the neon lights and the geographically incorrect cheeriness of the wait staff. If this is how owner Shelly Fireman chooses to memorialize the Brooklyn of his youth (which happens to have been spent in the Bronx), we won't complain, despite prices that would shame any genuine greasy spoon (entrées, $13.95 to $24.95). It's comfort-food heaven: big portions of exuberantly non-diet Americana like pigs in a blanket, sliced from the overgrown house "fifteen-bite hot dog"; a fresh-turkey sandwich on a buttery roll with stellar mashed potatoes and cranberries that taste better than the day after Thanksgiving; ham-flecked linguine baked in a too-rich-to-finish sauce that modestly bills itself as macaroni and cheese. *212 West 57th Street (212-977-2280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brooklyn Diner USA—"The Finer Diner" serves a gourmet reworking of the foods of everyone's favorite borough, from fragrant chicken soup with challah to a "fifteen-bite hot dog," with refreshments like Penfolds Cabernet and chocolate malts. *212 W. 57th St. (212-581-8900). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriel's Bar & Restaurant—Just four blocks from Lincoln Center, this acclaimed Northern Italian favorite of theatergoers and neighborhood regulars alike manages to be unintimidatingly comfortable and culinarily sophisticated at the same time. Hearty dishes include gnocchi in duck ragù, braised short ribs in a sauce of dark beer and sage with a semolina custard, and wood-grilled tuna with fresh horseradish. The hot chocolate has a cult following. *11 W. 60th St. (212-956-4600). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Jennifer's Restaurant—This casual Italian restaurant serving well-prepared standard and classic Italian-American dishes, including shrimp stuffed with crabmeat and linguini with whole lobster in a garlicky tomato sauce, is a welcome refuge for tourists and local businesspeople who've had it with West 57th Street's theme-restaurant circus. *117 W. 58th St. (212-397-4256). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nascimento—This fun, romantic Brazilian restaurant with a supplement of Italian dishes features live entertainment nightly and Brazilian music on Saturdays. Try the authentic Bahian specialties like moqueca de peixe (fish stew made with dende oil) and Brazil's hearty national black bean dish from Rio, feijoada completa. *1068 First Ave., nr. 58th St. (212-755-6875). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nirvana—The only Indian restaurant with a superb fifteenth-floor-view of Central Park and a varied menu of Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample from a selection of curries, kormas, biryanis, kababs, tandooris, and vegetarian dishes. *30 Central Park So. (212-486-5700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Shelly's New York—Bronx-born, Brooklyn-obsessed, Manhattan-based restaurateur Shelly Fireman tends to make big, personal statements: the flashy neon façade of his Brooklyn Diner USA, Fireman's of Brooklyn, and this, the latest place made in his own image (in a space that was originally an Art Deco-era Horn & Hardart). Only the assimilative Fireman would offer towering shellfish platters alongside newfangled chicken chow mein, barbecued ribs, and a burger audaciously crowned with seared foie gras and make it work. *104 W. 57th St. (212-245-2422). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Fireman's of Brooklyn—The man behind midtown's nostalgic Brooklyn Diner expands on his outer-borough fantasy with this seafood house, which features a shrimp, oyster, and chowder bar; market-fresh fish; and landlubber options like filet mignon and "Bubba Fireman's chicken." *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (212-585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Trata—With its fish-market display, its Greek spreads and salads, and its simply grilled seafood (sushi-quality octopus, for instance), this bustling Upper East Side sideline of the Patsy's pizza chain offers an affordable, less dramatic alternative to Estiatorio Milos, where the chef used to work. *1331 Second Ave., nr. 70th St. (212-535-3800). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (212-769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. *1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Carina Salvi

nightlife

Dido . . . Roni Size . . . Michael Franti

Performance Sample Sale

It sounds too good to be true: A North London unknown releases a debut album to plenty of critical acclaim but little in the way of album sales; a few months later, hip-hop producer Mark the 45 King asks for permission to sample a track called "Thank You" for the upcoming Eminem album; by the next year, the rapper's angry, acne-riddled fans are discovering a seraphic singer named Dido (pictured) who begins to move albums, embarks on a theater tour, and even makes an appearance on *Live! With Regis & Kathie Lee.* "The success of the album is now really obvious thanks to Eminem," says Dido a bit testily, "but actually the whole process has been a very natural one." Indeed, she's been steadily building a fan base since the release of last year's *No Angel* by sweating it out on the club circuit. "I've been out on the road so much that I'm really knackered," she says. "Really, my experience isn't much different than anyone else's." Dido describes her adolescence and young adulthood as a series of phases from "punk to clubbing to reggae." "It was how I survived that horrific period of the eighties, really." It wasn't until the mid-nineties that she got her first break, singing with UK band Faithless. Her ethereal voice and penchant for ghostly production grabbed the attention of Clive Davis, who signed her to Arista in 1998. Now she finds herself categorized as both a source for samples and a postmodern folkie à la Beth Orton. "People have a tendency to bracket you," she says, "and I don't really like that, though I respect Beth and Eminem." She'll try to elude such categories onstage August 21 as long as requests for "Thank You" don't overwhelm her. (See "Concerts.") **ETHAN BROWN**

Concerts

"Celebrate Brooklyn" presents Donald Byrd—8/18 at 8: With the Group. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. at Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (718-855-7882, ext. 45). $3.*

"Celebrate Brooklyn" presents They Might Be Giants—8/19 at 7:30: With Doughty. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. at Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (718-855-7882, ext. 45). $3.*

Counting Crows/Live—8/18–8/19 at 7:30: With Galactic. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $25–$46.50.*

"Destination: New Orleans" featuring John Fogerty, Aaron Neville, Dr. John—8/20 at 7. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $30–$42.*

Dido—8/21 at 7:30. *Roseland Ballroom, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171). $18.50.*

Neil Young—8/17 at 7:30: With the Pretenders. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171); $34–$129.* 8/19 at 7:30: *PNC Bank Arts Center, Newark, N.J. (212-307-7171). $30.25–$130.25.*

A Perfect Circle—8/19 at 8: With Sunna. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171). Sold out.*

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—8/14: Brian Kennedy. 8/15: Hibachi Joe; Roi. 8/16: Espadrille; Rivington. 8/17: Spotswoode; Tim Heidecker. 8/18: The Everyothers. 8/19: Ricky Byrd; Thrill Cycle. *95 Stanton St. (212-358-1633). $.*

B.B. King Blues Club & Grill—8/16: Michael McDonald. 8/17–8/18: Eric Johnson and Alien Love Child. 8/19: The Supremes starring Mary Wilson. *243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).*

Bottom Line—8/14: The Music of Frank Zappa performed by the Ed Palermo Big Band. 8/17: Cigar Store Indians. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—8/18: Organic Grooves. 8/22: Eve 6. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

"Central Park SummerStage"—8/14: "World Shop: The Development of the Asian Underground Movement." 8/15: Roni Size/Reprazent; Anoushka Shankar. 8/19: Benefit concert with Guster. *Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, 72nd St., mid-park (212-360-CPSS). Free, excluding benefit concerts.*

Fez—Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays: Kiki & Herb: "Playing for Time." 8/14: Birdie; Kings of Convenience. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—8/14: L.A.M.C. Showcase. 8/19: "Technics World DJ Championship" with D.J. Quest; Mixmaster Mike. *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

Joe's Pub—An intimate space that boasts the most eclectic booking in town. Expect everything from torch singers to underground hip-hoppers to New Age composers. Mondays: "Benefit," a downtown music revue. Tuesdays: "Original Roses" with D.J. Beverly Bond. Wednesdays: Reggae music with "Fever." Thursdays: Editors, scenemakers, and boldface names take their turns spinning their favorite records with the "Personality D.J. Series." Sundays: The deep-house-oriented "Love Bazaar" with D.J. MKL. 8/15: Helga Davis. 8/16: "A Baging Night Out" with Jared "Choclatt" Crawford and Larry Wright of *Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk. 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—8/14: Ralph Alessi. 8/15: Vespertine. 8/16: Antony & the Johnsons Orchestra. 8/17: Phife; Zion I; Micranots; Bukueone. 8/18: Jill Sobule; Vanessa. 8/19: Bernie Worrell & the WOO Warriors. 8/21: At the Drive-In; Rhythm of Black Lines. *74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.*

Makor—8/16: Lounge Night. 8/17: Lee Feldman CD Release. *35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000).*

Maxwell's—8/15: Fu Manchu; the Nolan Gate. 8/16: Cabaret Diosa. 8/17: Billy; Spiral Jetty. 8/19: Jill Sobule; Adam Green. 8/20: David Allen's University of Errors; Shell. 8/21: The Posies; Shannon Wright. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—8/14: Satanicide. 8/15: Apollo Heights. 8/16: Say Zu Zu; Tift Merritt. 8/17: The Mooney Suzuki; Rondelles. 8/18–8/19: Boss Hog. 8/20: Young Turks. 8/21: Leguna Meth. *217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—8/14: Hugh Pool. 8/15: Manana. 8/16: Leanne Westover and Strange Cargo. 8/17: Star City. 8/18: Mike Ireland; the Buzzards. 8/19: The Belmont Playboys. 8/20: The Mollys. 8/21: Kinky Friedman. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (212-683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—8/14: Joe Bataan. 8/15–8/16: PRU. 8/18: Killah Priest. 8/19: Brazooca. 8/21: ORQ Sublime. 8/23: Cocoa Brovaz. 8/25: Pucho. 8/26: Silvana Magda. 8/28: Larry Harlow. 8/29: Slum Village. 8/31: Byron Lee & Dragoneer. *204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).*

Supper Club—8/18: Nick Palumbo & the Flipped Fedoras. 8/19: Jumpin Gigolos. *240 W. 47th St. (212-307-7171).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 8/15–8/16: Michael Franti & Spearhead. 8/17: The New Deal. 8/18: Cabaret Diosa; Babaloo. 8/19: Electron. 8/20: Fu Manchu; Speeddealer. *161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600). $.*

Photograph courtesy of Arista Records.

Performance
Burning Spear

With its mix of radical politics and rugged beats, Michael Franti's (pictured) hip-hop crew Spearhead is the truest heir to Gil Scott-Heron since Public Enemy. The San Francisco–based group comes to New York August 15–16 for two shows at the Wetlands, an appropriate venue for both their funk and their politics. (See "Small Stages.")

Clubland

Centro-Fly—Like Vinyl, Centro-Fly is hopping with big-name D.J. talent nearly every day of the week. Thursdays: "Subliminal Sessions" with D.J. Erick Morillo and occasional special guests like Armand Van Helden and "Little" Louie Vega. The second Friday of every month: Long-running house party "N'Ice," which made an exodus from Baktun after more than a year at the meatpacking-district nightspot. Third Friday of every month: House party "Con-fu-sion," also a refugee from Baktun, with big-name D.J.'s like Chicago's Pierre. Saturdays: Energetic house and Big Beat with "Plant." The last Saturday of every month, Plant presents D.J.'s Junior Sanchez and Roger Sanchez (no relation), two of New York house music's finest. Sundays: Dressed-up hip-hop with "VIP Sundays" featuring D.J. Max Glazer and Jessica Rosenblum. Mondays: Frankie Inglese's retro soul, funk, and R&B party "Soul Kitchen." *45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).*

Cheetah—A tacky, jungle-themed club with a spacious dance floor and a decent sound system nonetheless. Tuesdays: "Twelve West," D.J. Nicky Siano's wildly fun, campy after-work party where Chelsea boys, fierce voguers, men in Superman costumes (!) get their groove on for an early-week romp that rivals the ecstatic energy of "Body & Soul." Thursdays: "Clique," where the socialite set grooves to hip-hop beats. Fridays: Blokes go crazy to trance and house at "GBH" ("Great British House"). *12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).*

"Destiny"—Saturdays at 10. A great new Saturday-night soulful-house party in Brooklyn with a nice roster of guest D.J.'s like Tony Humphries, Nicky Siano, and Fred Pierce. The nightspot's spacious, dancer-friendly floor, no-attitude door policy, and warm, friendly crowd make "Destiny" one of the year's best new club nights. *1 Front St., Brooklyn (718-707-1377).*

Frank's Lounge—A bare-bones bar and dance spot, which hosts Lorie and E-Man's frenzied but low-key house-music party "Bang the Party" every Friday. The party, which has been at venues all over town from the 205 Club to Baktun, is just now settling into its own groove. And what a groove it is: On a recent Friday, track-suited break-dancers, baggy-pants-clad dancers, and bare-chested muscle men got down to the ecstatic house of D.J. White Mike with a floor-shaking intensity. *660 Fulton St., at S. Elliott St., Brooklyn (212-726-1322).*

Fun—This sprawling, bilevel, warehouselike space doesn't book big-name D.J. talent, but it's got one of the coolest interiors in clubland, with huge projections of Japanese *anime,* a vertiginous yet comfy balcony area, and a seemingly gravity-defying D.J. booth. *130 Madison St., under the Manhattan Bridge (212-964-0303). $5.*

Halcyon—Yet another excellent, unpretentious outer-borough nightspot with an eclectically minded lineup of house, drum 'n' bass, and electronica. Sundays: D.J.'s spin ambient music at "Undercity." Mondays: "THC: Tech-House Connection." Thursdays: The world-beat-minded "World Records." Fridays: Drum 'n' bass with "Acupuncture." Saturdays: "Abductions," where Halcyon takes the best D.J.'s from well-known parties like "Twelve West" and "Hamsa." *227 Smith St., between Butler and Douglass Sts., Brooklyn (718-260-WAXY).*

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Fridays: "Big Fridays" offer big fun for the weekender straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spins house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied go-go boys dance on the bar. *515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.*

Shine—This downtown spot is now host to excellent, enthusiastically received D.J.-oriented nights as well as up-and-coming rock and dance acts. Mondays: "Giant Step Mondays" with the gloriously great D.J. Ron Trent. Tuesdays: "Prohibited Beatz," electronica in all its many and varied subgenres with D.J.'s Swingsett and Yoshi. Thursdays: Reggae and soul with "Mash Potatoes." Fridays: Hip-hop with D.J.'s Stretch Armstrong and Mateo. Saturdays: D.J. Greg Poole's dance-centric "Tremendous." *285 W. Broadway (212-941-0900).*

Spa—The health-and-wellness theme (white walls, bathrooms designed to look like saunas) is thankfully mostly unobtrusive, and the crowd is thankfully not excessively chic. Spa promoter Steven Lewis maintains the kind of balance between office zhlubs, club kids, and A-listers he pulled off so nicely in the early days of the now defunct Life. Wednesdays: "Big Bad Dodgy Disco," with New Wave and rock spun by D.J. Paul Sevigny. Thursdays: Superpromoter Erich Conrad's "Glam," with D.J. Jackie Christie. Fridays: Marc Ronson and Grandmaster Flash spin hip-hop and R&B for the A-listers at "Hollywood 2000." *76 E. 13th St. (212-388-1060).*

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays," a low-key alternative to the frenzied Friday nights. Fridays: World-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 8/16: "Sounds Like Paper" with D.J.'s Layo & Bushwacka. *530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the break-dancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: Hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about seven in the morning becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sundays: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. Mondays: The Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra directed by Paul Ellington. 7/26: Billy Paul. 8/16: Michael Raye. 8/17–8/19: Hank Crawford; Jimmy McGriff. 8/23–8/26: Jon Faddis Quintet. *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 8/14: Astral Project. 8/15–8/20: Gonzalo Rubalcaba Trio and David Sanchez's Melaza Sextet. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clarinetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (212-691-6174).*

City Hall—Mondays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. $15 cover, $10 for students. *131 Duane St. (212-227-7777).*

Deanna's—This Lower East Side jazz haunt run by singer Deanna Kirk should give Tonic a run for its money. Open Tuesday through Sunday. Kirk performs on most nights. *107 Rivington St. (212-420-2258).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young play-

Photograph by Wonder Knack.

ers, this Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 8/14: Luis Perdoma Trio. 8/15: Pat Donaher Quartet. 8/16: Neil Haiduck Quartet. 8/17: Owen Howard Quartet. 8/18: Andrew Emer and Septet Royal. 8/19: Eric Rasmussen Quartet. 8/21: Damian Pacheco Quartet. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. *174 Orchard St. (212-780-0313).*

Iridium—In the surreal basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Quartet holds office hours. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 8/15–8/20: "Ellington Forever" featuring Roland Hanna, Jimmy Heath, Frank Wess, Ray Drummond, Kenny Washington. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, jazz greats, and artists on the rise. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; and Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 8/15–8/20: Carl Allen & The New Spirits. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

Red Blazer—Mondays and Tuesdays: Sam Ulano's Jazz band. Wednesdays: Felix Swing Band; Alan Russell Big Jazz Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Swing Band. Fridays: Simon Wettenhall's Oceanic Dixieland Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Dixie & Swing Band. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So. (212-242-1785).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 8/16: Tim Berne. 8/17: D.J. Logic. 8/18: Myra Melford. 8/19: Arto Lindsay; Ikue Mori; Zeena Parkins. 8/21: Angus MacLise CD Release Party. 8/23: Greg Tardy; Ben Perowsky Trio. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 8/15–8/20: Charles McPherson Quartet. 8/22–8/27: Clark Terry Quintet. *178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 9:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

Carolines On Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. $12.50–$24.50; two-drink minimum. 8/14–8/15: Mario Cantone. 8/17–8/20: Jay Mohr; Gerald Kelly; Drew Fraser. 8/22: "Hot 97's 'Phat Tuesday' "; "The Blue Collar Show." 8/23: Monteria Ivey. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. 8/14–8/20: Colin Quinn; Wanda Sykes; Tom Papa; Godfrey; Nick DiPaolo; Keith Robinson; Greg Giraldo. *117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat. show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun., New Talent Showcase. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 with a $10 cover; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 with a $15 cover. Two-drink minimum. 8/16: Robert Klein. 8/18–8/19: Orny Adams; Elon Gold; Louis Ramey. *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. *King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St. (212-501-6016). Free.*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and 12:15 A.M. $12 cover. 8/18–8/19: John Bush; Mike Estime; Lisa Lampanelli. *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—The Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.) Through 9/2: Howard Fishman. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).*

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill–area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. Sundays at 8: Lisa Asher and Jeff Waxman. Mondays at 8: Steven Lutvak. *450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).*

Cafe Pierre—Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis celebrates her fourteenth year at the Cafe Pierre with a special program called "Fascinating Rhythms: 50 Years of American Popular Song and Jazz." Sun.–Mon., Nancy Winston sings and plays piano. $19 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (212-940-8195).*

The Carnegie Club at Carnegie Bar and Books—Fri. and Sat. at 9:30 and 11: Sinatra impersonator Cary Hoffman, backed by Stan Rubin's eleven-piece big band. $20 cover; two-drink minimum. *156 W. 56th St. (212-957-9676).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? 8/17: "The Next Big Broadway Musical." *343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.*

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinstein's cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. Tickets are $60; $50 food-and-drink minimum. Through 9/9: Marc Salem. *540 Park Ave., at E. 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 9; Fri.–Sat. at 9 and 11. $30 cover; $20 minimum. 8/3–8/18: Billy Stritch. *365 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).*

Judy's—This cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 8/14: "Leer Mondays" with the Lounge-O-Leers. 8/16: Anita Michaels in "A Hairdresser Looks At Her Roots." 8/21: "Leer Mondays" with the Lounge-O-Leers. *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).*

Performance Bang for the Buck

Thanks to the cold turn it took in the past two years, drum 'n' bass has become as offputting as a dot-com business plan. But Bristol, UK–based producer Roni Size (pictured, right, with MC Dynamite) still clings to the funky futurism that made the genre so appealing in the first place. On August 15, Size and Reprazent—his crew of drummers, bassists, and D.J.'s—will debut music from their upcoming album that includes collaborations with Method Man and Rage Against the Machine's Zach De La Rocha. (See "Small Stages.")

the mix

“The History of Presidential Ads”...Bowery Tour

John Leonard’s TV Notes

Jimi Hendrix: The Man They Made God (8/15; 8 to 9 P.M.; A&E), maybe because it’s a co-production of the BBC and A&E, gets a little fancier with the graphics than some of the other quickies in a weeklong series on *Rock Legends* (Janis Joplin Wednesday, Mick Jagger Thursday). Thus, from Seattle, where he was born, to London, where he was loved, a camera admires wet streets. But the story stays the same—the military service with the 101st Airborne that made him ambivalent about the Vietnam War; the showmanship that evolved from playing guitars with his teeth to beating up on them as he’d later beat up on women; the early approval of the Beatles, the Who, and the French; the Monterey passage “from rumor to legend”; the National Anthem at Woodstock; Dr. King’s assassination; increasingly destructive audiences; and death at age 27 by drowning in his own gastric juice, after a lethal mix of amphetamines and barbiturates.

The Darkling (8/15; 9 to 11 P.M.; USA) is an intermittently absorbing pulp synthesis of Dr. Faust and J. G. Ballard, about a garage mechanic (Aidan Gillen) who is persuaded by an agent of the occult (F. Murray Abraham) to serve satanic forces (in this case, the “darkling” head of a wizened child in a canary cage, a sort of Orson Welles baby with a deep radio voice), at the cost of his blonde wife (Nina Siemaszko), his immortal soul, and maybe his innocent daughter too (Skye McCole Bartusiak), in return for worldly riches that include James Dean’s 1955 Porsche 550 Spyder. With the usual keys, candles, capes, and crosses, on one of which F. Murray is impaled.

At Any Cost (8/16; 9 to 11 P.M.; VH1) blames almost all the troubles of a fictional rock band—songwriter-singer-guitarist Lance (Eddie Mills); his beautiful bass-player wife, Chelsea (Maureen Flannigan); and his substance-abusing brother Mike (James Franco)—on their low-life manager Ben (Glenn Quinn), who had more to do with Mike’s untimely overdose than Lance and Chelsea know, though the viewer’s clued in early. Semi-interesting songs along the way by Rod Taylor and Spencer Proffer, available of course on a soundtrack CD, plus a guest appearance by Gene Simmons, the cameo KISS. But hard to distinguish from the usual *Behind the Music*.

Lexx (8/18; 10 to 11 P.M.; SciFi) launches a second campy season with dithering Stanley (Brian Downey), love slave Xev (Xenia Seeberg), and the assassin Kai (Michael McManus) waking up from 4,000 years of “cryo-sleep” to find their bugcraft marooned between the binary planets of Fire and Water and themselves the prisoners of the Prince of Fire (Nigel Bennett), who needs some help to win the war with Water. As usual, the special effects are fifties techno-cheesy. And for some reason, the music reminds me of Russian Volga-boatman songs. But Xev sure knows how to slut.

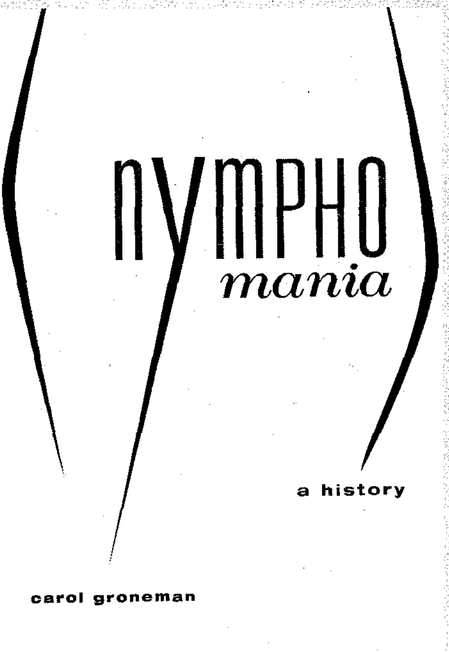
Bud Greenspan’s Favorite Stories of Olympic Glory (8/20; 10 to 11:30 P.M.; Showtime) is the usual terrific footage pumped up like Leni Riefenstahl; this time a multinational subliming of gymnast Nadia Comaneci (Romania), freestyle swimmer Duncan Armstrong (Australia), Greco-Roman wrestler Alexander Karelin (Russia), long-distance runner Abebe Bikila (Ethiopia), and decathlon world-record holder Dan O’Brien (USA). All that’s missing is surprise.

In Print

She’s Gotta Have It

There is actually a term—*satyriasis*—for male sexual addiction, but as Carol Groneman points out, you’re probably more familiar with the word for similarly compelled females: *nymphomania*. In her new book, *Nymphomania: A History*, Groneman looks at our culture’s evolving but ever-present need to quantify how much is too much when it comes to a lady. She offers garish accounts of historical “treatments”—leeches, caustics, and the occasional clitoridectomy—but Groneman points out that they all seemed less horrifying at the time. “We see barbarism in these procedures, but they weren’t punishments,” she says. “These techniques date back to the Greeks. It sounds to us like misogynistic doctors doing terrible things to women, but the women brought themselves and their daughters in and demanded treatment! They really believed in this stuff—and we have contemporary equivalents.” Groneman, a professor of history at John Jay College of Criminal Justice, is most disturbed by more recent citings of nymphomania in the courts. “The nymphomania defense—meaning ‘her sexuality is so distorted that she thinks she was raped when she wasn’t’—was used into the 1990s. People would discuss nymphomania in these cases as if they have a scientific definition for it, and they don’t.” In fact, Groneman herself is unsure what constitutes a sex addict. “The line that’s drawn about what presumably is excess keeps shifting, which says to me that our idea of what is okay behavior for women is really in the eye of the beholder.” Groneman will be reading on August 16. (See “The Written Word.”)

ARIEL LEVY



Radio Highlights

“City Folk”—8/16; 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.: In honor of the anniversary of Elvis’s death, WFUV presents songs by musicians who, like the King, also acted, such as Tom Waits, Frank Sinatra, Robbie Robertson, Bob Dylan, Lyle Lovett, and Victoria Williams. 90.7 FM.

Lectures and Panels

“Growing Old in Spanish Harlem”—8/20 at 1 P.M.: Dr. Judith Freidenberg, author of *Growing Old in El Barrio*, hosts a discussion and slide show on the evolution of Spanish Harlem and the impact of these changes on its elderly population. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672); $7 suggested donation.

The Written Word

Martin Golan—8/15 at 7:30 P.M.: A reading and book-signing of his debut novel, *My Wife’s Last Lover*. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Carol Groneman—8/16 at 7:30 P.M.: The history professor discusses the history, explanations, and treatment of nymphomania, in conjunction with her new book *Nymphomania*. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Rough Cut: Writers on the Edge—8/16 at 7:30 P.M.: David Grand reads from his work *Louse* and discusses literature with Molly Jong Fast and Susan Camninos. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (914-723-8633); free.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
YANKEES	TEX MSG 8:35 P.M.	TEX FOX 8:35 P.M.	TEX MSG 8:35 P.M.	ANA MSG SC 7:05 P.M.	ANA MSG SC 7:05 P.M.	ANA MSG SC 4:05 P.M.	ANA FOX SC 4:05 P.M.
METS	SF FSNY SC 7:10 P.M.	COL FSNY SC 5:10/8:30 P.M.	COL FSNY SC 7:10 P.M.	COL WPIX SC 1:10 P.M.	LA FSNY 10:10 P.M.	LA FOX 4:05 P.M.	LA FSNY 4:10 P.M.
METROSTARS			TAM METRO 7:30 P.M.				COL MSG SC 3 P.M.
LIBERTY (PLAYOFFS)	TBA ESPN SC 8 P.M.	TBA TBA (IF NEC.)		TBA TBA SC 7 P.M.			TBA TBA SC 2 OR 4 P.M.
GIANTS					NYJ CBS 8 P.M.		
JETS					NYG CBS SC 8 P.M.		
	8/14	8/15	8/16	8/17	8/18	8/19	8/20

Tours

"The Bowery: I'll Never Go There Anymore"—8/19 at 1 P.M.: A walking tour along the infamous New York "skid row," including stops at Big Tim Sullivan's headquarters, P. T. Barnum's Circus, McGuirk's Suicide Hall, and various dance halls and flophouses. Meet at the Cube at Astor Place; $12, $10 seniors and students.

Idyllic Island—8/20 at 3:30 P.M.: A walking tour and aerial tramway ride to historic Roosevelt Island, with stops at the Blackwell Farmhouse, the Octagon Tower, and the island's stone lighthouse. Meet at the northwest corner of 59th St. and Second Ave. (212-265-2663); $5, plus $3 tramway fare.

The Nooks and Crannies of Greenwich Village—8/20 at 1 P.M.: A walking tour focusing on the history, landmarks, and famous literary residents of New York's famous neighborhood, including stops at Macdougal Alley, the Pen and Brush Club, and the homes of Theodore Dreiser, e.e. cummings, Mark Twain, and others. Meet at the southeast corner of Fifth Ave. and 12th St. (732-0270-5277); $10.

Radical Walking Tour—8/20 at 1 P.M.: A tour focusing on the robber barons and those who resisted them, with discussion of the Rockefellers, J. P. Morgan, Abbie Hoffman, the first organized slave revolt, and the F.A.L.N. bombing of Fraunces Tavern. Meet on the steps of the Smithsonian Museum of the American Indian, 1 Bowling Green (718-492-0069); $10.

"Modern Masters: Fifty-Third Street"—8/21 at 11:30 A.M.: From the construction of the Museum of Modern Art in 1939 to the completion of Citicorp in 1978, Fifty-third Street is a compendium of the Modern Movement in New York. Visit Lever House, the Seagram building, Paley Park, and the CBS building with architectural historian John Kriskiewicz. Meet at the Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (212-935-3960); $10.

Events

ludson River Festival—8/16–8/18 at 7 P.M.: The Saigon Water Puppet Theater premieres its program of folk stories and music from ancient Vietnam, using ornately detailed puppets submerged in water, against a colorful bamboo background. The World Financial Center Plaza (212-528-2733); free.

ummerNights—8/15 at 5 P.M.: Pop singer, songwriter, and guitarist Lezlee Peterzell performs live, while popular television reruns are screened and free popcorn distributed in the Scheuer Auditorium. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St.; donation requested.

Benefits

ummer Gala With the Stars—8/16 at P.M.: David Bouley opens Danube Restaurant early for the New York launch party of Grey Goose L'Orange Vodka. Renowned bartender Albert Trummer has created two signature Grey Goose martinis for the event. All proceeds benefit Volunteers of America, a nonprofit organization providing services to the homeless. Danube, 30 Hudson St. (212-496-4346/4343); $100.

University Place Festival—8/19 from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.: Over 150 vendors bring food and bargains to University Place between 8th and 13th Streets to benefit Village Visiting Neighbors. Call 212-995-9412 for additional information.

Robert Wilson Watermill Center Summer Benefit—8/19 at 6:30 P.M.: An evening featuring cocktails, dinner, a silent auction, and dancing, with auctioneer Simon de Pury and D.J. Mark Ronson, to benefit the arts-development efforts of the organization. 39 Watermill Tower Rd., Watermill, N.Y. (631-726-4628); dessert and dancing $125, cocktails and dinner $400–$1,000.

Ovarian Cancer Research Fund Benefit Concert—8/17 at 7 P.M.: An evening of music to benefit the fund, with performances by Leslie Nuchow, Rachelle Garniez, Scout, and Rachael Sage. Shine, 285 W. Broadway (800-873-9568); $10 at door.

Exhibitions

"Madison Avenue Goes to Washington: The History of Presidential Campaign Advertising"—8/22–8/27 at 2 P.M.: Since Eisenhower's spots "Eisenhower Answers America" aired in 1952, American presidential hopefuls have accepted the end of the whistle-stop campaign and understood the paramount importance of their television appearances. From a 1960 ad in which Jacqueline Kennedy detailed JFK's virtues in Spanish to Ronald Reagan's 1984 "It's Morning Again in America" spots, this screening series traces the commercials that have played a large part in winning and losing the American presidency. The Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600; $6, $4 students and seniors.

"Forms in Motion"—Through 10/8. The first of a series of events included in the Henson International Festival of Puppet Theater this fall. The exhibit of photographs, puppets, and other material is in two segments: "Collaborative Forms" recalls the 1923 collaboration of puppet-maker Hermenegildo Lanz, composer Manuel de Falla, and playwright Federico García Lorca; "Sculptural Forms" explores the fusion of sculpture, kinetic form, and performance. The Cooper Union, Cooper Square at Astor Pl. (212-439-7556); free.

Sports

2000 Summer Mini-Meet Track and Field Series—8/15 at 6 P.M.: The Metropolitan Athletic Congress and the New York City Department of Youth and Community Development sponsor this track meet for all ages. The meet is located at City College of New York, 133rd St. and Convent Ave.; $3 per event for adults ($7 per relay), free to those 18 and younger. Visit www.mactrack.org for a list of scheduled events, or call 212-227-0071 for more information.

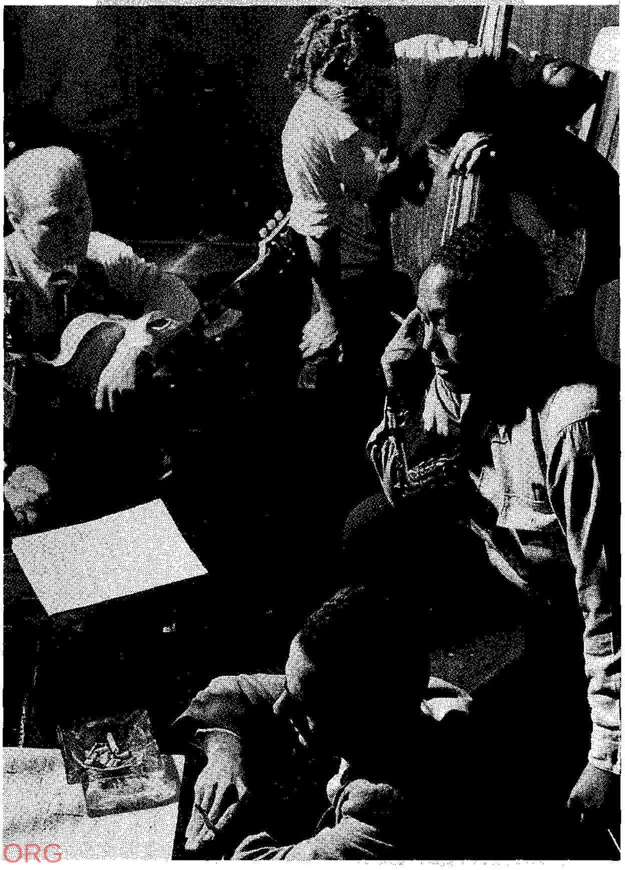
GHI Bronx Tennis Classic—8/14–8/20: Cablevision and Group Health Incorporated present this USTA Prudential Circuit men's and women's event, a warm-up to the U.S. Open. Men's first round begins 8/14 at 11 A.M. At Crotona Park in the Bronx; free admission. For more information, call 718-786-7110, ext. 65.

NFL Preseason: Giants at Jets—8/18 at 8 P.M., CBS: They're still playing in Jersey, but they've both brought back the old logos—and it couldn't get more throwback now that they're playing on natural grass. Unless, say, it happened to rain. Or it was a real game.

Online

***New York* on the Web**—This week "The Surf Report" continues to review the Websites of the hottest shows on television, including *Sex and the City* and *Survivor.* And as always, you can browse through back issues, "Best of New York," and selected content from the current issue.

Happening Jazz has always made for interesting bedfellows, but a particularly eclectic group—Andrew Cuomo, Bernie Brillstein, the Reverend Calvin Butts, and Puff Daddy—will co-chair the August 19 Sag Harbor screening of Ken Burns's ten-part documentary *Jazz* (pictured, Charlie Parker and the Metronome All Stars in 1949), to benefit Harlem's Abyssinian Baptist Church and the Hamptons Film Festival. Fifty-dollar tickets for the evening, sponsored by General Motors and Primedia, are available at 212-981-5292.



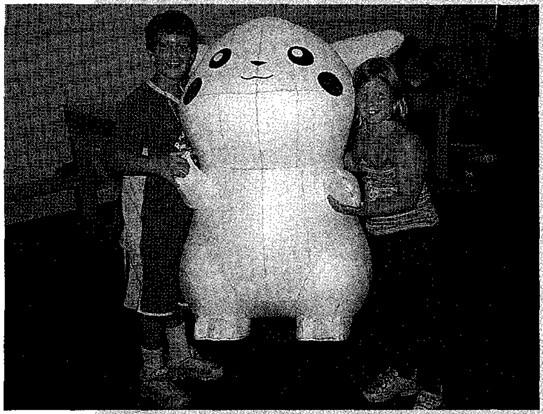
hotograph by Herman Leonard.

kids

Puppets...Paper...Clay Play

Happening
Q&A With Poké-People

Two kids saved my butt this summer. Eight-year-old Emma and 9-year-old Eric, now known as E-girl and E-boy, were chosen to come with me to a rehearsal of *Pokémon Live* at Radio City Music Hall. They considered themselves lucky. I considered them lifesavers. I know nothing about Pokémon. Heck, I didn't even pronounce it correctly. (It's *Pok-aa-mon*, not *Pok-ee-mon*.) This adventure ended up being the easiest assignment ever, as E-boy and E-girl (pictured, with an unfinished Pikachu) shot the important questions to the actors, director, and playwright. I was the silent stenographer trailing behind.



***E-boy:* How did you decide which Pokémon to use?**

***Michael Slade, playwright:* It was a joint decision. We looked at all the characters and picked the favorites. In total there are 36 characters in the show, along with another 40 different Pokémon puppets.**

***E-girl:* How come you picked grown-ups to play the parts instead of kids?**

***M.S.:* That's a good question. Well, first off, these grown-ups are professional actors and dancers, and they know how to play the part of a kid. Kids should be in school.**

***E-boy:* Do the actors have Pokémon cards?**

***Luis Perez, director/choreographer:* Some of them do. But every one of them has seen the movies and watched many episodes of the TV show.**

***E-boy:* What's the play gonna be about?**

***M.S.:* Ash is training to be a PokéMaster, and there's a new diamond badge for anyone who defeats a mysterious Pokémon Gym Leader who's planning to take over the world. This villain has also created a mechanical Pokémon who can learn all the powers in Pokémonic battles. So Ash, Misty, and Brock go on this journey together. There's also a lot of singing and dancing in the show. There's even an interactive part with the audience and Team Rocket.**

***E-girl:* How do you think the play is gonna turn out?**

***L.P.:* I think it's going to be great. If this is Pokémon's last hurrah, I want it to be darn good, the same way a lightbulb burns really, really bright before it goes out.**

(See "Children's Events.")

SUSAN AVERY

Children's Events

Pokémon Live!—The first national theatrical tour of the pocket monsters that make parents go nuts on eBay will come to Radio City from Sept. 20 through Oct. 1. Tickets are $24.50–$44.50 through Ticketmaster (212-307-7171) or at the box office. At Sixth Ave. and 50th St. Call 212-247-4777 for more information.

Vietnam on the Hudson—How's this for unusual entertainment? Fifteen puppeteers wade waist-deep in a 7,500-gallon pool. Hidden behind a bamboo screen, they manipulate underwater rods and wire, making the puppets skip across the water. This is the fine art of Vietnamese water puppetry. Lively tales of mythology and daily life are told using multicolored swans, copper turtles, plumed peacocks, and pirouetting dragons. **SAIGON WATER PUPPET THEATER**, part of the Hudson River Festival, will be held at the World Financial Center Plaza, 8/16–8/18 at 7 P.M. and 8/19–8/20 at 3 P.M. Admission is free. 200 Liberty St. (212-528-2733).●●

I Made It Out of Clay—In the hands of young artists, self-hardening clay turns into treasured objects. This two-hour class will be held on 8/19 at 1 P.M. Cost is $3 per child, plus museum admission of $3, adults $5. At the **MORRIS MUSEUM**, 6 Normandy Heights Rd., Morristown, N.J. (973-538-0454).●

Paper Cachet—The **DIEU DONNE PAPERMILL** is a not-for-profit group dedicated to the art of handmade paper. A workshop for kids on 8/19 has them making colorful paper fish and sea creatures and decorating with pulp. The class goes from 2 to 3:30 P.M. Cost is $20 per child with one adult accompanying. At 433 Broome St. (212-226-0573).●

UFO on S.I.—Every weekend in August, **THE STATEN ISLAND CHILDREN'S MUSEUM** gives "Unlimited Flying Object" workshops featuring all varieties of floaters. On 8/19–8/20 from noon to 4 P.M., kids will use plaster to make their own batch of beetles. On 8/18 from noon to 4 P.M., kaleidoscopes will be the topic of discussion as participants learn how they work and how to make their own versions. Cost is $2 for each workshop, plus admission. At Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-273-2060).●

Even If We're Just Dancing in the Park—Get your kids ready for the next set of ice-cream socials and prom nights as they learn, at no cost, all the steps of the hottest dances every Thursday evening in August. 8/17 is "Ballroom Night," with foxtrotting under the stars and music provided by the Ray Santos Orchestra. Lessons go from 6 to 6:45 P.M., and the dancing goes from 7 to 8:30 P.M. At the **CENTRAL PARK CONSERVANCY**, Charles A. Dana Discovery Center at the Harlem Meer, 110th St. and Fifth Ave. (212-310-6636).●●

Camp Shakespeare—In conjunction with the Hamptons Shakespeare Festival, kids ages 8 to 16 can participate in two workshops. **MASKS, MUSIC & MUCH ADO** includes mask design and mime exercises; 8/26–8/27 from 9:30 A.M. to noon at the Southampton Cultural Center. In **WILD WAR OF WORDS**, kids will work on improvisation and discover their own interpretations of Shakespearean characters; 8/26–8/27 from 1:30 to 4 P.M. in Southampton. Both programs have a $40 registration fee (631-476-2454).●

All Tapped Out—Whether your kids are mini-Shirleys and -Bojangleses or just the types who can't sit still, joining in on the free **MACY'S TAP-O-MANIA** is a must-do-once-in-your-life event that comes up again on 8/20 at noon. Of course, the store is looking to top its Guinness World Record standing of 6,766 tappers. Neither tap shoes nor dance expertise is required. Macy's folks teach all participants the steps to a relatively simple routine. Call 212-494-1917 for more information.●●

Cop Demos—Several specialized units of the NYPD will hold free demonstrations at the pier of the **INTREPID SEA AIR SPACE MUSEUM** on 8/19–8/20. Presentations include: the Bomb Squad with its explosive-detection canine, the Scuba Team and its underwater paraphernalia, the Highway Patrol with its radar guns and breathalyzers, and the Special Operations Division. (There is a charge to tour the museum.) At Pier 86, W. 46th St. and Twelfth Ave. Call 212-957-7055 for more information.●●

Tangos, Jigs, and Reels—A special children's concert gives kids the opportunity to learn about dance music from around the world, 5 P.M. on 8/17 at the **BRIDGEHAMPTON CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL**. Tickets are $10 and are available by calling 212-741-9403 or 631-537-6368. At the Bridgehampton Presbyterian Church on Montauk Highway.●

cue

Susan Avery
Kids

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Nightlife

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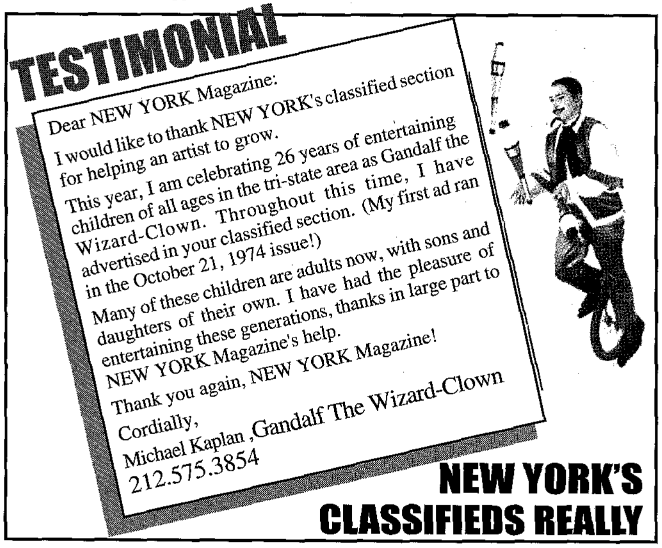

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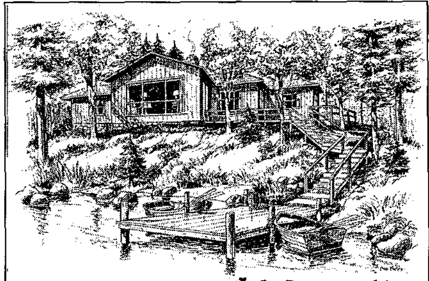

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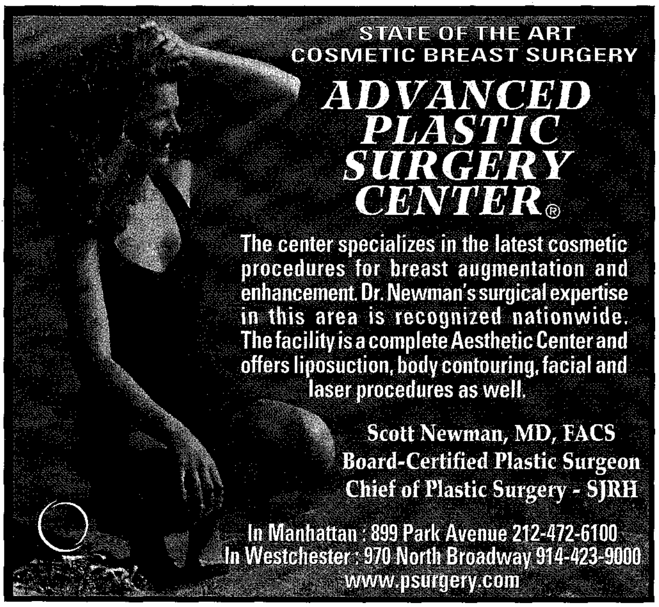

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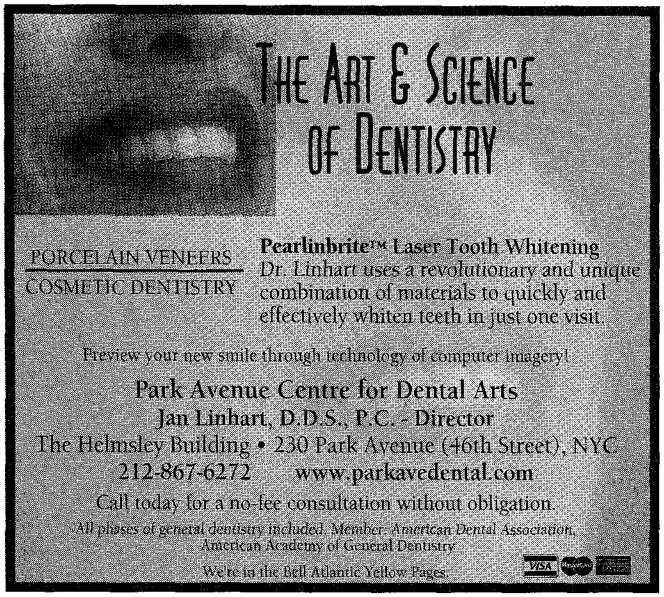

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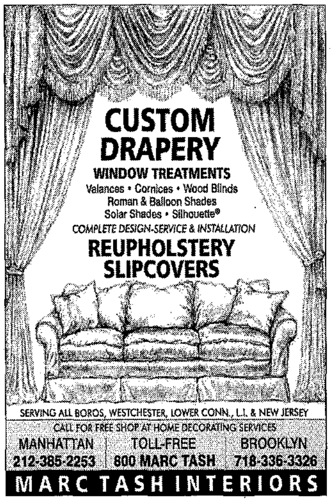

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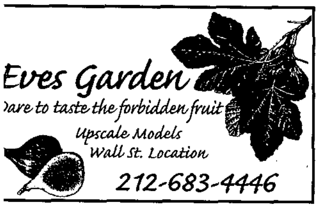

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Russian-American Blond—Green eyes, slim, petite, very good-looking and equally unassuming, well-educated, semi-retired, seeking single, white or Asian gent, 58 plus. He should be cultured, kind and secure. (914) or (718) area preferred. Photo/phone/note appreciated. 4878 ✉

Successful, Handsome CEO—Regular guy, very romantic, 5'10", quite fit, mid 40s, seeks sincere lady under 38, for fun/ uture. Phone/photo a must. 4850 ✉☎

Handsome Plastic Surgeon—43, Jewish, ccomplished and successful, athletic and it, in search of single/divorced, pretty, hin and fit white female, MD, JD, MBA, DDS or corporate exec, 28-38. Serious eplies only. Photo/note a must. 4897 ✉☎

Good-Looking Guy—39, attorney, 6', thletic, never married, seeks very ttractive, slim, 26-36-year-old woman or relationship. Note/photo. 4853 ✉☎

Generous, Single—Corporate executive rom NJ, who often travels to NYC, is ooking for a very attractive lady who is ery feminine in appearance and dress. I m of Italian heritage, 5'8" tall and 185 bs. I enjoy fine dining, travel, theater and porting events. Please reply with photo nd phone, and I will do likewise. 4818✉☎

Pretty Blond—5'6", marketing executive, compassionate, slender, world-traveled, who enjoys the arts, is ready to meet you. You are 57-65, 5'10" plus, worldly, down-to-earth, many interests, warmhearted, caring, humorous, successful Jewish professional, spontaneous, easy to be with. As my best friend and partner forever... You may be the one. Note and photo. 4876 ✉

Polished, Kind Manhattan Man—Wishes to court a joyfully savvy woman in elegant style for the ultimate goal of becoming lifemates in love. Share lighthearted moments of hand-holding, beach strolling, country inns, European escapes and more with this attentive, flower-sending, cultured, single, silver-haired, handsome-faced, StairMaster-fit, 5'10" 56-year-young, JD-degreed investment banker who is both book- and street-smart. Considered a sharer and a giver rather than a taker. Some unhurried words with a recent flattering photo reciprocated. 4857 ✉

Pretty Woman, Teacher—White, sincere, loyal, sense of humor, seeks a good man for the long run, 60 plus. Photo. 4862 ✉☎

Laugh All Night!—With successful, handsome, Ivy MD/PhD, romantic, 5'10", fit, mid 40s, fun. Seeks bright lady, under 38. Phone/photo necessary. 4901 ✉☎

Seeking A Male—Aged late 30s/young 40s, sincere, honest, loves to laugh and enjoys daily life. I am a divorced Catholic woman, 37, educated, successful in business. I have two wonderful children, so liking children is a must. Photo. 4855 ✉☎

Adventurous/Creative—5'8", attractive, single white male, 155 lbs, fit, 40. Ready to settle down and create mutual magic with a special, fun, creative, adventurous, fit, pretty woman. I am a down-to-earth, successful, creative, motivated advertising exec, inventor, musician; honest, interesting, romantic, funny, good guy - enjoy outdoors and NYC. Photo a plus. 4899 ✉☎

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I Am Tall, Dark, Handsome—Single physician enjoying all aspects of life. At times, I think I work too hard. Looking to share my life with an attractive, educated, smart, fun-loving, buxom female, 25-34. Photo a must. 4868 ✉

Sweet, Slender, Pretty—Jewish physician, 37, 5'4", single, seeks educated, thoughtful man with a lively mind and passionate heart, 37-53. 4889 ✉☎

Pretty Latina, 41—Dances, stylish, seeks white man with similar qualities. 4903 ✉ ☎

NJ Mature Ms. - Not To Miss—Witty, warm, worldly, wise Jewish widow who is elegant, energetic, erudite and eclectic. Searching for stimulating, sensitive, sociable, statuesque senior. Photo. 4877✉

Professional Man—Low key, 60s, Jewish, seeks tall, younger lady who's mentally and physically very strong. 4848 ✉☎

Japanese 46, Female—5'5", seeks white male, 40s, professional, loves music, theater. Photo and note. 4902 ✉

Attractive, Warm, Tall—Educated male, wealthy international financier, mid 40s, seeks pleasant, bright, educated, attractive, slim female, 25-40, with keen sense of humor and adventure, for trip to Far East and much more. Letter/photo. 4835✉☎

Very Pretty, Petite, Successful—NYC orthodontist, 36, Jewish, sharp, energetic, athletic, with too many interests to enumerate...seeks a fun, romantic, successful (MD/JD/Wall Street type), nice guy with sense of humor and a quick wit, 33-42. Note/photo. 4816 ✉☎

Nice Guy, Strong Values—Handsome, fit professional, 45, likes engaging talk, the outdoors, NYC culture. Kind, thoughtful, reliable, fun, self-aware, doesn't snore. Seeks warm, smart, loving lady. 4895 ✉☎

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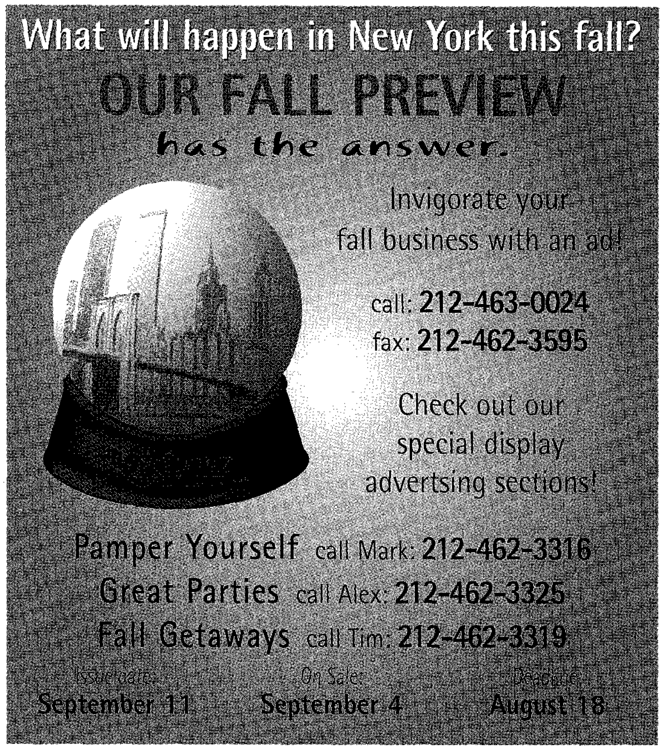

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Handsome Blond Male—35, 5'10", Ivy-educated, business and home owner in north NJ, close to NYC, seeks never-married, educated woman, 26-34, who's looking for a serious relationship with shared goals. I have everything except someone special to share it with. I'm sophisticated, very real, fun-loving, but serious where it counts. Some of my interests include jazz and blues, Indian cuisine, the Village as well as club row, world events and pop culture. If you live in Manhattan or north NJ, and seek a conscious, aware and caring man, let's chat. 4820 ✉☎

Male, Early 60s—Seeks enthusiastic, outdoorsy yet cultured lady who likes the independence and doubled possibilities of going Dutch. 4828 ✉☎

Handsome, Blue-Eyed Professional—6', strong family values, enjoys dining, arts, dancing - seeks female, 28-34. 4879✉☎

Classy Lady—49, seeks attractive, smart, athletic man of substance and success, near CT. Photo/note. 4814 ✉☎

Young Racquel Welch-Type—5'6", Jewish, seeks handsome, sophisticated man with integrity, 40-60, 5'10" plus, for love, laughter and forever? Photo. 4885 ✉☎

Tall, Handsome Attorney—6'4", slim, blond, blue, 52, very athletic, Jewish, very successful, seeks intelligent, pretty, slim female, 33-39, with a sense of humor - animal lover a plus. For love, laughs, passion, marriage and children. Photo, please - will reciprocate. 4864 ✉☎

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Very Nice-Looking Jewish Physician, 31—Somewhat intense, somewhat irreverent, 5'8", 168, great shape and down-to-earth. Seeks athletic, attractive Jewish woman who is intelligent and family-minded, under 30. Photo, please. 4894 ✉☎

Latin Beauty—Smart, sophisticated, funny, down-to-earth, seeks single man, 35-50, for committed relationship. 4830 ✉☎

Former Magazine Ad Director—60, Jewish, widower, seeks nonsmoking, slim, affectionate, caring lady, 50-59, for candlelight dinners near water and walks in the country and city. 4886 ✉☎

When Ordinary Becomes Extraordinary—Searching for that man of distinction. An accomplished leader, 50 plus, who is loving and lovable, playful, caring, very bright and creative, passionate and well-traveled. A man who is full of life and ideas. I am a spirited, bright, creative and warm female who is very attractive, 5'8", slender and shapely, and touched and sometimes dazzled by the joy, pleasure and devotion that can be shared by two people in love. Central NJ. Note/photo. 4881 ✉☎

Attractive Blond Widow—Warm, sensual, outgoing Westchester lady, loves having fun and going places. Seeks relationship with warmhearted, romantic, classy, well-rounded gentleman, 57-65, to share good times, dining out, theater, rides in the country and happy moments. Photo/phone/note appreciated. 4838 ✉☎

Beautiful, Devout Catholic—Seeks man with integrity, 47-57, for marriage. 4861✉

Beautiful, Blue-Eyed Brunette Female—With heart/soul. Incredible model-type figure. Petite/slim/athletic but very shapely. Intelligent professional with wit, charm, warmth and great sense of humor. Impeccable taste. Studied interior design. Desires to meet attractive, very financially successful man to pamper (45-60 plus). Westport area a plus. Looking for quality, committed relationship. I appreciate the finer things in life, as I'm sure you do. I believe life can be beautiful, but you must find the right person to share it with. Let's open a bottle of champagne and talk. Note/photo. 4896 ✉

Brooklyn—Retired professor, tall, slim, affluent, Irish, reads much in large Victorian beach house near subway, visits DC. Seeks 50-plus, retired lady health buff. 4858 ✉

Gay, Quality Woman Of Substance—Seeks gay woman. 38, 5'5", slim, cute, authentic - emotional openness, values and integrity, warm, caring, romantic. Looking for mutual love and life partner. Manhattan a plus. Photo/note, please. 4898 ✉☎

Handsome, Thoughtful, Fun—Male, 39, 5'9"; likes the outdoors, travel, movies, sports, languages, music. Looking for an interesting, educated, natural, beautiful woman, 28-36, at least 5'3", who enjoys intelligent conversation and adventure, and has a sense of humor. Photo. 4893✉☎

Pretty, Slim, Accomplished—Unencumbered Jewish divorcee seeks lifelong passionate partnership with refined, fun-loving, financially secure male counterpart, 48-58. Photo/note. 4851 ✉☎

Hairy Troglodyte—Trim, playful male, 52, 5'8", sexy and sincere, seeks fit, slender Aphrodite for movies, museums and more. Note/photo. 4891 ✉

Handsome, Successful Entrepreneur—Witty, athletic, professional, sincere male seeks pretty, unpretentious, smart, sexy, fit woman who loves to laugh, 38-47, to share life's joys, to be best friend and lover. Note/phone/photo a must. 4892✉☎

Tall, Dark And Handsome—Nice guy, single white male, seeks very pretty, in-shape, health-conscious, single white female between 23-39, for long-term relationship. Photo/note. 4887 ✉

You: Single White Male—Intelligent, handsome, loving, confident professional. Me: single, white, petite professional, 41, beautiful, romantic, classy. Us: love, laughter, music, sports, friendship, marriage, family. Note/photo. 4821 ✉☎

Are You As Good As It Gets?—Are you petite, thin, Jewish, late 40s, wanting to live a fine life style a la Scottsdale? Successful entrepreneur would like to cross paths with you for long-term relationship. You're interested in world travel and the finer things in life, are easy to love and safe to adore. Photo necessary. 4874✉

Home Alone Too Long—Very attractive Jewish female in early 50s, petite, blond with blue eyes, very sexy... My children are grown and on their own... Looking for a best friend, lover and perhaps a partner for life. If you are sincere, honest and successful, with a good sense of humor please reply. 4833 ✉☎

Respond!!

Some of New York's most interesting people can be found on these pages.

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Dance With Me—Petite, blond, youthful and good-looking Jewish widow, 68, with class. North Shore LI home owner and country club lady, dancer and golfer. Seeking a financially secure, slim, Jewish male counterpart, 68-80, in Nassau and Western Suffolk only - for companionship. Phone/letter. 4813 ✉☎

Incredibly Attractive—Slender Jewish woman, 46. European good looks, long curvy legs. Full of pleasantly intriguing contrasts: sophisticated/down-to-earth, strong/sensitive, sultry/cute, independent/warm. Loves eco-tours and 5-star hotels, the best restaurants/diners, kayaking/crossword puzzles, hiking/mystery books, great conversation/quiet times, good theater/nature. Works hard, plays hard, rests in-between. Thrives on vacations, thinks big, knows how to relax and have fun. Seeks active, 5'9" plus, financially comfortable, Jewish, basic nice guy (44-58), with a brain and interesting work. 4783 ✉☎

Widowed—White Christian man, well-groomed, cultured gentleman residing on the North Shore, active/successful businessman - looking to share a quality life (fireside chats, etc.), travel, dine and dance with an independent, attractive, slim Christian woman with similar interests and background, 48-55 (well-dressed and pays attention to detail). Note/recent photo, please! 4872 ✉☎

Down-To-Earth, Athletic Dentist—37, would like to meet an attractive, good-hearted, single white female, 25-35. Phone and note/photo. 4873 ✉☎

Manhattan, Handsome—Retired lawyer, 5', 175 lbs, athletic, affectionate, gentle, imaginative. Loves humor, racquetball, tennis, theater, music, history, reading, ideas, good nutrition, 70ish. Seeks slim, gentle, compatible 60ish woman, 5'5"-5'8". Photo/letter. 4859 ✉

Very Attractive, Intelligent—Blond, green eyes, bright smile, slender, sophisticated, elegant, 5'6", well-educated, with a sense of humor, easygoing, financially secure. Likes people and spirited conversation, theater, music, museums, movies, reading, walks on the beach and exploring Manhattan, travel and golf. Searching or well-educated, successful professional, inancially well-off man with an easy augh, similar interests, optimistic, omantic, 5'11" or taller, 57-72, who wants friendship and long-term relationhip and to enjoy life with a loving, caring woman. Note and photo a must. 4832 ✉☎

Vivacious, Gracious Lady—Beautiful, interesting, classy, romantic, in (212)/Boca, seeks mensch, 55 plus, lover of all hings cultural, ready to travel and enjoy he best life has to offer together. 4871✉☎

Warm, Handsome Professional—Part-ime dad, 43, 6'1", in great shape, full ead of hair, would like to connect with emale counterpart. Note/photo. 4883 ✉☎

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Female Ex-Model, 51—Seeks gentle male soul, witty, humorous, brilliant. Loves animals. LI, South Fork only. 4866 ✉☎

Asian Admirer—White male, 36, good-looking, successful, generous, seeks Asian woman for relationship. Photo. 4856✉

Seeking One Wonderful Woman—I am writing to one very wonderful woman. I am 38, divorced, no children. 6', fit, clean-cut (dark hair/blue-eyed), handsome, athletic, successful, driven, good person - life is good. You are positive, warm, loving - you have a sweet heart and a sharp mind. Physically, you are naturally pretty, tall (around 5'7"), and definitely fit and slim. You are younger than I (ideally 27-35), and you are ready to meet someone great. You've never had children but would be in awe of the idea when ready. Life is good - let's make it wonderful. Please e-mail or send note and photo. hopefulguy38@aol.com. 4837✉☎

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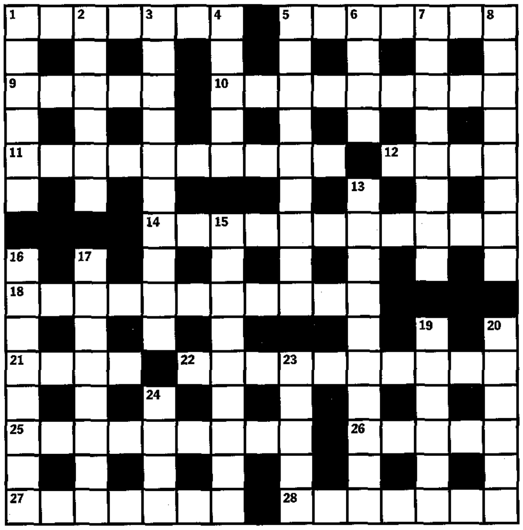
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
1 Voluptuous, with agreement when conned? (7)
5 Getting away with ten deuces, possibly. (7)
9 Language of speech in dialect. (5)
10 Ships' companies brave fellows, in report gaining currency. (9)
11 Be strategically superior to neutral with ego trip. (10)
12 Embrace archaism—little 5 down here. (4)
14 Much of county's very cold, with awfully nice interior—that's enough. (11)
18 Where 5 down was done parrot-fashion by detective, say, at constabulary. (11)
21,1 DOWN Use rod to tire many fish? Little 5 down here? (10)
22 Coding n-notice—pry improperly. (10)
25 A doll is slick and doesn't survive—unlike these. (3,6)
26 Land of 9 also. (5)
27 Garden centre? Little 5 down here? (7)
28 The grey squirrel in disorderly retreat. (4,3)

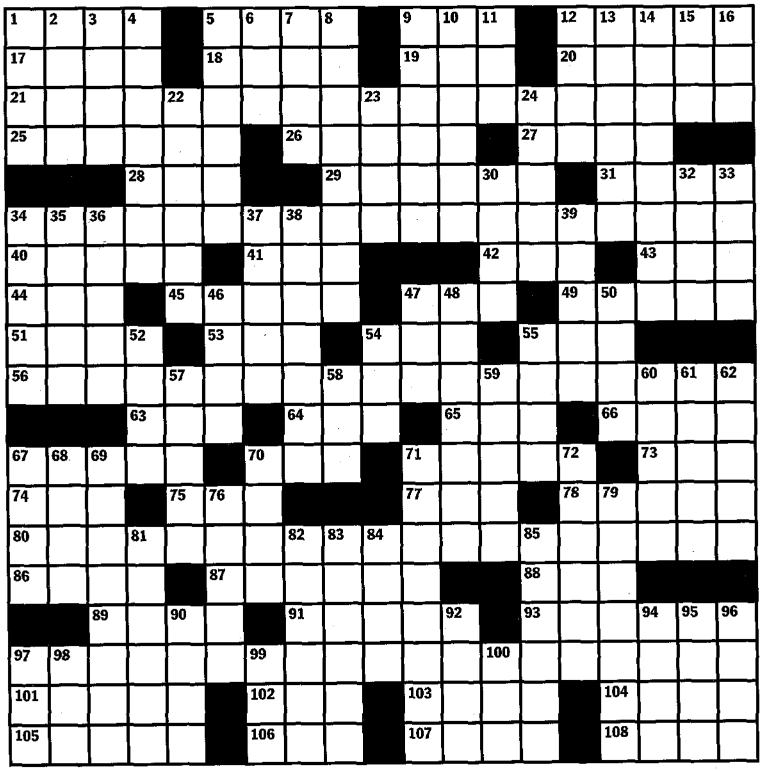


DOWN
1 Place of 5 down and companion in solo exhibition. (6)
2 Tyne in cataclysm for part of this year. (6)
3 Negative climber arranged 23 in place of 5 down. (10)
4 Youth Club leaders in shelter in place of 5 down. (5)
5 One third of New Labour's priorities? (9)
6 American girl sharing 5 down in Welsh wood. (4)
7 Resentful about German city's place of 5 down. (8)
8 Exhibitions of 21 in Norfolk town. (8)
13 5 down on record—row follows first page. (10)
15 The City's in the money—last part of 3's fruitfulness. (9)
16 Pipe up, fool: it's part of the abdomen. (8)
17 Shrub for people who row after love. (8)
19 Less brutal to 20s in Germany. (6)
20 Little 5 down this 1 down? (6)
23 One among others that are examined again. (5)
24 Rebel with a first at my last place of 5 down. (4)

'H, My Name Is ——': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 Keep out of sight
5 Sitar music
9 Where to tie a yellow ribbon
12 Neck areas
17 Cosmetics caller
18 Cardinal O'Connor's successor
19 —— Lanka
20 Like Pisa's tower
21 H, MY NAME IS ——
25 Hemoglobin deficiency
26 Cause fright
27 Waxed melodic
28 Entrance signs
29 Hits the bottle
31 Literary Gardner
34 AND ——
40 Beethoven's "Für ——"
41 Struck a match
42 Doc's bloc
43 N.Y.'s La Scala
44 Make inquiry
45 Motif
47 Embargo
49 Jackson of the Rainbow Coalition
51 Deadlocked
53 Pierre's roll-call reply
54 Worldwide network
55 Calendar information
56 AND ——
63 Ambulance destinations: abbr.
64 Freudian topic
65 Citizen of Vientiane
66 Mend holes
67 Maugham's "Miss Thompson"
70 Dedicatory poem
71 —— cotta
73 Oil-drilling equipment
74 Geisha's cummerbund
75 Peacock TV channel
77 Intruder in the grass
78 Vestibule
80 AND ——
86 First Hapsburg
87 Pertaining to the stars
88 Wynken and Blynken's shipmate
89 Greek god of war
91 Forehead hair fringe
93 Argentine dances
97 AND ——
101 Take place
102 Exhaust the supply of, with "up"
103 Poi ingredient
104 Bargain-hunter's delight
105 Is lachrymose
106 Numbered rd.
107 Flock females
108 "Whoa!"

DOWN
1 Sound of laughter
2 Russian equivalent of John
3 Take forty winks
4 Hostile forces
5 Go over the same ground
6 Have —— at (try)
7 Missing links
8 Short personal tale
9 Consort of Isis
10 She's a Dahl
11 Young goat
12 Okinawa capital
13 Penitent one
14 Mayflower passengers
15 Angled annex
16 Pig's digs
22 Type of finch
23 WW I spy
24 State of eastern India
30 Genghis or Kublai
32 Popular jeans
33 Ending for Nan or Ann
34 "Wuthering Heights" locale
35 Beast of Borden
36 Compare
37 Vote successfully
38 Having restrictions
39 Hindu prince
46 Hurries
47 Nectar collector
48 Eisenhower's hometown
50 Gave the once-over
52 Eins plus zwei
54 Start of a sentry's query
55 Saint-Laurent's mentor
57 "Me, Myself and ——," Jim Carrey film
58 Vital statistic
59 Vader of "Star Wars"
60 Amu ——, Asian river
61 Washday machine
62 Ticked off
67 Section of London or New York
68 Partner of aid
69 Measurement from here to here
70 New York Times publishing name
71 Drive too closely behind
72 Drifting on the water
76 Impetuous
79 Decrepitude
81 In shreds
82 Optimally
83 Town of an Irish rose
84 Piquant taste
85 Lead-ins, for short
90 Dumbo's wings
92 "Pygmalion" playwright
94 Mosquito's kin
95 1952 Winter Olympic city
96 Ooze
97 By what process
98 Card needed for blackjack
99 Heston role
100 Assayer's specimen



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 79

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